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April 23, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

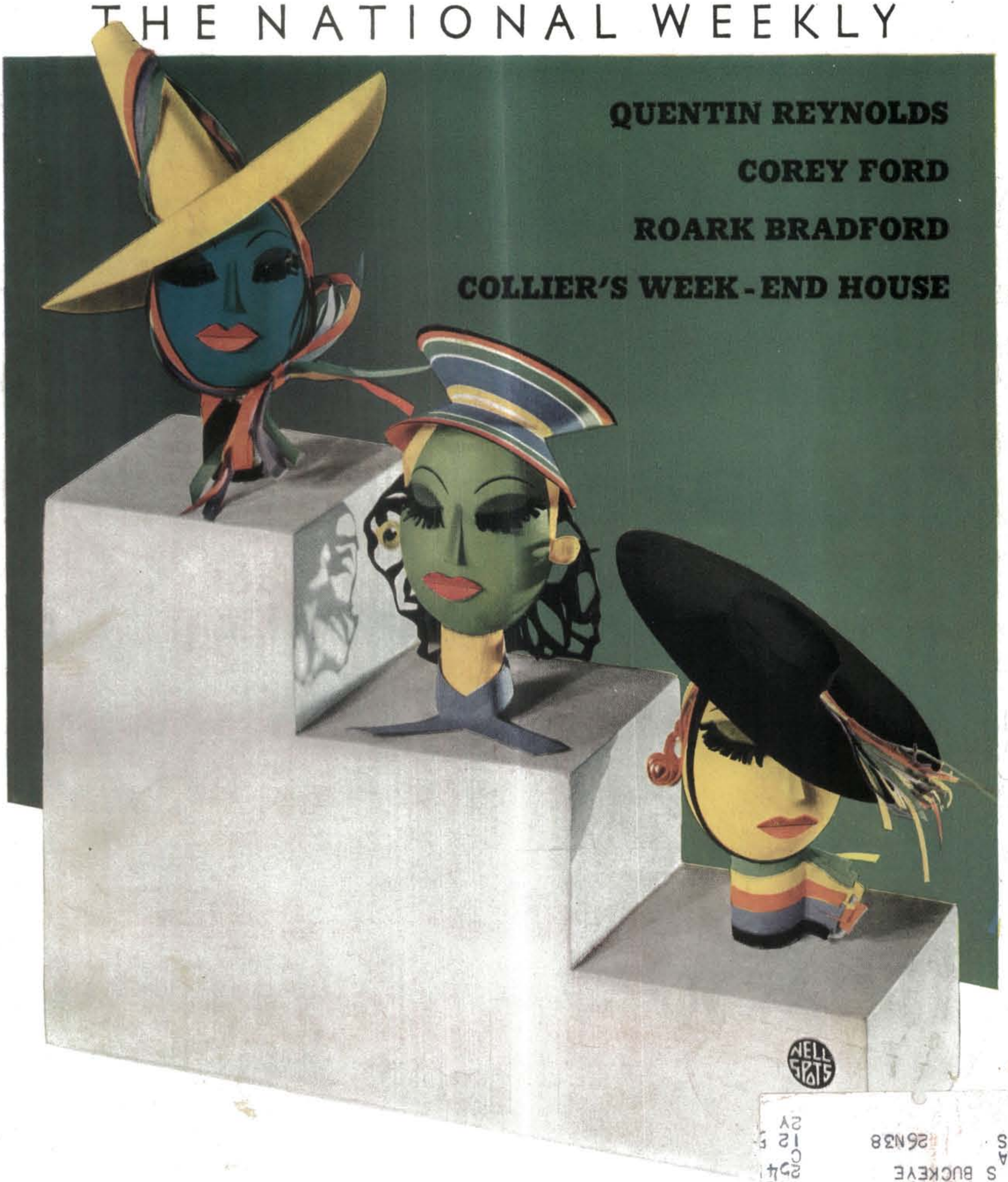
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

QUENTIN REYNOLDS

COREY FORD

ROARK BRADFORD

COLLIER'S WEEK-END HOUSE



PRIL 23, 1938

THE PRINCELY GIFT FOR EASTER, BIRTHDAYS, WEDDINGS, MOTHER'S DAY, ALL ANNIVERSARIES

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Ruth Bryan Owen's Pen

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The Pen that shows the level of ink at all times — whose smart laminated Pearl barrel is gracefully slenderized for restful balance

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Its luminous barrel of smartly laminated Pearl and Jet is a wholly exclusive and original Style. Its marvelous Scratch-proof Point is wrought of Platinum and Solid Gold, tipped with highest grade Osmiridium, twice as costly as ordinary iridium.

See and try the twin of Ruth Bryan Owen Rohde's Vacumatic at any nearby pen counter today. The Parker Pen Co., New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Factories at Janesville, Wisconsin.

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First U. S. woman diplomat and daughter of the late William Jennings Bryan, Mrs. Rohde is one of America's most effective and popular lecturers. She has appeared in every State in the Union — before more than one million people. Her radio audiences number millions more.

Mrs. Rohde is also author of numerous magazine articles and books, among the latter, *Elements of Public Speaking*, *Leaves From a Greenland Diary*, and *Denmark Caravan*. A former member of Congress and former U. S. Minister to Denmark, her varied and successful career has furnished much instructive, colorful and dramatic material for her Pen — the inspiring Parker Vacumatic.

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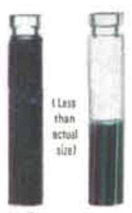
$7.50
$8.75
$10

New Jewel Case included with Pen and Pencil Sets at $8.50, $11.25, $12.75 and $15.



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VACUMATIC REG. T. M.

GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

Parker recommends Quink, the new pen-cleaning ink, 15¢, 25¢, and up.

How Better Engineering in the New 1938 Plymouth Will

SAVE YOU MONEY

1 ON GAS. The new Plymouth's "L-head" engine is famous for maximum power with economy. It has the super-high compression of 6.7 to 1, and delivers 82 horsepower...yet owners report 18 to 24 miles per gallon on ordinary gas.

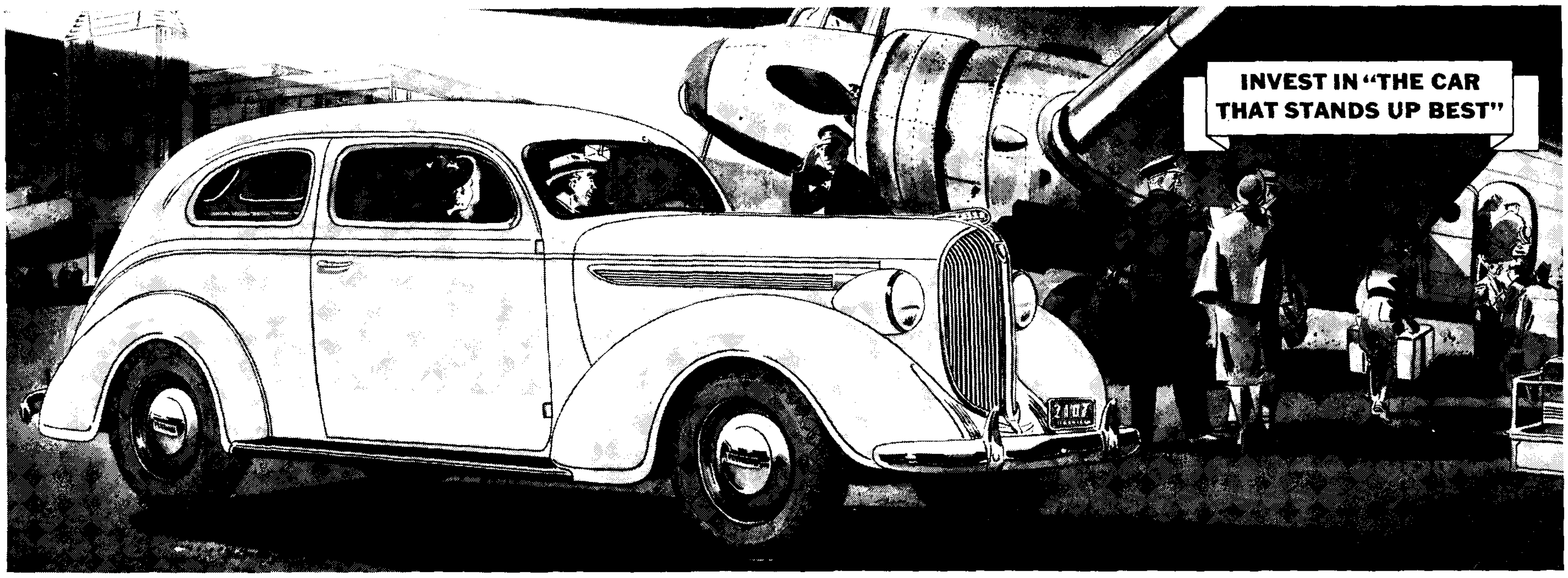
2 ON OIL. Aluminum alloy pistons with four rings (instead of three) prevent oil waste. Full-length water jackets and directional cooling keep engine uniformly cool, prolonging the life of oil. Owners report big savings in oil.

3 ON TIRES. Plymouth's double-action hydraulic brakes are self-equalizing...give smooth braking action. The new Plymouth's scientific weight distribution and big airplane-type shock-absorbers also contribute to longer tire life.

4 ON UPKEEP. Important savings are realized through long-life features such as super-hard valve-seat inserts, which need less grinding...full-pressure lubrication, which saves engine wear...Hypoid rear axle, which outlasts old spiral bevel type...and anti-friction bearings at many key points reduce friction and wear.

5 ON RESALE VALUE. Look at the used-car ads and you'll find proof of Plymouth's higher resale value—proof that a Plymouth is the best investment in the low-price field.

6 BETTER ENGINEERING makes the new 1938 Plymouth the most economical full-powered car in America. And its amazing new ride is the year's biggest sensation in the low-price field!


INVEST IN "THE CAR THAT STANDS UP BEST"

THE BEAUTIFUL NEW PLYMOUTH is the roomiest of the three leading low-priced cars—nearly 7 inches longer than one; more than 10 inches longer than the other! Seats are wider, head room and leg room are greater.

You get the extra comfort of "chair-high" seats...low floors with no "tunnel" in the rear ..."radio studio" sound-proofing...and the freedom from road vibration achieved by unique rubber body mountings.

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5-PASS. SEDAN
(Illustrated above)
$685

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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

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Managing Editor
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Editorial Director

Collier's

April 23, 1938

●

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

IF CLEM CHAMBERS shot Petey Angelo in her house, Ethel Turp said, it would make her awfully impatient. So Clem said he wouldn't, but just the same he didn't like Petey since Petey went on the cops. And it made him sore to find Petey sitting on his front steps when he came home to see his Moms.

Ethel always said that Clem was not a tough guy but just full of pep. The cops didn't think so, especially after the mail-truck robbery. They said he was one of the most desperate men in the world. And when they got him penned up in a building they didn't know how to get him out. "Nothing Happens in Brooklyn" is by Damon Runyon.

WE HAD always thought of a port of entry as being somewhere near a national boundary. Apparently we have fallen behind the times. Kansas has sixty-six of them. That's more than the federal government has. What can she use them for? The Constitution says the states cannot impose duties on products from other states. To be sure, to be sure. But the Constitution has been interpreted. And now we have seventeen states well on their way to becoming seventeen little republics. "Shove Thy Neighbor," by John T. Flynn, explains the situation.

WE HAVE no brief to hold for Stella Stacy. If we ever meet her we shall tell her so. Her conduct toward Jeffry, the husband she didn't want and wouldn't let go, was downright reprehensible. We speak with some heat because of Caroline Day, the girl who wanted to marry Jeffry. It was Caroline who had to "Love and Learn," as Peter Paul O'Mara explains.

ANOTHER thing that makes us feel behind the times is that once we doubted the efficacy of the evil eye. Picture our embarrassment at discovering a well-known eye at work almost daily in the prize ring. And making money at it too. Benny the Hex-Pert is introduced by Jack Miley.

EVENTUALLY the best brains in Hollywood went to work on George's problem. He was head of the soda dispensers at Schott's and he was in love with a lady cashier who admired dignity. Where the best brains failed, love still found a way. "Some Like It Simple" is by Richard English.

BEN AMES WILLIAMS, Grover Jones, Edward Stevenson, Kyle Crichton, Lawrence G. Blochman, Jim Marshall and others complete the issue. Handsomely.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

COREY FORD
No Such Person. He hitched his wagon to a star. Page 9

LIBBIE BLOCK
Saturday Night. Melodrama by the sea. Page 17

ROARK BRADFORD
Gentleman from Barbados. Quick razor work. Page 19

W. R. BURNETT
First Blood. Orphan jockey. Page 23

WILLIAM MacHARG
No Suspects. But O'Malley wins again. Page 54

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Such a Nice Spring Day, by Daniel Fuchs. Page 12

SERIAL STORIES

ERNEST HAYCOX
Man in the Saddle, Part IV. Growth of romance. Page 20

LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN
Sunset Voyage, Part IX. Threat and counterthreat. Page 58

ARTICLES

RUTH CARSON
Collier's Week-End House. Playhouse for the country. Page 13

OSWALD JACOBY
That New Suit. More cards, more fun. Page 18

ROBERT McCORMICK
He's for Cotton. Southern eloquence from Cotton Ed Smith. Page 48

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
The Making of a Hero. Formula for a baseball player. Page 50

C. M. BLACK
The Lord is Risen. Moravian Easter. Page 72

●

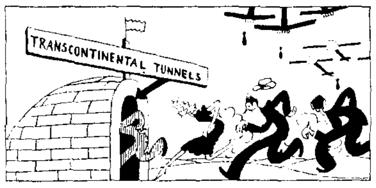
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Unconsidered trifles. Page 6

EDITORIAL
Two Oceans to the Good. Page 78

COVER NELL SPOTS

Any Week

AFTER devoting considerable thought to what is going on in Europe and Asia, Mrs. Mary A. Sennersen of Camden, New Jersey, comes forth with what to us sounds fairly reasonable. Instead, she says, of spending "billions of dollars on new transcontinental highways, which would be at the mercy of enemy planes, why not build transcontinental subways or tunnels?" Thus when the enemy wings over us seeking likely places to spread disaster, "we could all take to the tunnels, emerging here and there to surprise and discomfit the enemy, who would be at a disadvantage anyway, because he sees no sign of life on the earth beneath him."

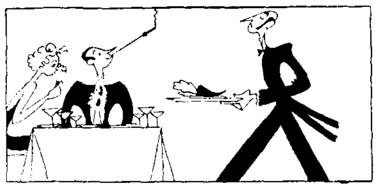


IN THE meantime we join Mr. L. Truecott of Springfield, Massachusetts, in a few concentrated thoughts about the Constitution. "I've been away for some time in Newfoundland," says Mr. Truecott. "Newfoundlanders are so engrossed in seeking information about Newfoundland and its government that nobody up there is silly enough even to wonder what is going on in the rest of the world. But when I left the States there was general handwringing about the fate of our Constitution. As I recall it, Mr. Roosevelt was being accused of using it to light the fires of bloody Bolshevism and that the only thing standing between us and complete disaster was a fellow named Wheeler from Montana. Now I'm back and am hearing nothing about the Constitution. What has happened? Who won, Roosevelt or that guy from Montana? And what the hell was the argument anyway?"

WE GOT a letter from Mr. Weldon T. Young of Chicago, Illinois, who wants to know why it is that "everybody who has reached the age of forty and has been away from home as much as two weeks writes a book about himself. I hear also that the keepers at the zoo are having a terrible time with the animals, who are afraid to come out and be looked at because they're afraid some guy on the other side of the bars will turn writer-naturalist on them."

MRS. G. W. WHITE of Colorado Springs, Colorado, read Elmer Davis' short short story, "Sales Talk," with some concern. She says that she knows of a case where the wife went to her husband and told him that "another man had entered her life and that although the second man was a salesman, selling tulip bulbs and similar merchandise, he had left it to her husband to sell the idea to her husband." As we can plainly see, this was somewhat confusing to the husband, who, says Mrs. White, replied: "What are you going to get out of this change outside of free tulip bulbs and similar merchandise?" And her answer was: "Well, I will get a little variety out of life as he will be away a great deal." Her husband said: "Well, what about the children?" And she said, "They were the ones who suggested it." Mrs. White says that she would like Mr. Davis to take this incident free of charge and "write it up into a powerful sermon."

THERE is entirely too much "dieting and other newfangled nonsense carried on by the wealthy," according to Mr. Edmond S. McCabe of Los Angeles, California. "The rich have plenty of money to spend for food," says Mr. McCabe, "but they do not spend enough because they live on orange juice, toast, thin soup and raw vegetables. This is because they do not have to work hard. But the poor have to work hard and so they eat a great deal. This is what is the matter with our country, because all the expense of consuming is on the poor instead of on the rich. As far as I know no one has ever thought of this."



AND that's another thing we'll have to look into. However, Mr. O. N. Bieziegel of Little Rock, Arkansas, notifies us that he is about to file for a congressman's job on a "flexible platform that will include a brand-new soak-the-rich plank." The rich would be taxed the same amount as they spend. For example, if it costs your local millionaire a hundred thousand dollars a year to keep body and soul together he will be taxed a hundred thousand dollars—in addition to other taxes. The proceeds of this tax will be devoted to a special fund whereby all us poor folk will be permitted to retire at fifty on a pension of a hundred dollars a month. Just how the rich are going to meet this new levy is up to them. "Maybe you have an idea," says Mr. Bieziegel.

BY DIETING. W. D.

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BUILDS WITH STAINLESS STEEL

THE safety record of American railroads is one of the most remarkable achievements of modern times. To the Edw. G. Budd Manufacturing Company, the long-established standards behind that record are of paramount importance.

Safety always has been, is today, and will continue to be the first consideration in building Budd cars. It is the one fixed factor, invariable, admitting of no compromise. Only after every requirement of safety has been scrupulously fulfilled does Budd proceed to eliminate dead-weight . . . to pare down the excess burden imposed by outmoded construction and unimproved materials.

That policy has produced Budd's modern streamliners of stainless steel.

Before building Budd cars we tested many materials. Stainless steel—the most expensive structural steel in the world—proved best. Why? Because, pound for pound, it has *four* times the elastic strength of ordinary steel. With it we could put safety first and still build truly lightweight cars. The problem then became one of fabrication.

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Budd stainless-steel cars have proved their strength and safety. Swift, light, comfortable, they attract passengers wherever they are put into service.

Originator of ALL STEEL bodies for automobiles, now used almost universally, the Edw. G. Budd Manufacturing Company has pioneered modern methods in the design and fabrication of steel products.*

**Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

BUDD METHODS SAFELY
ELIMINATE DEAD-WEIGHT

EDW. G. BUDD MANUFACTURING CO.

PHILADELPHIA
AND DETROIT

TOOTH POWDER + LIQUID = TOOTH PASTE

Listerine Tooth Paste is Powder in Modern... convenient... economical form

MAXIE LOOKS WISE... but he has no wisdom teeth, even though 26 of his 42 teeth are molars. Of the 32 adult teeth in humans, 12 are molars. The tooth farthest back on each side of both jaws is the third molar, or wisdom tooth. Save these teeth if you possibly can. Give them extra care by brushing thoroughly with Listerine Tooth Paste.

NOW! Try this dental cream which cleans your teeth like powder . . . because it actually *is* powder in the form of a creamy paste . . . the modern, convenient, *economical* form which is easy to put on the brush. Thus it does away with spilling down the drain as well as the mess on hands.

To give your teeth new brightness and glistening beauty, use Listerine Tooth Paste at least once a day. Note the prompt effects of the extra-active ingredients. And remember, they are absolutely safe even for a baby's enamel. There is no pumice, no grit, no soap, no harmful abrasives.

Besides, you'll like that refreshing, full-bodied flavor which makes your mouth feel so good every morning. Get a tube today at any drug counter. The regular size is 25¢. But your best buy is the big double-size tube, which contains more than a quarter of a pound of tooth paste, for only 40¢.

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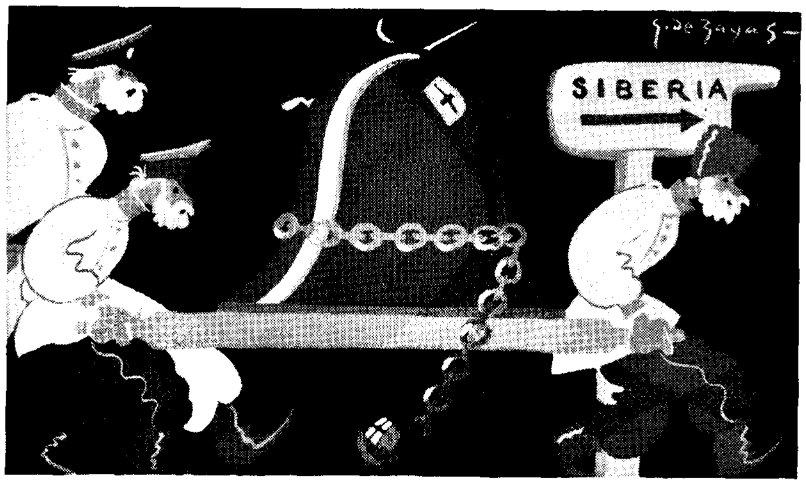
St. Louis, Mo.

CHANGE TO LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE...

It's a change for the better

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
Double Size
Good Housekeeping Bureau

More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube - 40¢
Regular size tube - 25¢



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Several centuries ago, church bells were believed to possess a power with which they could protect places and people from disease, disaster and death. So when Demetrius, son of Czar Feodor I of Russia, was murdered in Uglich in 1581, the local bell was held responsible and therefore was flogged, deprived of its clapper and exiled to Siberia for three hundred years.—*By Rubin Kuntzman, New York City.*

Some of the candid cameras on the market produce such perfect negatives, about one by one and a half inches in size, that excellent pictures seven by ten feet, or eighty times as large, have been made from them.

Surveys show that the prevalence of tooth decay in American school children increases from the south to the north, probably due to the diminishing degrees of sunlight. Secondly, it increases from the source to the mouth of rivers, which is probably due to some phenomenon related to soil leaching. Third, decay is much more prevalent in soft-water than in hard-water communities.—*By Mrs. H. Robinson, Webster Groves, Missouri.*

In 1671 Francis Frankopan, or Frangipani, a descendant of a long line of governors and defenders of Croatia-Slavonia, was executed for conspiracy against Austria. Ever since, the women of Crkvenica, now in Yugoslavia, have worn black clothes in mourning for him, constituting one of the longest periods in history in which a city has constantly expressed its grief for the death of a secular personage.

On the night of June 15, 1854, in the Crystal Palace in New York City, Louis Jullien and his orchestra presented "The Firemen's Quadrille." Suddenly and without warning, windows crashed, flames burst through the roof, fire bells rang and scores of firemen rushed in and turned on hoses. It was so realistic that many women fainted. Four years later, oddly enough, the palace was destroyed by fire.

Headache can result from more than 200 different physical and mental disorders, and *dizziness* can be brought on by at least 100 different kinds of illnesses.—*By Dr. George W. Diver, Waupun, Wisconsin.*

Only thirteen years ago, Dr. Edmond Locard, one of the great criminologists of France, wrote a preface to a book on crime, in which he told of criminal conditions in various parts of the world. About America he said, "In Texas and California, even today one meets roving bands of redskins who live by extortion, pillage and rapine. They are the Apaches."—*By P. J. White, Dublin, Irish Free State.*

Among the permanent fixtures on one of the private railway cars of Czar Nicholas II of Russia were eight clocks, sixteen barometers and twenty-seven thermometers.

America today has approximately 4,000,000 amateur actors, who take part in about 250,000 shows a year. These productions are staged by local dramatic groups in clubs, granges, schools and churches, and their extensive purchases of suitable material support more than twenty-five play publishers.—*By Thomas Deignan, White Plains, New York.*

One of the oldest and most widespread usages of color connects a specific one with each of the four cardinal points of the compass. North is white, east yellow, south red and west black. In many parts of the Orient this color custom still is followed in the painting of city gates that face squarely in these directions.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without the publisher's permission

The Pleasure is all HIS!

But wait till she tells him about "5 O'clock Shadow"

11
12
1
2
10
9
8
7
6

GEM
MICROMATIC
BLADES
SINGLEDGE
GEM
MICROMATIC
BLADES
DOUBLEDGE
TWIST—
it opens
TWIST—
it closes

Shaving instruments that "top" your whiskers will never make you "tops" with her. No woman likes that messy beard growth which appears prematurely about 5 p. m.... Gem Micromatic Razor is scientifically built to prevent "5 O'Clock Shadow."

Only Gem has that face-fitting bevel which gets down to the base of the beard to give you all-day neatness. Only Gem uses the 50% thicker Gem Blade, stropped 4840 times, so keen it removes every bit of every whisker!

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Gem Micromatic Razor cost us $660,000 to produce. It costs you only $1.00 with 5 genuine Gem Blades—at your dealer's. OR send coupon below and 25¢ for convincing proof offer.

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Please send me special "Proof" set containing 1 single- and 1 double-edge Gem Blade AND THE REGULATION CHROME-PLATED GEM RAZOR. Here's my quarter (stamps or coin).

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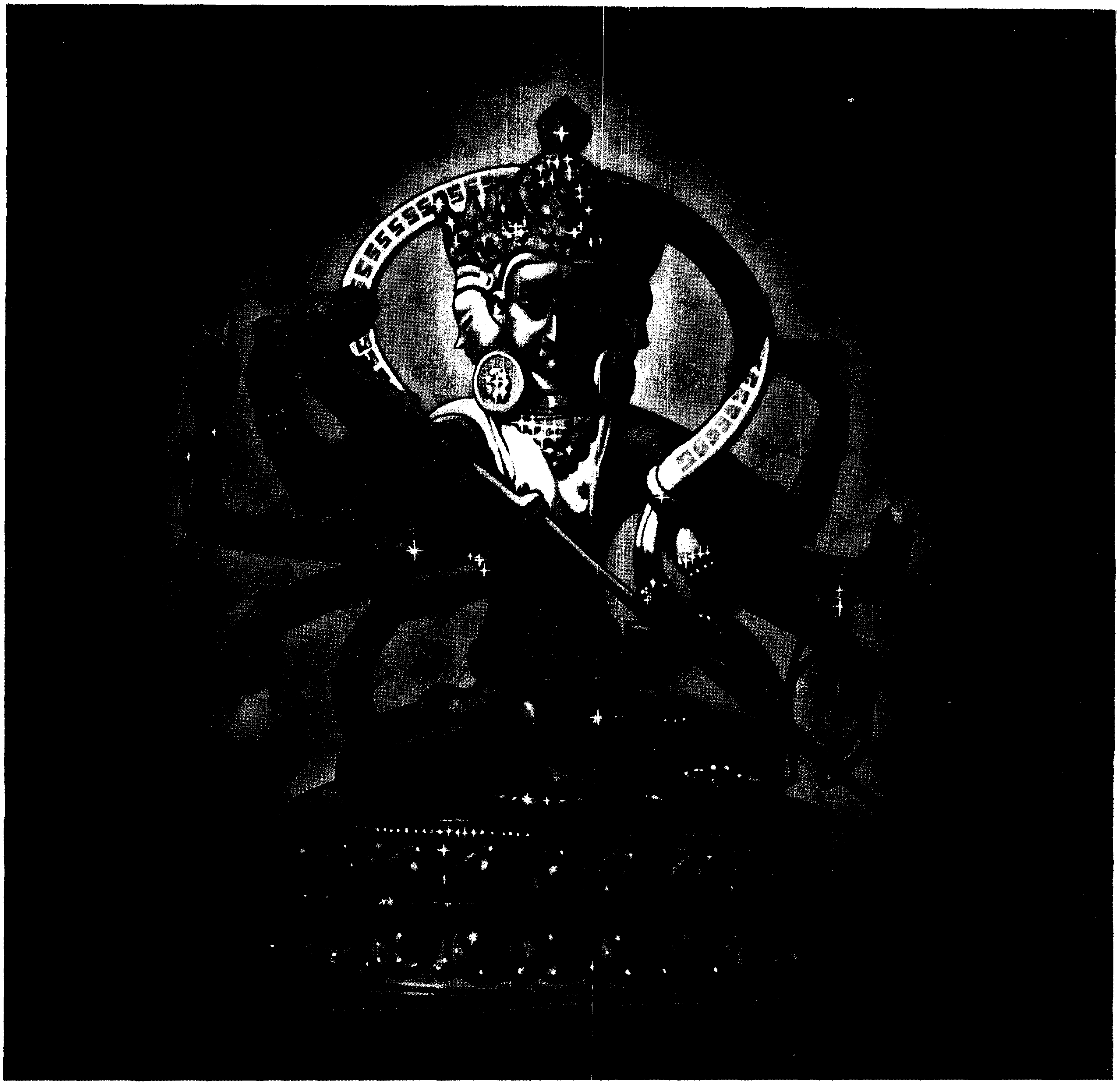
FOR PERFECT SHAVES—USE A GEM IN A GEM!



The Three-Headed Goddess and George Gribbin

ONE OF THE favorite goddesses in the Tibetan mythology is called Sitatāpatrāparājitā.

She is a kindly goddess, equipped with no less than three heads, the better to look out for the interests of her Tibetan charges perhaps.

George Gribbin, who drives a 1937 car, never heard of Sitatāpatrāparājitā. But he knows that three heads are better than one when it comes to looking out for his interests.

That is why George insures his car in The Travelers. For in case of an accident, he'd have three wise heads to tackle the claims, reports, and endless details that would have to be tended to.

In short, he'd have the services of three Travelers experts: the agent who handled his insurance, the claim investigator, and the claim adjuster. Among them, they would take over George's troubles and protect both his property and his peace of mind.

Moreover, they would be on the job almost before George could say Sitatāpatrāparājitā. For The Travelers has thousands of agents and hundreds of claim investigators and adjusters, strategically located throughout the United States and Canada, ready to serve policyholders promptly. Moral: Insure in The Travelers.

• • •

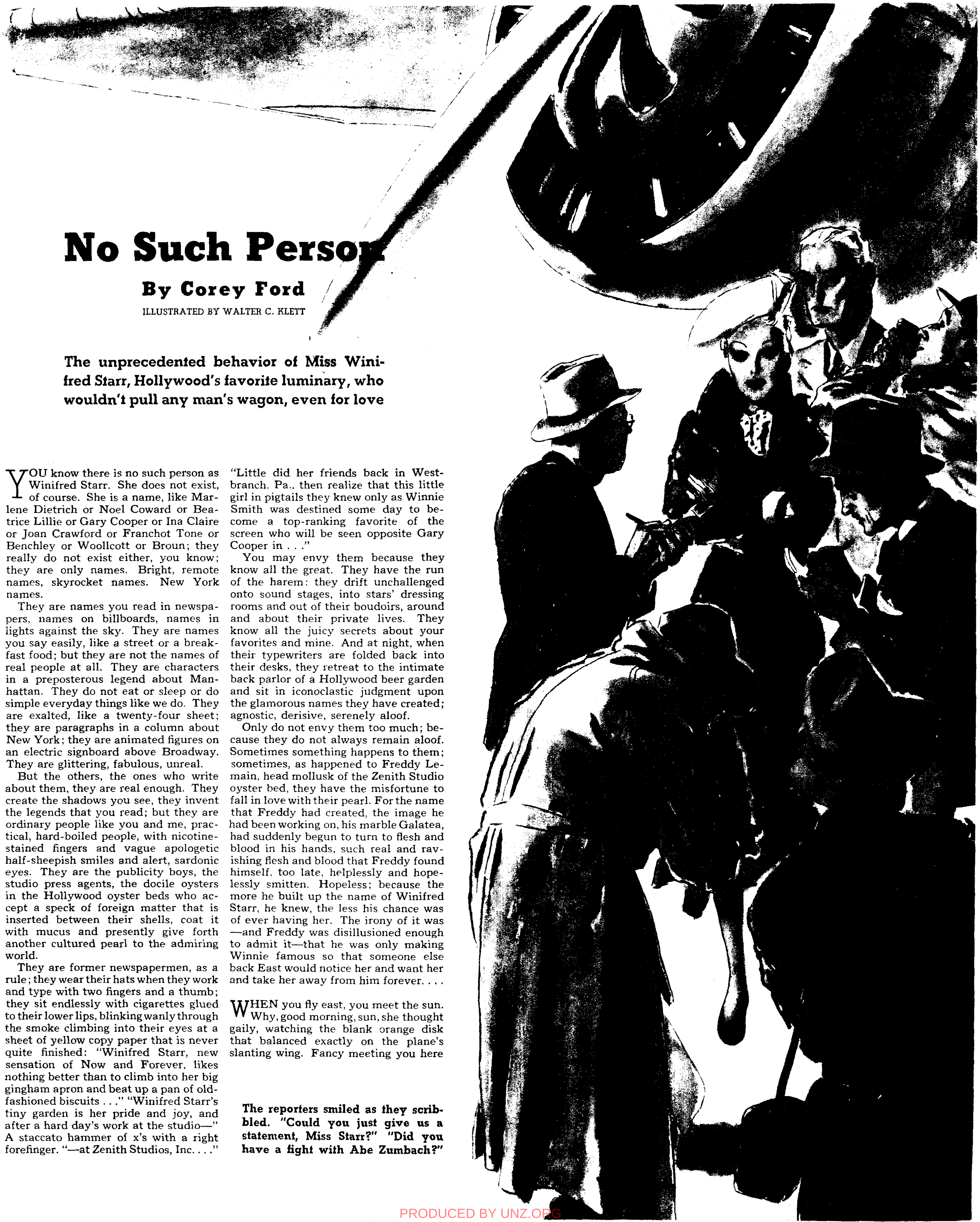
The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

No Such Person

By Corey Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

The unprecedented behavior of Miss Winifred Starr, Hollywood's favorite luminary, who wouldn't pull any man's wagon, even for love



The reporters smiled as they scribbled. "Could you just give us a statement, Miss Starr?" "Did you have a fight with Abe Zumbach?"

YOU know there is no such person as Winifred Starr. She does not exist, of course. She is a name, like Marlene Dietrich or Noel Coward or Beatrice Lillie or Gary Cooper or Ina Claire or Joan Crawford or Franchot Tone or Benchley or Woollcott or Broun; they really do not exist either, you know; they are only names. Bright, remote names, skyrocket names. New York names.

They are names you read in newspapers, names on billboards, names in lights against the sky. They are names you say easily, like a street or a breakfast food; but they are not the names of real people at all. They are characters in a preposterous legend about Manhattan. They do not eat or sleep or do simple everyday things like we do. They are exalted, like a twenty-four sheet; they are paragraphs in a column about New York; they are animated figures on an electric signboard above Broadway. They are glittering, fabulous, unreal.

But the others, the ones who write about them, they are real enough. They create the shadows you see, they invent the legends that you read; but they are ordinary people like you and me, practical, hard-boiled people, with nicotine-stained fingers and vague apologetic half-sheepish smiles and alert, sardonic eyes. They are the publicity boys, the studio press agents, the docile oysters in the Hollywood oyster beds who accept a speck of foreign matter that is inserted between their shells, coat it with mucus and presently give forth another cultured pearl to the admiring world.

They are former newspapermen, as a rule; they wear their hats when they work and type with two fingers and a thumb; they sit endlessly with cigarettes glued to their lower lips, blinking wanly through the smoke climbing into their eyes at a sheet of yellow copy paper that is never quite finished: "Winifred Starr, new sensation of Now and Forever, likes nothing better than to climb into her big gingham apron and beat up a pan of old-fashioned biscuits . . ." "Winifred Starr's tiny garden is her pride and joy, and after a hard day's work at the studio—" A staccato hammer of x's with a right forefinger. "—at Zenith Studios, Inc. . . ." "Little did her friends back in Westbranch, Pa., then realize that this little girl in pigtails they knew only as Winnie Smith was destined some day to become a top-ranking favorite of the screen who will be seen opposite Gary Cooper in . . ."

You may envy them because they know all the great. They have the run of the harem: they drift unchallenged onto sound stages, into stars' dressing rooms and out of their boudoirs, around and about their private lives. They know all the juicy secrets about your favorites and mine. And at night, when their typewriters are folded back into their desks, they retreat to the intimate back parlor of a Hollywood beer garden and sit in iconoclastic judgment upon the glamorous names they have created; agnostic, derisive, serenely aloof.

Only do not envy them too much; because they do not always remain aloof. Sometimes something happens to them; sometimes, as happened to Freddy Lemain, head mollusk of the Zenith Studio oyster bed, they have the misfortune to fall in love with their pearl. For the name that Freddy had created, the image he had been working on, his marble Galatea, had suddenly begun to turn to flesh and blood in his hands, such real and ravishing flesh and blood that Freddy found himself, too late, helplessly and hopelessly smitten. Hopeless; because the more he built up the name of Winifred Starr, he knew, the less his chance was of ever having her. The irony of it was—and Freddy was disillusioned enough to admit it—that he was only making Winnie famous so that someone else back East would notice her and want her and take her away from him forever. . . .

WHEN you fly east, you meet the sun. Why, good morning, sun, she thought gaily, watching the blank orange disk that balanced exactly on the plane's slanting wing. Fancy meeting you here

ene Diet
Gary

in Kansas, sun. Don't you know you belong in Los Angeles, you lucky sun, you? You're their sun, and they'll be looking for you right this minute, so you better shake a leg, old sun; old Sol, you better get out of Kansas and go to Los Angeles where you belong. . . .

The strange silver pallor of dawn was gone, and now the color was coming back into the landscape, like a person reviving from a faint. Now the gray fields beneath the plane were growing pink with the first touch of sun, and you could see the long black shadows of the rail fences, and the dusty cottonwoods along the creek bottoms, and the tiny silos and barns and farmhouses, suddenly plain and matter-of-fact with sunlight. The magic bloom was off things now, and she sighed and settled back in the seat again. Someone rustled in the aisle beside her.

“WOULD you like some orange juice, Miss . . . Smith?” whispered the stewardess. She paused for just a fraction of a second before she said “Smith.”

“No, thank you,” she replied, pulling the window curtains a little to shade her eyes. Go away, sun, she thought. You're a Los Angeles sun, and I don't want any part of Los Angeles any more. You can have Los Angeles, sun. I bet you like it in Los Angeles. I bet you've got a big contract there with options and renewals and a percentage of the gross. I bet they said if you'd come back you could have top billing and five *thousand dollars and every other Thursday*. Yes, and I bet you signed again, too. Well, you can have it, sun, the red-white-and-blue fountains and the stucco gas pumps and Vine Street traffic and the Pacific Ocean and the autograph hunters outside the Brown Derby. You can have it instead of me, sunny boy. . . .

“Can I fix your pillow, Miss . . . Smith?” the stewardess persisted at her elbow.

She opened her eyes and sat forward resignedly and submitted to the coddling and pillow punching and solicitous attention to our passengers' every need that the stewardesses on this line are noted for, madam. Below her the cattle were beginning to move like ants along the dusty roads, and the wheat fields and cornfields shimmered in the sun.

“This is Kansas,” said the stewardess, studying her profile intently.

“Is it?” she shrugged.

“You know what?” The stewardess hesitated, then laughed self-consciously. “I just got to tell you, you look so much like Winifred Starr that it's funny. When I saw you get on last night I said either that's Winifred Starr or else her twin sister, because I've seen Winifred Starr in every picture she ever made. I think she's wonderful—”

“Do you?” she said coldly. “I loathe her.” She looked past the stewardess, in relief, toward a tall lean figure emerging from the washroom at the front of the cabin. “Hello, Fred.”

Freddy Lemain bowed gravely, his prematurely white hair brushed back from his high forehead in a pompadour, his gray eyes alert, his young face pink and flushed from his recent successful engagement with the electric razor that is supplied free to all our passengers as but another example of the service our line is noted for. His face would have been handsome if the cheeks had not been so hollow, if the nose had been a trifle less beaked; it was a taut, sensitive, overfine face, the eyes twitching constantly at the corners, the lips yanking wide for a moment in a smile and snapping back at once like rubber bands. The flick of his nervous brown-tipped fingers was the cut of a whip. “You're up early, too.”

“I couldn't sleep,” she said.

“It's a beautiful morning,” he said, sitting beside her. “Will you marry me?”

“No, Fred dear,” she said politely, “I'm afraid I can't this morning.”

“Well,” said Fred, offering her a cigarette. “No harm in asking.”

“But it was sweet of you to think of it.”

“Not at all,” said Fred. “Just thought I'd try. I had an aunt once who was married in Kansas. I thought it might run in the family.”

Her hand crept into his. “Fool,” she smiled, leaning her head back against the pillow. “Darling old absolute fool. I really love you very much.”

“But—” said Fred.

“But I want him,” she said to the ceiling of the plane. “I've wanted him all my life, and now he wants me, and so I'm going to marry him. I haven't got any pride about it. Women don't have pride.”

“What is it a cat has that no other animal has?”

“Precisely,” she laughed. “Pride's a strictly masculine luxury, I guess, like scratching matches on the seat of your pants, or growing a potbelly if you want to, *or else going to sleep in public with* your mouth open. But women give up luxuries like that in exchange for getting what they want.”

“Like Jock.”

“Like Jock. I've always wanted him,” she said, watching the wisps of cotton clouds that caught on the corners of the cornfields and yanked apart and were instantly gone. “I wanted him way back when we were in school together, and I sat in front of him and he used to dip the ends of my braids into his inkwell. And once he reached down under his desk and tied my shoelaces together, and when I stood up I tripped and dropped all my books in the aisle and he laughed at me.”

“I'D HAVE kicked him right in the seat of his little velvet pants.”

“I loved it,” she said dreamily. “It was the only time he really noticed me.” There was a rueful half-smile on her face. “And they weren't velvet pants, Fred. They were perfectly beautiful blue serge pants, and he had a little jacket to match with a belt across the back, and his face was thin and sulky, and I used to pretend to myself that he was very unhappy in school and needed somebody to understand him and run her fingers through his hair, only, of course, I really knew he wasn't unhappy at all, just bored. He had black curly hair with blue lights in it, and once when he had it all cut short I went home and cried. . . . After school his folks would always send their limousine around for him, and he would ride home all alone in the back seat and not look at me or anybody.

“His father was a banker and they lived in a place called the Winant Place in Estabrook Heights—that was the wealthiest part of town—and of course I lived on the other side of the tracks and my father had a stationery store. Even in high school when he came to dances with girls he knew, girls from the better families in town, he never noticed me particularly.” Her eyelids dropped heavily. “*Why should he? I wasn't even pretty.* I wasn't anybody. . . . ”

When she lowered her eyes, her whole face took on a darker tone, as though a cloud had gone over the sun; and the clear high color of her cheeks was almost olive in the sudden cool shadow. Her face, when her eyes were shut, was rather small and plain, with wide cheeks and a level chin; but when she opened her eyes again, all the angles went out of her face, and it was immediately soft, dancing, eager, riffled with sunlight when she smiled, her nose wrinkling suspiciously, her chin tilting a little, her lips puckered for a moment in a pout. Then her laughter would break through her pursed lips in a long, descending run of notes down a scale and a final chuckle, low and intimate, like a stone dropped down a well; and a quiet smile would linger on her face as she watched you thoughtfully.

“ . . . and now you're somebody,” Freddy said, finishing her sentence. “You're a name. You're a success in pictures. You've got what you wanted.”

“But the only reason I ever wanted it,” she said, “was to get what I really wanted.”

“Him to notice you.”

She nodded.

“WELL, now you've got that, too,” said Freddy. “I did a good job. I *built you up so that another guy could have you.*”

“You've been a lamb.” She squeezed his hand. “A lovely white woolly lamb.”

“No, I haven't,” said Freddy frankly. “I've been a lovely sap.”

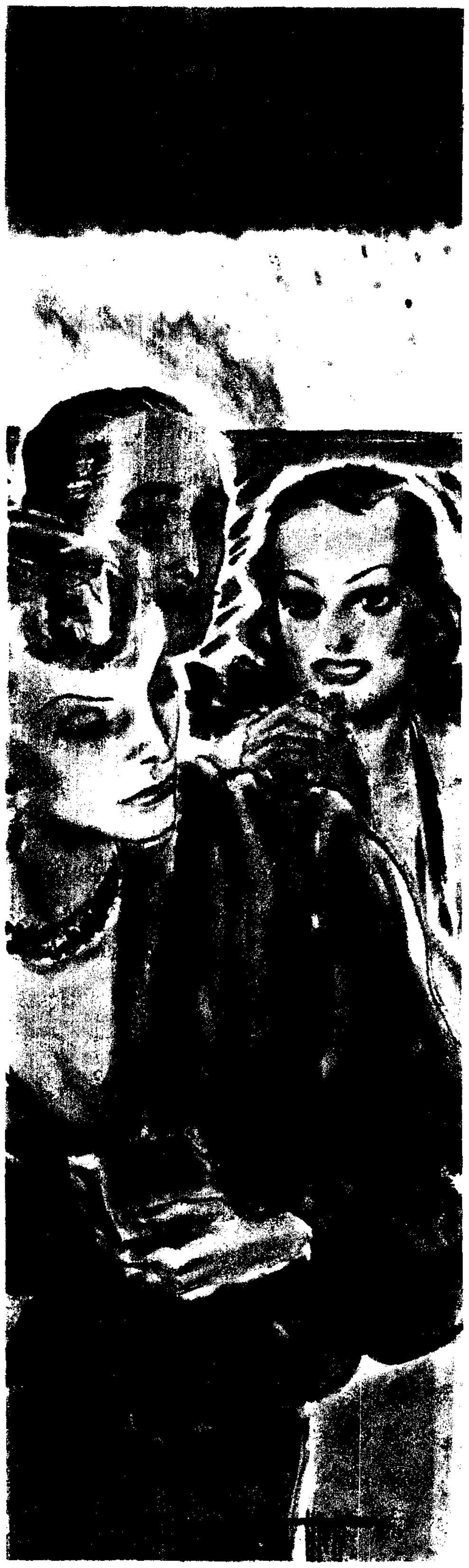
She had planned it all out so carefully, so confidently. She had started as a reader in the New York office of Zenith Pictures, Inc., making brief but erudite synopses of Nicholas Nickleby and Little Dorrit—it was during the Dickens period in Hollywood's intellectual development—and cultivating the acquaintance of office managers, editorial higher-ups, supervisors, visiting directors from the coast. That was how she met Ernst Lubitsch, on for a couple of weeks to cover the Broadway openings; and that was how she came to be tested for a part in Now and Forever. The test was terrible, and Lubitsch, superstitious as most great directors are, took this as a special sign from heaven and offered her a spot as Hepburn's younger sister. She was a sensation in the rushes, she stole scene after scene, and Freddy Lemain, assigned to develop this new stellar phenomenon in the Zenith firmament, took her under his professional wing. “You want to be a star, hmm?”

“Want to?” she breathed. “More than anything else in the world.”

“Of course, Smith is out,” he said, scowling. “Winnie Smith!” He ran an impatient hand through his prematurely white hair. “If you're going to be a star . . . how about Starr? Winifred Starr?”

She became Winifred Starr; and the notices she drew in Now and Forever won her a sizable part in The Lady is Cold, and the sensation she made in The Lady is Cold lifted her overnight *to a spot opposite Gary Cooper in Ichabod Crane*, and, abruptly, she was made. It had all worked out just as she had planned. She had her own bungalow on the lot, she had her footprint taken for Grauman's lobby, the sightseeing busses changed their route in order to drive past her house and bellow “This is where Winifurd Star . . .” and Freddy Lemain, his typewriter smoking, dispatched ream after ream of rags-to-riches copy about her rise from an obscure past, the little town in Pennsylvania where she had been born, her parents, her former name. And that was how Jock Winant found out who she was.

“Look, I don't suppose you even remember me, Miss Starr,” he had mumbled to her that night in a night club in Fifty-second Street a year ago, when



“I don't want you to be just Mrs. Jock Winant,” he said. He raised his glass. “You're Winifred Starr.” Freddy's glass was beside it instantly

ooper
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BEATRICE

she had returned East for the first time since her Hollywood success,' but we used to go to school together back in Westbranch, and so I hoped you wouldn't mind if I just came over to your table like this and introduced myself—”

Somehow she had controlled the insane desire to laugh aloud, to laugh until she cried, to throw her arms around him then and there and sob hysterically: “Do I remember you? Oh, Jock, Jock, my love, do I mind? . . .” She had said to him, in a voice that was almost casual: “Of course I remember you, Mr. Winant. . . .”

SINCE then the months on the coast had been unbearable, the final retakes on Ichabod Crane had seemed interminable. At night, the phone would ring in her dressing room: “New York's calling Miss Starr!” and flowers would arrive daily with his card—as though he needed a card—and telegrams would be pressed into her hand on the set: Please hurry back I miss you so. . . ” And now it was over at last. Now she was flying back to him, because he wanted her. Now it was all behind her, the lights, the cameras, the dawn-to-midnight hours, the commissary lunches, the ballyhoo and sound and fury “. . . your whole career, in fact,” Fred was saying, with that uncanny trick of tapping into her thoughts, which always startled her a little. “You know what happens if you walk out on your contract like this. Zenith is through. Equity puts the finger on you. Your future in pictures is ruined.”

“That's a threat, dear,” she smiled. “Mr. Zumbach told you to say that.”

“Sure,” Fred admitted complacently. “That's why I'm here. I'm a Zumbach spy. He sent me along to lure you back.”

“A [illegible]

“W [illegible] fingertips together, “first I overwhelm you with offers. I promise you that Mr. Zumbach will tear up your old contract and write a brand-new ticket, with top billing, double your salary, and a cut in the gross. I promise you that your next picture will positively be called Something-or-Other of 1938. I promise you that it will be written by Frances Marion with additional dialogue by Shakespeare, the supporting cast will include Robert Taylor and Garbo, it will all be in technicolor, and you can direct it yourself. I promise you anything you want.”

“BUT all I want is Jock and a farm in Connecticut and a boxwood hedge.”

“Then I appeal cunningly to your better nature,” Fred continued. “I point out how much you mean to Mr. Zumbach and to Zenith Pictures. In [illegible] explain that everybody at Old Zenith is depending on you. I tell you how we all need you out there, it's the fourth quarter and the score is 56 to 0 in favor of State, and all your teammates are cheering for you, and the old coach has just sent a telegram from the hospital where he is dying to say that he will be listening over his bedside radio today, and Mary says she will forgive you because she didn't understand that Gloria de Vere was really your mother, so will you please change your mind and come back to Hollywood and give your all for Zenith Pictures again?”

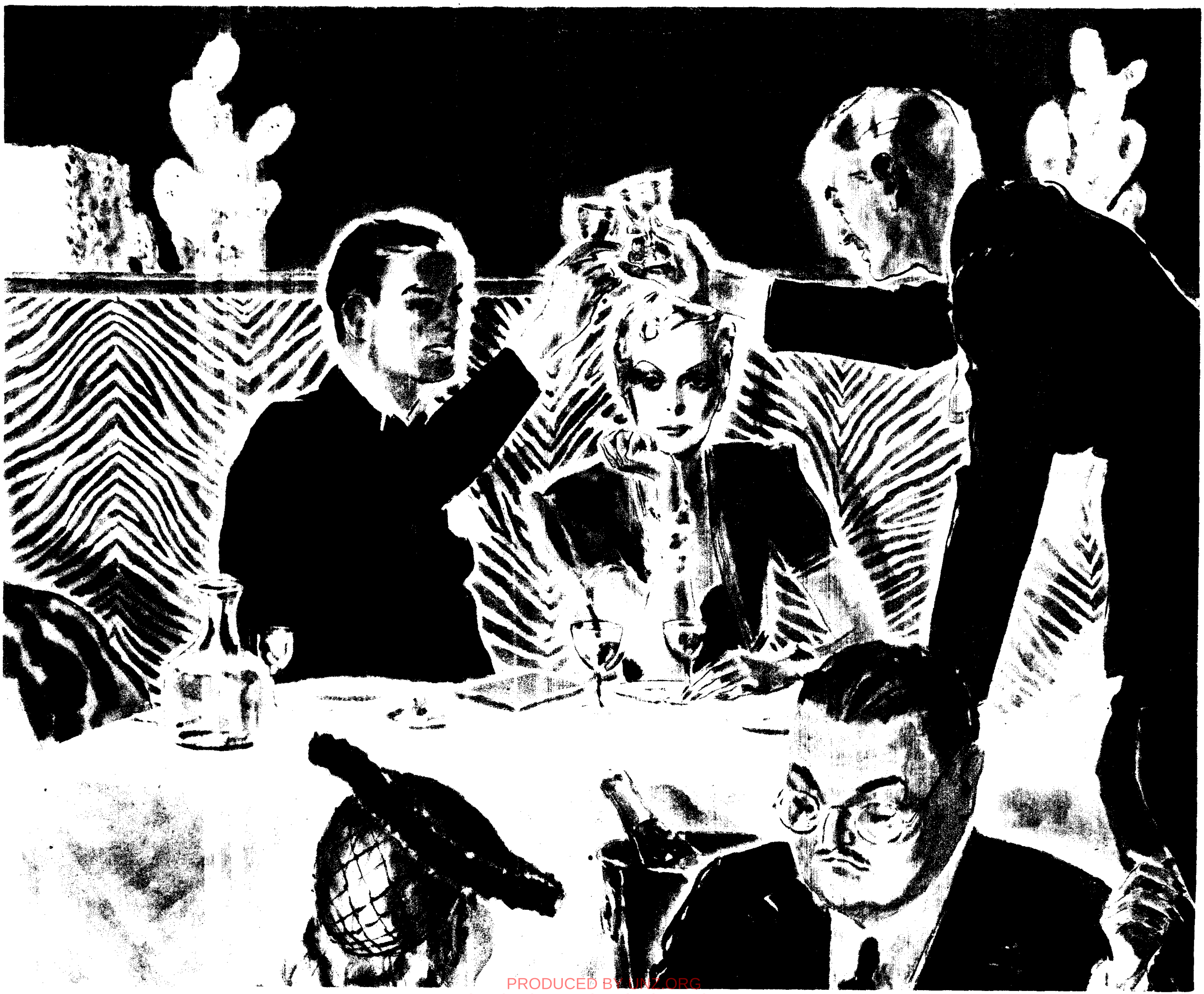
“No,” she said.

“In that case,” said Fred resignedly, “there's only one other thing I could do.”

“What's that?”

“I could ask you to come back for my sake.”

(Continued on page 39)



A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Such a Nice Spring Day

By Daniel Fuchs

HOWARD walked into the principal's office.

"My goodness," Mr. Wilson exclaimed. "You here again, Howard? What did you do this time?"

"This time I did nothing," the boy said.

"Don't tell me that. Teachers don't send boys to me for doing nothing."

"I didn't pay attention," Howard explained. "I couldn't concentrate. On a sunny spring day like this it's a crime to keep a person cooped up in a building all day. I kept looking out the window, so the teacher, she got sore and finally sent me down to the office."

"Ah, I see," Mr. Wilson said and he fumbled for a while until he found the suitable punishment. "If you must look out of windows, you're welcome to mine, Howard. You can stay in until four o'clock and look out of the window here."

"Until three-thirty?" Howard said pitifully.

"Yes," Mr. Wilson said, gay and absent-minded because the punishment was so ingenious. "What I believe in is to let everybody do exactly as he wants to. It makes me happy to see people enjoy themselves."

Triumphant, he left Howard at the window and went back to the papers on his desk.

The street below lay empty and quiet in the bright sunshine. Since it was a school street, it was closed to traffic and nothing passed to occupy Howard's eyes. Directly across the way from the principal's office was the establishment of Oscar & Collins, Inc., which dealt in silk. But even they did a wholesale business and that meant that customers came by infrequently.

The only thing on that whole street to engage Howard was the sight of a sedan in front of Oscar & Collins'. There was a man in the driver's seat, his hands ready on the wheel, his eyes on the door of Oscar & Collins, Inc.

Howard's eyes followed the driver's into the store. Within, he could see Mr. Oscar and Mr. Collins standing in the stiff, unnatural posture of fear. Facing them was a man; over his right arm was folded a topcoat but Howard understood it wasn't the topcoat itself that was capable of throwing terror into the silk merchants. Near the man with the fearful topcoat, or the gun hidden by it, was another man who was stooping before the heavy, square safe.

Howard drew his breath softly, and turned to the principal.

"Mr. Wilson," he said.

"Now, you just keep looking out the window," Mr. Wilson called over his shoulder.

"No," Howard said. "You look out the window."

Mr. Wilson rose at once, ready to chastise Howard for his impertinence. But the boy's expression made him turn to the window and he took in the scene.

"A holdup, Howard!" he whispered, his voice gone thin with shock.

"Call the cops," Howard said impatiently. "Get them on the phone."

MR. WILSON gathered himself together and was soon working hard as he gave his information to the police. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" he suddenly laughed at the mouthpiece, but it was a metallic laugh, completely lacking in merriment. "Keep them here three minutes until you can get here? What do you think I am?"

He hung up and went back to the window. He could see the two bandits inside the store now driving Mr. Oscar and Mr. Collins into the back room, where, Mr. Wilson imagined, they would lock them up—and bolt. "Hold them three minutes!" Mr. Wilson wailed. "Three min—"

The school building resounded with the clangor of gongs—the signal for a fire drill!—and the sleeping school became alive as twenty-two hundred children went banging through the corridors and down the iron steps of the staircases.

"On top of everything else!" Mr. Wilson cried. "Right now! Who called a fire drill?"

The only one with authority to call a drill was Mr. Wilson himself and the special button that set off the gongs was on the wall of his office. It was a mystery to Mr. Wilson until he noticed that Howard was no longer at the window. Turning around, he saw the boy standing at the fire-drill bell.

"You!" he howled. "You dared to press the fire-drill button?"

Howard looked steadily back at him, unafraid and competent. "Of course."

Mr. Wilson drew himself up to explode. "Howard, for this you're going to get—" He caught himself short, still dancing in his fury. "You're a smart boy," he said. "Come with me." They went down to the street.

The block swarmed with children and Mr. Wilson, nervous for their safety, glanced carefully in the direction of Oscar & Collins, Inc. The sedan's motor was running and the bandits were already inside it, but they had decided to wait. Surrounded by children, they were calmly biding their time, attracting no attention, until the street could clear up for them to leave quietly.

MR. WILSON blew his whistle three times. This was the signal for the classes to turn and face the building. Mr. Wilson, one eye on the sedan, waited in agony as twenty-two hundred boys and girls performed a full about-face. Then he blew once again and the lines began moving back into the building. Mr. Wilson looked above their heads for the approach of the police cars, didn't see them and was thankful. They'd said three minutes and he'd given them three minutes but he didn't want anything to happen while there were still children on the street.

In his frantic impatience, Mr. Wilson was following the last class on the sidewalk, hurrying the children along to the door. Behind him he distinctly heard the driver in the sedan shift gears. But before the car could get into motion, the police cars swerved around the corner and all at once were on top of the bandits, bottling up the street and making escape impossible. The cops came off the running boards, shotguns in their hands, and the bandits, trapped, promptly tumbled out of the sedan, their arms raised. Mr. Wilson was leaning against the railing of the school lawn, too weak to stand on his own feet, struggling to draw his breath evenly.

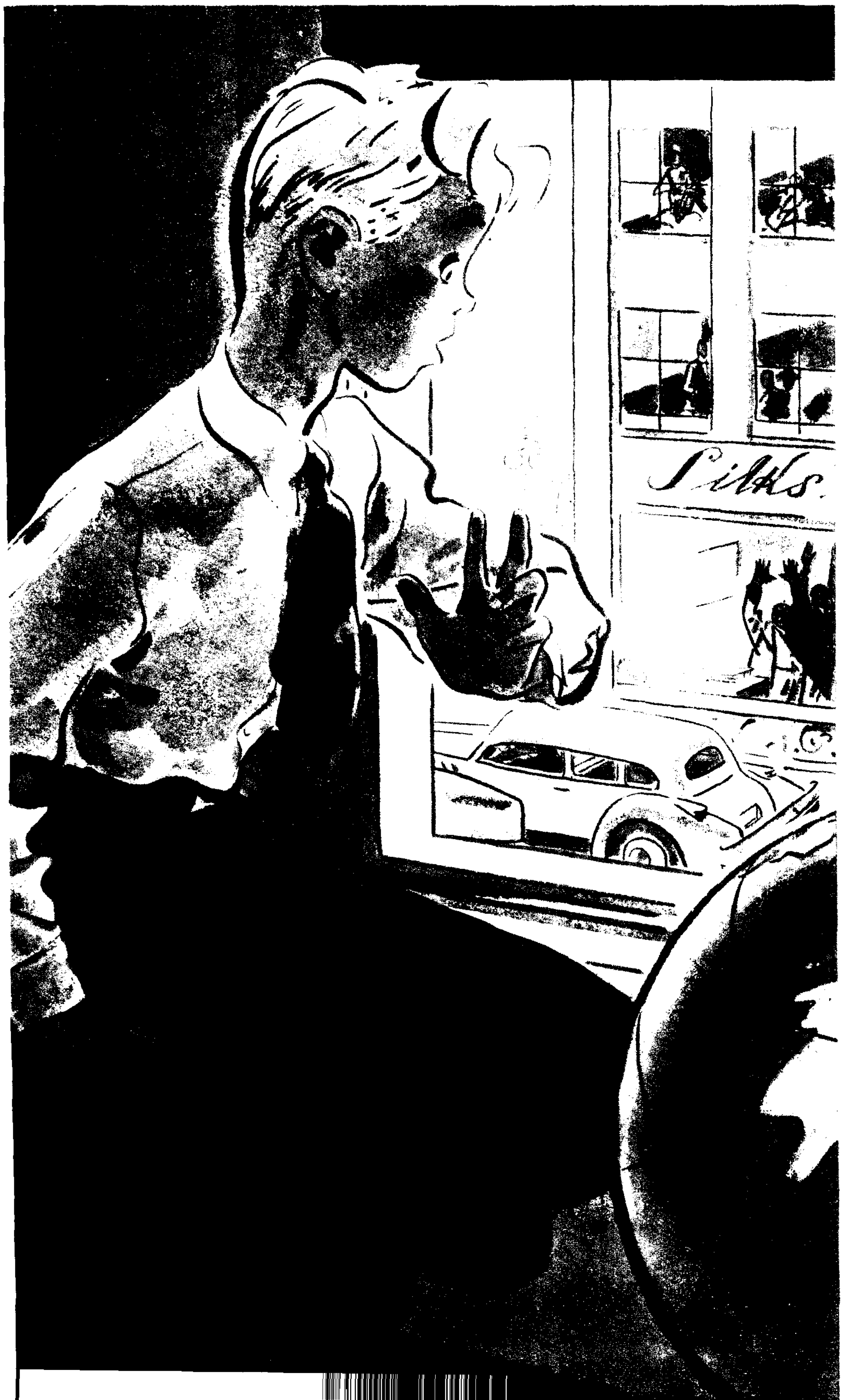
"Don't faint, Mr. Wilson," Howard said. "Don't faint." He had a hard time keeping the principal from slipping to the ground.

"How did you ever think of a fire drill?" Mr. Wilson gasped. "Where did you get the idea?"

"To tell the truth," the boy said, "it was on my mind all day."

"You mean you knew about the holdup?"

"Oh, no," Howard said. "I mean the fire drill. On a sunny spring day like this I thought it was a crime to keep people cooped up in a building all day. I was wondering how I could manage to get the children out in the open air even if it was only for a few minutes."

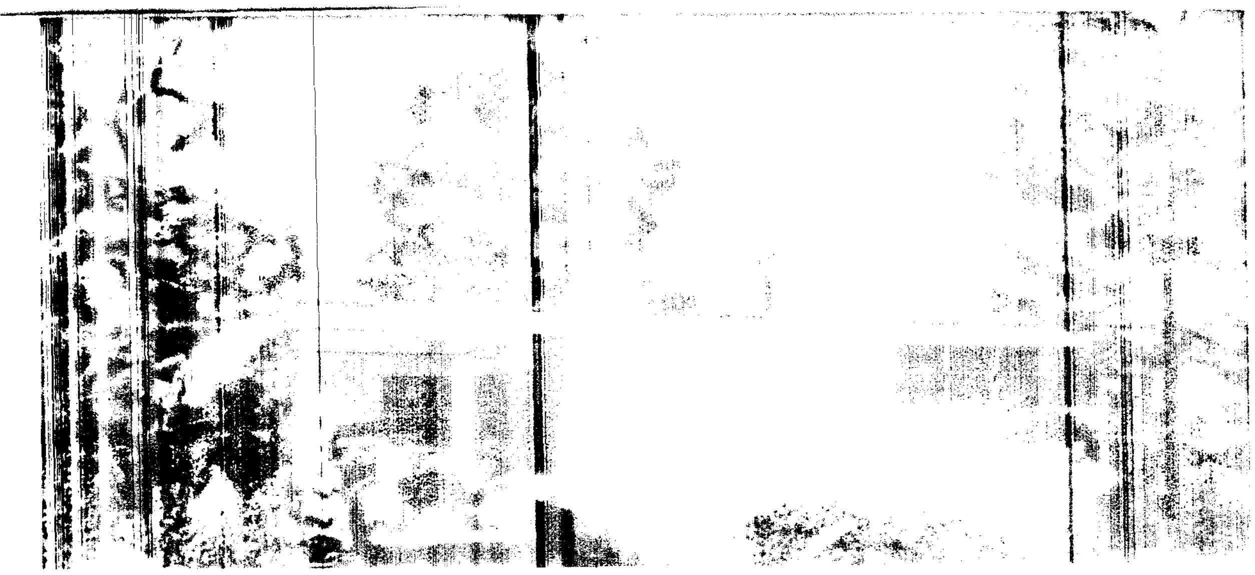


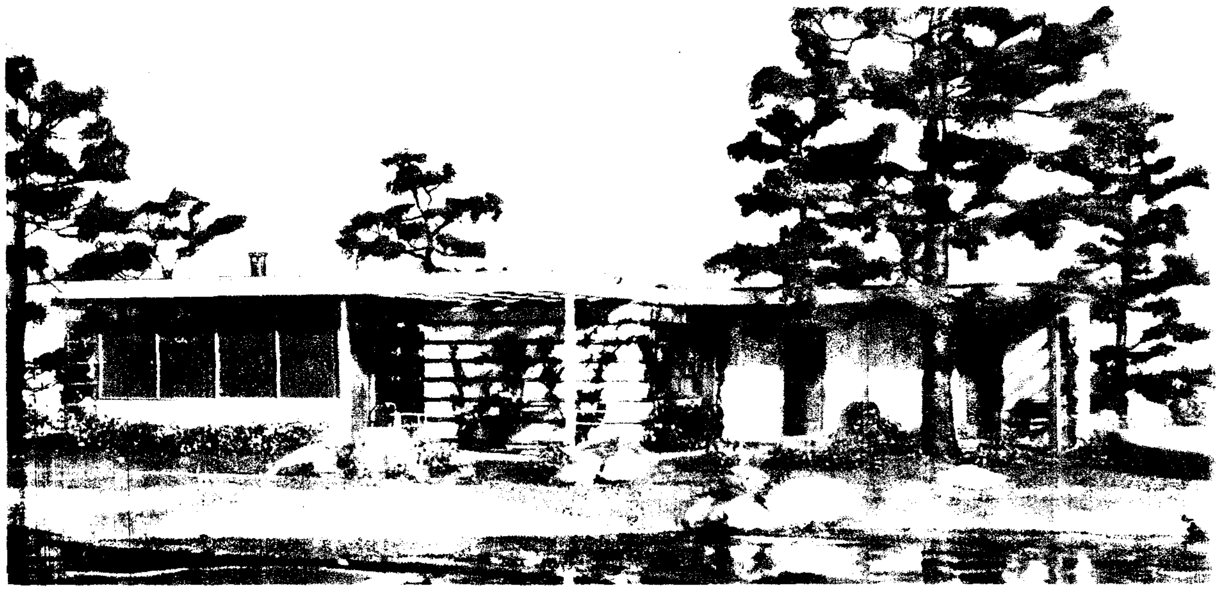
Howard drew his breath softly. "Mr. Wilson," he said. "Now, you just keep looking out the window," Mr. Wilson called over his shoulder

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Collier's Week-End House

By Ruth Carson





Side view of Collier's Week-End House, showing car shelter (kitchen door beyond the car) and high-screened lattice at the end of the porch

Front entrance, and bunkhouse wing with protecting roof over its own graveled terrace. Trellis with vines—for beauty and more privacy

Front view—screened porch end of living room, terraces and bunkhouse wing. That's a canoe on the grass at the right, and the lake is waiting

MODEL BY
THEODORE CONRAD
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
LOUIS CHECKMAN

ANY way you look at it, the rocking-chair brigade is backed up, creaking, on its last rockers. For when people go away today they go for fun, a change, to relax, to get away from it all, to do as they please—and you can accomplish very few of these things indeed at the old-time summer hotel where gossip on the veranda, bridge in the parlor and stiff collars in the dining room get you down even if you don't partake.

You can thank the motorcar if you wish, or the craze for sports that has beset the country, or the colorful call of the travel poster, for shaking us out of this habit of hoisting ourselves up just once a year and then sitting ourselves down in the same old way, only someplace else. But the most potent influence in the loosening up of our vacation spirits is the week end, which now, with the shortening of the working week plus the speeding up of transportation, has taken on enormous possibilities.

For we have discovered we can live in an apartment and work in a skyscraper, and still grub in a country garden. We can relish our own green lawn and trees at home, and picnic in the dunes and swim in the lake or the sea—not just for the stretch of a summer vacation, but frequently. We can run our business on the plain, and then forget it in the mountains of a Saturday and Sunday. We can, in short, have our cake and eat it, too.

But when going away for the week end becomes a regular habit, people want also to sleep in their own beds and get their fingers into their own soil. So cabins and shelters, any form of roof over the head, are springing up wherever there are scenery and tonic air and sport to be had. You don't believe it? Ask your local lumber dealer what his national association declares is the biggest business booster of recent years. And ask your real-estate agent what all those people with the faraway look in the eye are asking for.

They have been doing this sort of thing in Europe for a long time. In the mountains of Germany you may spy a tiny cube of a house thrust up from the valley floor on a great shaft, like a birdhouse, and entered only by a gangway flung to it from the mountainside, its owner apparently doting on privacy and air. This is the spirit of the week-end house. It brings you close to the elements you like best and gives you the life you want, and it need be like no other house in the world.

A House Planned for Comfort

It is, in fact, a new kind of house. It is not the old-time summer cottage modeled uncomfortably on the conventional year-round house, everything simply cut down in size and convenience. It has nothing to do with city houses or suburban dwellings. It is a means, unhampered by tradition, of getting outdoors, of getting into the sun and the air, onto the soil and the water. And yet it gives you all the comforts, too—a place to cook and eat without fishing ants and twigs out of your food, a place to sleep on the downiest bed you care to provide, and a place that can shut out the rain and rough weather while you draw up cozily to the fire. And it must do these things at minimum cost and with minimum upkeep, for you are not building forever and to mortgage all future vacations.

Realizing the growing desire for such houses and the really difficult job of devising one that would meet well all these demands upon it, Collier's commissioned Edward Stone, young modern architect, and his associate, Richard Bennett, to design a week-end house that would be packed with ideas for this new kind of living.

They did—and you see the results photographed and sketched for you on these pages. A house that is modern and direct and that will fit well into any landscape. A house to be built of sound materials but at low cost.

All right, what will this house cost? Collier's paid professional estimators to study the plans and specifications, and talk figures. Their estimate to build the main part of the house ready to be connected with outside services such as water supply and sewerage system, but not including these services, is from $2,000 to $2,500 plus about $300 apiece for the small bunkrooms you see extending to the right.

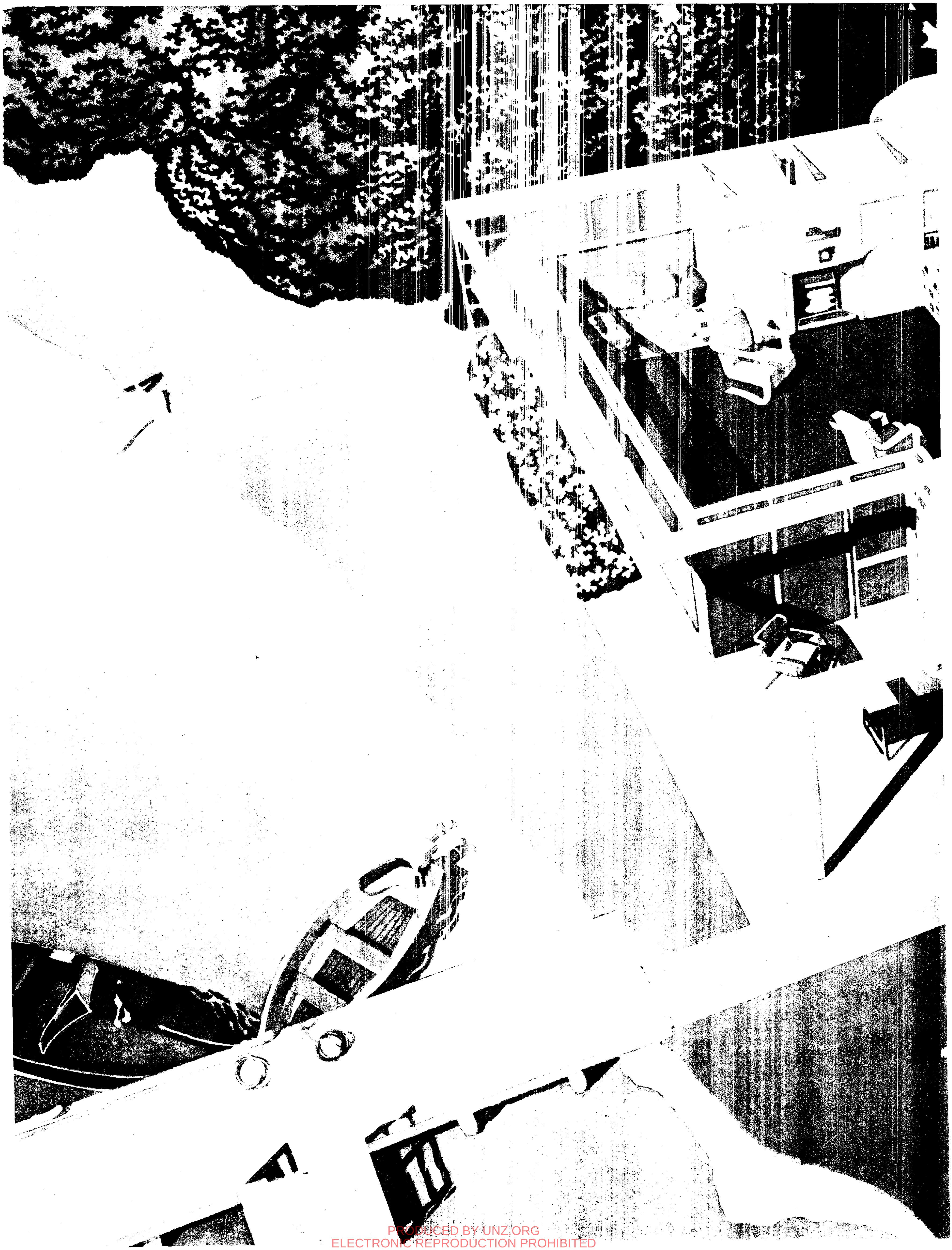
These prices are based on union wages plus ten per cent profit to the contractor. But in many of the back-country areas where the house would logically be built, local boys will toss it up for less, and there's nothing to keep you from putting in a few licks yourself. Land in these parts comes low. So, for the price of summer cottage rentals for a few seasons, you can have a place of your own to use as often and as casually as you like. It will even make money for you when you want to go off on vacation some place else—the line of renters is already forming on the right.

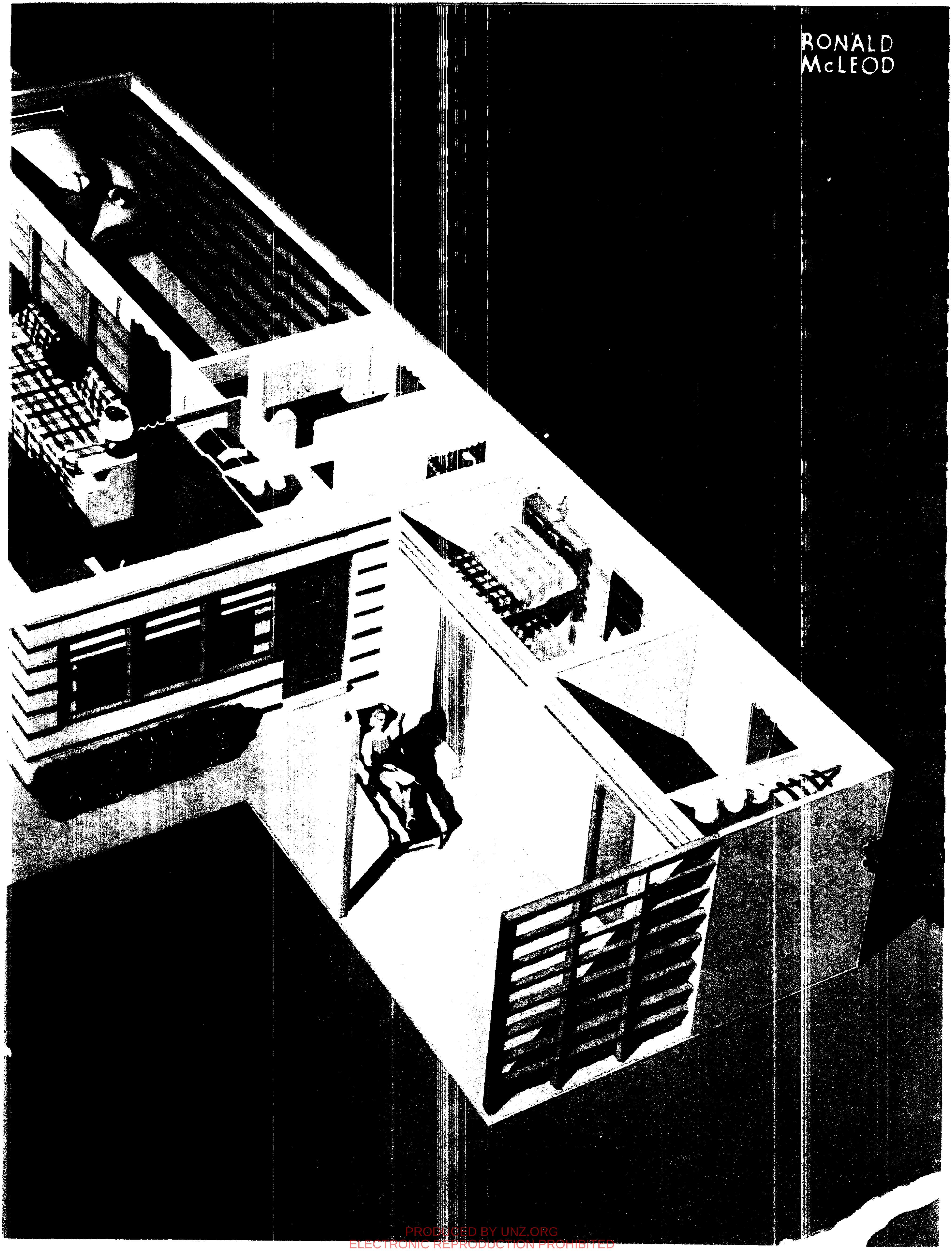
In Washington the Federal Housing Administration experts also looked over the plans and specifications, and along with a little wishful personal comment on the side, approved the house officially for insured credit loan under Title 1 of the National Housing Act. Under this section of the Act, it is possible to borrow up to $2,500, exclusive of financing charges, which is enough to cover the cost of the main part of this house plus one bunkhouse besides, in most parts of the country.

For complete details of the financing process and the requirements with regard to water supply, sewage disposal, minimum land area, etc., you will want to write direct to FHA headquarters in Washington, or apply through your local representative. But here are a few figures to give you an idea.

If you want to borrow $2,000 to start operations, and want to pay this back in the brief time of one year, your payments will be $172.71 a month. If you would rather take the full ten years maximum allowed for paying back the loan, your monthly payments will be $22.29. For a five-year note this figures out to $39.01 a month.

Now with business out of the way, look at the plan of the house. See how it contrives to keep you outdoors and give you plenty of space. It is mainly one great L-shaped room, reaching into the sun and air with a screened porch open all along one side to make part of the living room, which then measures

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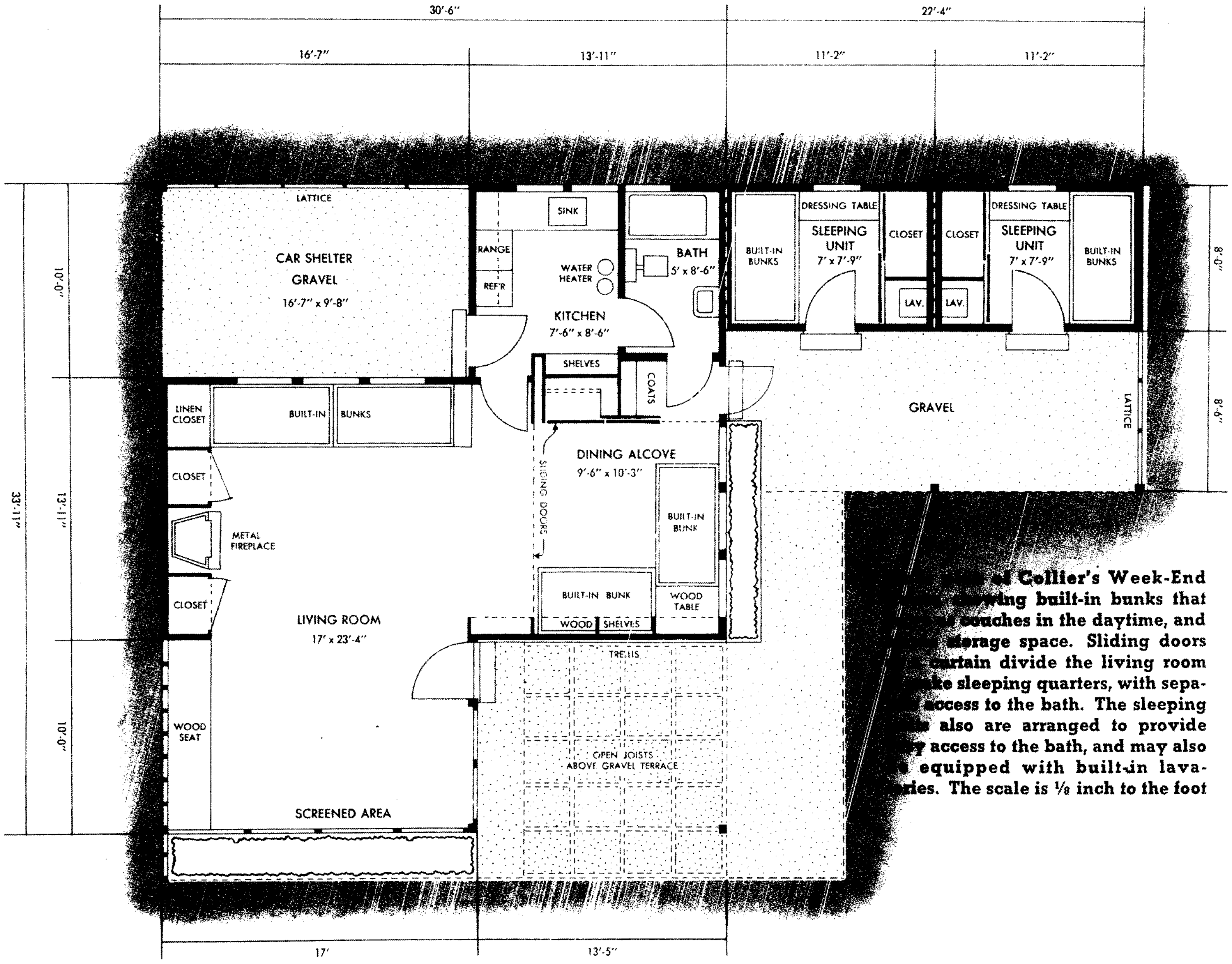


[illegible] of Collier's Week-End [illegible] showing built-in bunks that [illegible] couches in the daytime, and [illegible] storage space. Sliding doors [illegible] curtain divide the living room [illegible] make sleeping quarters, with sepa[illegible] access to the bath. The sleeping [illegible] also are arranged to provide [illegible] access to the bath, and may also [illegible] equipped with built-in lava[illegible]ries. The scale is ⅛ inch to the foot

26′ 6″ long by 10′ 3″ at one end and 23′ 4″ at the other—none of your hot, boxy little cottage rooms, but cool, restful space. Throw open the windows on the other side and at the end, and your living room is practically a part of the outdoors.

But not too literally so. The house is fully screened against insects. And in cold and stormy weather you can drop the great hinged panel of wallboard that fastens out of the way to the permanent ceiling of the porch, and it will close the wide opening that before made porch and living room one; and there you are, warm and protected beside the fire. If you like the idea of keeping the porch always a part of the living room, in place of this panel you can enclose the porch with sectional panels that fold up under the overhanging eaves. Or if you intend to use the house all the year round, as you very well might, you will consider glazing as well as screening the porch.

The rest of the house proper is given to kitchen and bathroom, with a shelter for the car filling the angle made by kitchen and living room.

This is all the space a small family—or two couples—needs for informal week-end life. Mealtime finds you out on the terrace with trays, broiling steak at the outdoor fireplace you've built over yonder, or sitting on those corner couches and eating from a table that has been brought round from the end of the couch. At night the large living-dining room is quickly transformed into two double bedrooms by drawing the curtain that hangs near the kitchen door, to cut off the dining end of the room. (At small extra cost, you can have sliding panels of wallboard instead, that slip into a pocket alongside the closet there.) Each of the bedrooms created in this fashion has private access to the bathroom, one through the kitchen and one through the little entry hall.

But for a large family or much entertaining, you'll need more space and that's where those little bunkrooms come on the scene. Each bunkroom is a separate house so designed that your local lumber yard can hammer it together and then deliver it to you by truck, saving the extra expense of construction on the job. On location they will set the foundation piers, hoist the house onto them, settle the roof securely and set in place the second sheltering roof, which projects to give each bunkhouse its own protected front terrace. All this can be accomplished on a week's notice.

Each house is complete with double-decker bunk frame, built-in dressing table, and closet equipped with sliding doors. Along the top of the wall opposite the window, protected by the projecting roof, is a louvred strip to give cross ventilation. This is completed with a hinged panel to drop down and seal it against cold weather. In the small corner space left behind the door can go a table for the old-time washbowl and pitcher. Or you can invest in one of those lavatories the architect has indicated—the kind used on boats.

Set as they are in the plan, these bunkhouses have easy and protected access to the main house under their projecting roofs, and the bathroom is available to them without passing through sleeping quarters in the main house. But your offspring may prefer his bunkhouse out of your reach among the trees and if Aunt Hattie insists on spending the summer with you hers can very quietly be set down on the most remote point of your property.

One more thing about space. Do you remember the summer cottages you have rented where there was not a single closet or cupboard in which to hang clothes and chuck the clubs, rackets, fishing tackle, rubber horses, sun mats, baby pen and other accouterments of summer life in the open? You were supposed to make shift with nails in the wall and hangers from the rafters, or just let your worldly goods pile up around you.

Well, Collier's architect is not so indifferent to your needs. You have already noticed the ample closets in the bunkrooms. Now count those in the main house. Four big ones, plus a linen closet, plus cupboards and shelves in the kitchen, plus medicine cabinet in the bathroom, plus shelves to the ceiling above one of the couches. Some of these shelves are equipped with sliding doors to make cupboards. But that's not all. There's a built-in table in the corner under the shelves, which is also a storage box. Lift up the top, and there's space inside for extra blankets and pillows. Lift up the hinged seat of the built-in bench on the porch, and that's a good place to stow outdoor game equipment.

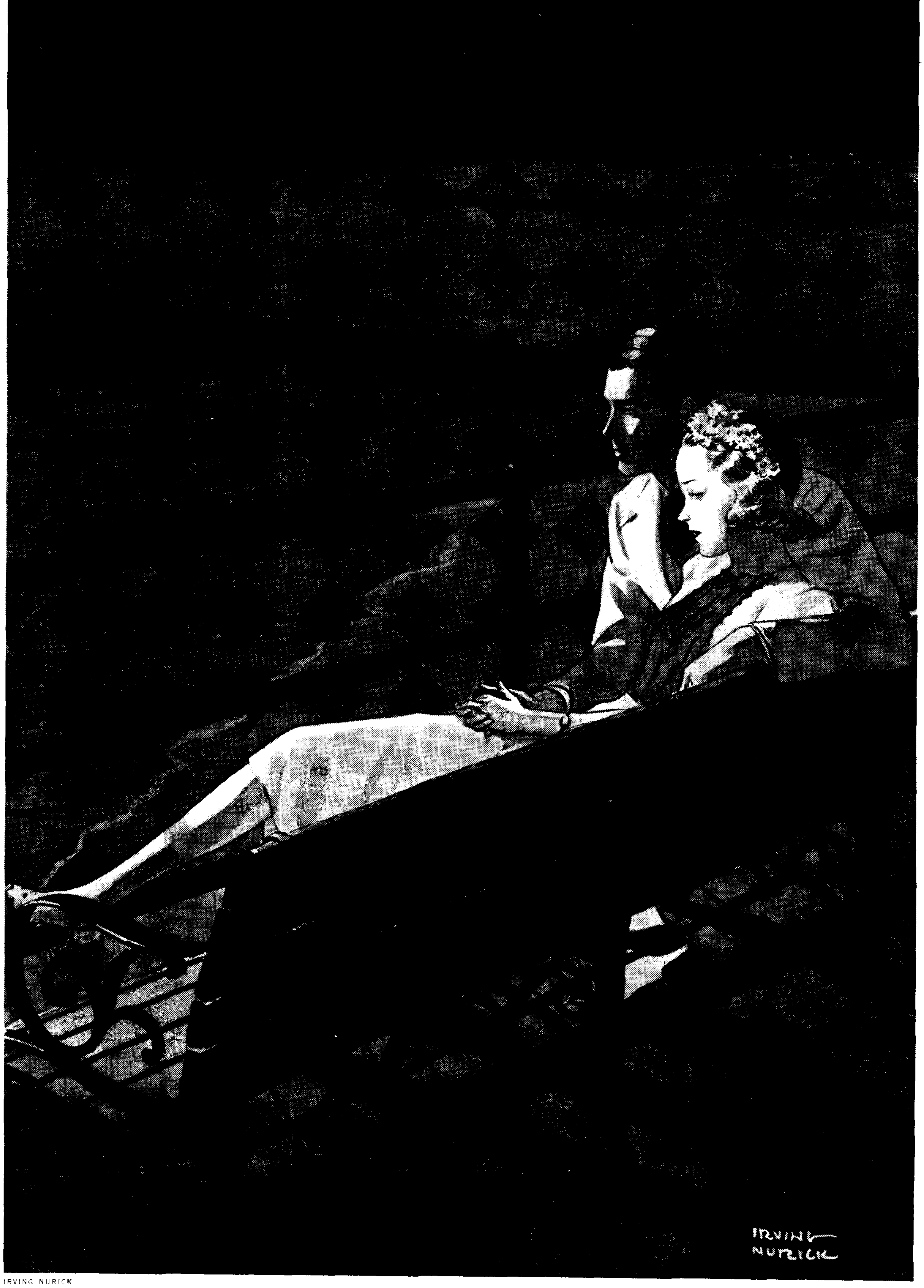
Have you noticed how many things are built in? All the equipment of the bunkrooms but the lavatories, all the storage space of course, including corner table and porch bench; also the frames of the four bunks in the main house. This means all you need to provide are springs, mattresses and bedding, a few chairs and lamps with a table or two,

(Continued on page 30)

Saturday Night

By Libbie Block

The story of a girl who knew when to refuse the one thing in the world she most wanted



IRVING NURICK

"It was the music, I think," he said finally. "Teddy, it almost got me"

DAVID was packing his clean shirts; stacked up in his suitcase, they were just so many headless wonders with cardboard breasts.

Goodby blue shirt, she thought, watching. Oh, David, goodby, my darling! And tomorrow morning you'll be gone. How crazy, when all we want is to be together. How crazy, when all we need is money! She watched the nest he made of his clean, rolled-up socks and was tormented again. Why don't I call Joe then, and get the money?

In David's clean gray eyes unhappiness showed like black writing.

"Say, Teddy," he said to the girl, "could you pick a . . . kind of souvenir . . . out of this junk? I wish it was something . . . good, like my watch . . . but—"

"I could frame the pawn ticket," she said, trying to laugh. That beautiful watch! His folks had given it to him for graduation. In her mind, she was always apologizing to his folks that their son had met a girl like her.

"Oh, honey, don't kid. I mean it so much."

From her chair she looked down on the neat man's stuff in the suitcase.

"Okay, then. Could I . . . well, will you want your beach robe? I could wear it after my bath."

Just that quickly it was hers, the Roman-striped toweling draped over her white dress and dragging on the floor, inches too long because he was very tall.

"Go on," he said; "look at yourself." Then, worship in his voice as she went to the dresser, "I'll never forget the way you look right now, beautiful."

WITH her eyes she attacked her own face, trying to see what he meant. She knew that map so darned well; a girl who wanted to get in the movies had to. The red hair; a mouth that was curved and smooth as smooth. Sure. What about too many freckles and not enough nose, though? What was good about that? For six swell weeks David had been seeing her as a goddess. A plain, redheaded girl, and because a guy loved her she was beautiful.

"Thanks, I'll always keep it," she said softly and kissed him in a way that was supposed to be light, but changed because their lips would not part, clinging as though this were death. The whole thing had started like this, a joke . . . without laughter at the end.

"Come on," he said, "I'll finish in the morning. I want to take my girl out stepping on Saturday night. With the whole fifty cents I've got left to spend. Let's go to the pier at Ocean Park."

"All right," Teddy said, taking off the robe; "but no more blues. Let's enjoy . . . what we've got left."

"You're on," he said. But at twenty-one he should have had a younger smile.

The sea dampness had a clean, salted tongue to lick their skins. The cold, deserted beach rolled down from the cement ocean walk, and below that the surf trundled, lulling itself in the night.

He wanted to talk about it again.

"My mother and father must suspect something. They'd have sent me more money otherwise."

"Don't start again . . . please. Let's pretend we just met. Like that first day. Here's me . . . giving you the once-over

(Continued on page 43)

The dwarf defeated his otherwise ironclad no-trump bid by leading out thirteen cards in an entirely new green suit

That New Suit

By Oswald Jacoby

CLAY MODEL BY ALAN FOSTER

The eagles are coming and bridge is in the throes of the greatest change since contract. Mr. Jacoby, tops at the old game, here explains the new one. Learn to face five aces without fainting

LATE in February I was vacationing peacefully in Florida with the intention of remaining for some time. Unfortunately for my contentment I picked up a copy of the morning paper and saw an article about a new game, known as five-suit bridge, in which the famous green suit was finally introduced. I say famous green suit because, like all games, bridge has a great many stories and the classic of them all is the one first told by Sidney Lenz about the nightmare hand in which his opponent, a dwarf with a seven-foot beard, defeated his otherwise ironclad no-trump contract by leading out thirteen cards in an entirely new green suit. And that disconcerting fifth suit that formerly made a good story now has taken its place in reality, along with the four conventional suits, giving us—a new game.

My first thought about this new game was that it meant nothing. However, as the day wore on, I discovered that each person I met had already heard about it and had some question or other. The next morning I called our office in New York and found that my associates were already being deluged with letters on the subject of five-suit bridge. As a result, that evening found me on board a plane. As soon as I arrived in New York I sat down to find out all about this game of five-suit bridge and whether it was an interesting game to play. And the answer came quickly. It is a marvelous card game and both interesting and exciting.

In general the rules of contract apply in the new game with the following exceptions:

First: the deck has 65 cards; each player is dealt 16 and the last or widow card is faced in the center. After the bidding is completed, the opening lead is made and dummy spreads his hand. Now declarer picks up the widow card and uses it to replace any card, either in dummy or in his own hand. Quite an advantage, as we soon found out. There are 16 tricks; 8 tricks make the book, 9 tricks are one-odd, 11 tricks are three-odd, etc. Game is 120 points. No trump counts 40 points a trick; three-odd or 11 tricks make game in no trumps. Eagles count 30 points a trick; four-odd or 12 tricks is game in eagles. Spades and hearts count 25 points a trick; game is five-odd or 13 tricks. Clubs and diamonds count 20 points a trick; game is six-odd or 14 tricks.

Honors count the same as in contract, with the exception that there is one new honor combination; five Aces in one hand, which count 300. I am still looking forward eagerly to the day when I can say to the scorekeeper "Chalk me up 300 Aces." I haven't held them yet.

There are three slams.

1—The small slam, or six-odd, with a bonus of 500 points not vulnerable, and of 750 points vulnerable.

2—The grand slam, or seven-odd, with a 1,000-point bonus not vulnerable, and with a 1,500-point bonus vulnerable.

3—The super slam, or eight-odd, with a 1,500-point bonus not vulnerable, and with a 2,000-point bonus vulnerable.

While some writers on card games are perfectly willing to sit down and write about a game without knowing anything about it, my partners and I felt that before writing anything on five-suit bridge we had better learn to play it ourselves. As a result we promptly organized a clinic to test five-suit bridge. This clinic functioned about ten hours a day. One or more of us was present at all times and we were assisted by many of New York's leading contract experts, including, among others, Edward Hymes, Jr.; Charles Lochridge; John Rau; Samuel Fry, Jr.; and Walter Malowan. At the same time we felt the necessity of getting opinions of people whose interest in card games was purely social. Practically every one of these people contributed something to our knowledge of this new game and in particular Charles Cushing and Stuyvesant Wainwright contributed some extremely valuable ideas that we adopted as part of our system.

New Percentages for Old

Then we realized, of course, that the presence of the fifth suit would introduce a completely new set of mathematical principles. In this connection I fell back on some of my old actuarial friends. As a result in a little while figures began to pour in from John Larus, *Vice-President and Actuary of the* Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company of Hartford, and James Hamilton of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York.

The result of all this was that within a short time we actually knew how to play this new game, and here are a few of the serious and semiserious facts we found out about it:

First: We had to learn all about the widow card and how to use it. Obviously it represented a great advantage to declarer, but just what this advantage would be we had to find out. Our first discovery was that if we were able to bid in the suit of the widow card it represented an extra trump for us, or if we could add it to a side suit it meant an extra winning trick. Furthermore, even though it was in an off suit, we quickly discovered that at high contracts it could almost always be used to eliminate one of the few losing cards in declarer's hand. In fact some of our players became too enthusiastic in this connection. I remember one instance when one of our players happily contracted for a super slam in eagles. He had solid trumps and knew that he and his partner between them were solid in all suits except diamonds. He himself held a small diamond and figured, when contracting for the super slam, that he would take the widow card into his own hand and discard his losing diamond. The idea was fine. Unfortunately he overlooked the fact that the widow card was also a small diamond, so that after the exchange he still had to lose one trick.

At first the presence of the fifth suit

(Continued on page 31)

Gentleman from Barbados

By Roark Bradford

Mr. Vivian teaches Bugaboo and Iron Man the secret of longevity. It's all a matter of timing—especially when ladies tote razors

THE steamboat John D. Grace landed at Baton Rouge before Bugaboo Jones saw Vivian. And the discovery there, after an all-night run up the river from New Orleans, was not particularly impressive.

Vivian, in the early morning hours, was just one more roustabout who was big and stout enough to tote a hundred-pound sack of rice on his head and walk awkwardly up the gangplank, as would any other inexperienced black man taking his first job on a steamboat. Vivian, as far as Bugaboo Jones was concerned, was nameless, homeless and friendless.

When the boat left Baton Rouge, it was chance more than interest or even idle curiosity that brought Bugaboo and Vivian together. Bugaboo sat on the forward main deck to rest and Vivian sat down beside him. Iron Man, Bugaboo's big harp-blowing friend, sprawled upon a sack of seeds and began breathing into his harmonica, while his mind dwelled on a certain little frail brown who had quit him, years before.

Vivian listened to the music for a while before he spoke.

"I tell you, mon," he said, "you got what to bring 'er bock."

"Say which?" demanded Bugaboo.

"I say, mon," Vivian repeated, " 'e music got what to make wommon come bock."

Iron Man gulped and put his harmonica back into his pocket. Bugaboo tried hard to believe in his mind what he had heard with his ears. Presently an idea came to him.

"Jew-maker?" Iron Man hazarded, knowing the fair isle of Jamaica to be famous for its strange speech.

"No, mon," Vivian disclaimed. "My home is native Barbados."

Bugaboo grunted. "Sound Jew-maker to me. What's yo' name?"

"My name be Vivian."

"Vivian," interposed Iron Man, "be's a woman's name."

"Vivian do not a wommon name," the West Indian said. " 'E a mon name."

"Vivian be a gal's name," Iron Man insisted.

"Vivian," repeated the Barbadian with a note of challenge in his voice, "be my name. You t'ink I'm some gal?" That was all he said, but the way he said it indicated that he was willing to do more than argue about it, if the point were pressed too far. Iron Man resumed his music.

"I SAID, mon," Vivian spoke again to Iron Man, "yo' music got what to bring de lady bock. Do you got some monners?"

Bugaboo laughed. "Efn you ain't no Jew-maker," he said, "how come you live long enough to git as big as you are, and not learn to tawk no better?"

"I tell you," snapped Vivian, "I'm native-bawn home in Barbados. And two of you don't got no monners. I leave away." He got up and walked off.

Bugaboo and Iron Man exchanged glances. Iron Man shook his head. "Vivian!" he repeated, and laughed.

"A Jew-maker ain't got sense enough to learn how to tawk, no matter how big he git," Bugaboo philosophized. "But dat nigger say he a Bobby-doo, and he still can't tawk good."

"Vivian," reflected Iron Man. "When I was drivin' a wheeler for Old Man Low-rance up in de levee camp, hit was a lady name Vivian. Vivian is a purty name, but dis lady was a razor-pitchin' fool f'm away back."

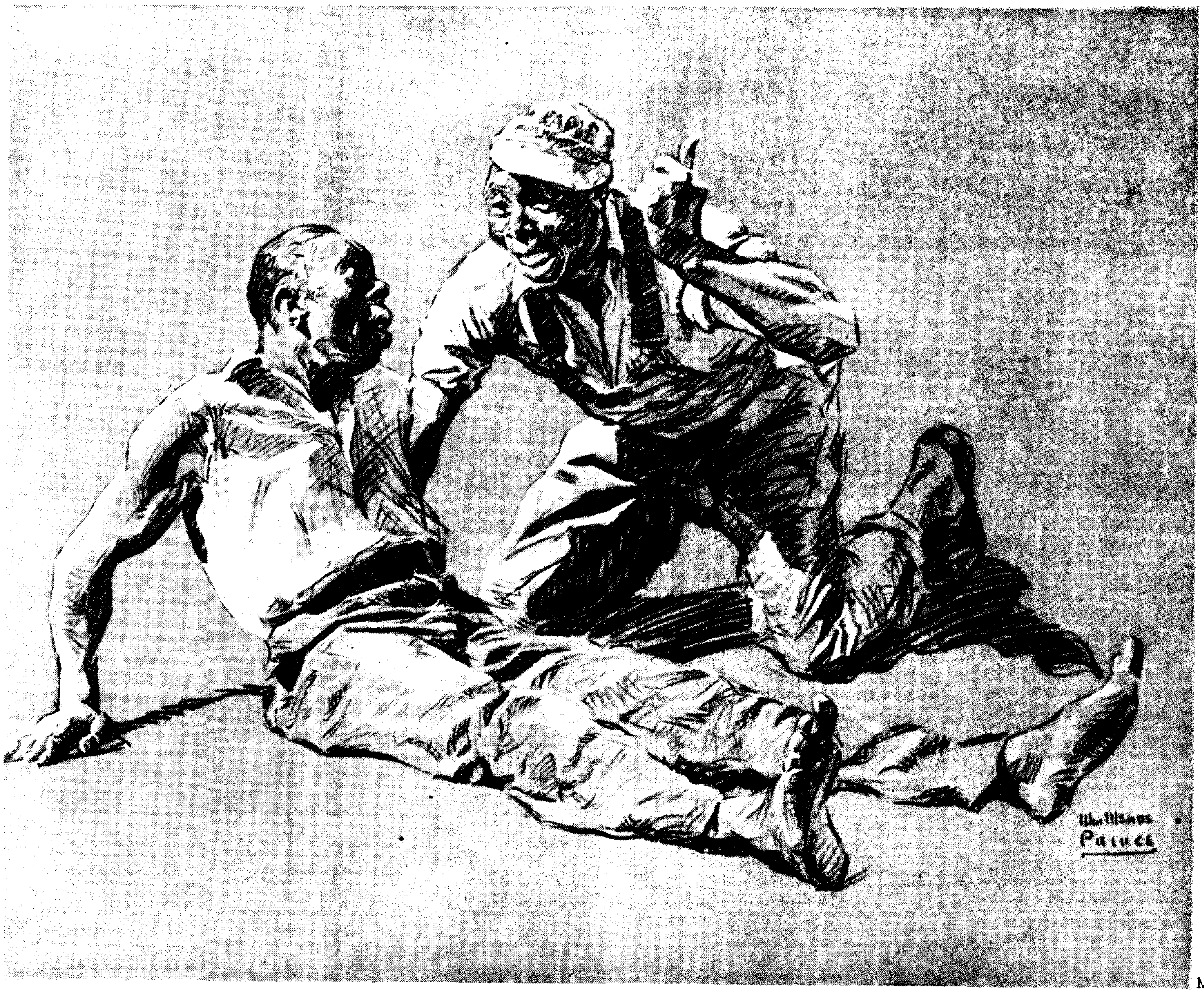
"Razor-pitcher, hunh?" Bugaboo asked. "I knowed a razor-pitchin' lady, one time, but her name wa'n't Vivian. Hit was one er dem bright yaller-skin Franch ladies over on St. Philip Street. Name O-deed."

"She hit you wid a razor, hunh?"

"Naw," laughed Bugaboo. "She hit whar I was at when she started swingin'. But by de time de razor got to whar I was, I was outn de door, and crossin' Dumaine Street, headed for back er town."

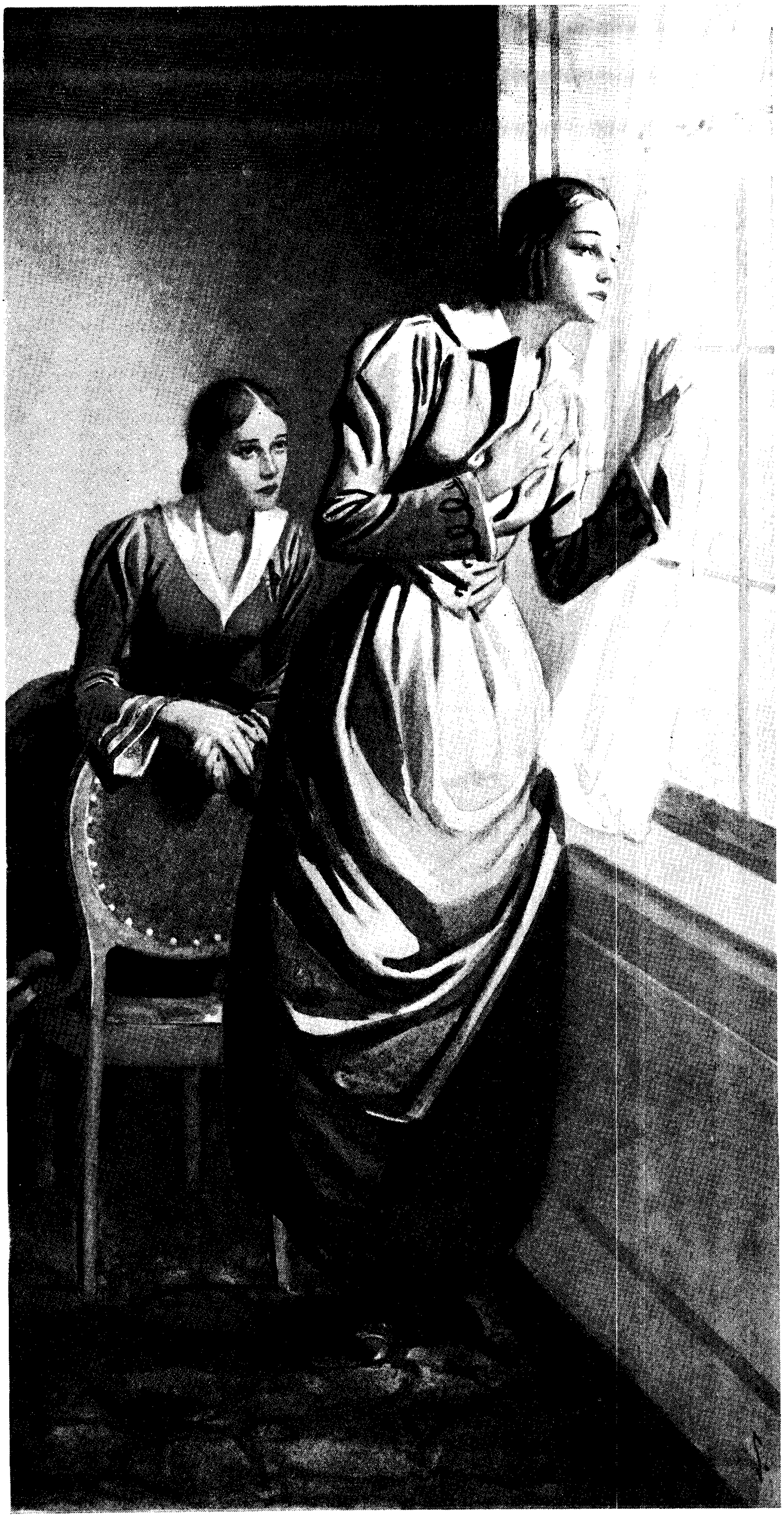
"Hit couldn't er been de same lady,"

(Continued on page 34)



ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

"Man," exclaimed Bugaboo, "I dream you was a ape!" "You dream wrong," said Iron Man. "Bobby-doo gwinter be de ape; not me"



"Don't be sorry for me, Helen," she said. "I'm not sorry for myself"

Man in the Saddle

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

SALLY BIDWELL surprises the people of the Piute Desert country by turning suddenly from Owen Merritt, a young cattleman whom she very obviously loves, and marrying Will Isberg, owner of the Skull outfit and the wealthiest man in the region. From that moment on, Isberg (knowing that Sally still loves Merritt) and his former rival are enemies.

The first clash comes on the evening of the wedding. Hugh Clagg, one of Isberg's secret allies, tries to assassinate Merritt. The attempt, made in the darkness on a lonely road, results in the death of Lee Rapp, one of Clagg's men, who, mistaken for Merritt, is shot.

Another killing follows quickly. Caught on Skull land by Fay Dutcher, Isberg's foreman, and Theodore Bale, riding boss of Skull, Juke Slover, one of Merritt's friends, is brutally murdered. Having no evidence, Merritt can only guess at what has happened; he is certain, though, that Dutcher is involved. He realizes that he is in for a life-or-death struggle; that, having taken Sally Bidwell away from him, Isberg is preparing to take his land as well. He realizes that he is in deadly peril—that at any moment one of Isberg's men may kill him.

But Owen Merritt is not a timid soul. In Winnemucca, a near-by town, with two of his friends—George Vird, who works for him at his ranch on Christmas Creek, and Bourke Prine—he encounters Fay Dutcher. Dutcher is accompanied by Theodore Bale and three other Skull riders. Merritt accuses him of killing Slover. In the course of the ensuing quarrel, in a saloon, someone shoots out the lights. Then a gun battle starts. When it ends, three of Skull's riders are dead.

Isberg and Sally ride to The Wells, the tiny cattle town where they had been married. Merritt is there. Isberg, who makes no effort to conceal his hostility, offers to buy the Christmas Creek ranch. Merritt informs him, in no uncertain terms, that the ranch is not for sale. Heated words follow.

After a time, Merritt turns away. Isberg, furious, calls after him. "Stay away from anything that belongs to me," he exclaims. "I don't forget things, and I don't give up easily. You had better remember that!"

IV

"LET'S see if you can hang on to what's yours," answered Merritt, and knew then from the look on the man's face that Isberg, with a gun, would have tried to kill him. It was all the warning he needed as he once more turned down the street; and he put it away in his mind, with an ironic satisfaction from knowing how effectively those words tortured Isberg. For they were thinking of the same thing. They were thinking of Sally Isberg.

From the hotel room, on the second floor, Sally Isberg had watched the scene below with a real fear. She knew how hot a flame burned in her husband, she knew the unsuspected depths of his pride. In a way it was an immense relief when Owen Merritt rode away, and yet she turned to Helen Tague and murmured: "I've got to see him, Helen."

Helen Tague said, gently saddened: "Oh, Sally. No. It isn't right."

"Nothing's right."

Helen looked at Sally carefully. "Have you found that out already?"

"Don't, Helen. I've got to have somebody I can turn to."

"Why, honey," said Helen, and put her arm out to Sally Isberg's shoulder, "I'd never draw away. I'm so sorry for you. And have been since your wedding."

"That won't do, either." Sally came from the window and, a moment later, unable to hold in her curiosity, went back to it, watching her husband walk toward the saloon. "Don't be sorry for me, Helen," she said. "I'm not sorry for myself."

Helen Tague asked her a quiet, softly insistent question: "It was a mistake, wasn't it?"

"How can anybody know when a mistake is made, Helen? There are things we know we must do. Good or bad, we do them. There isn't any other way."

"You're thinking of Owen now and wanting to see him. And you're not happy."

"No, I'm not happy," Sally admitted. She turned on Helen and added at once, "But I never expected that kind of happiness. Most people fool themselves. I have tried not to. I wanted something. Now I have it. I can't explain, but if you had been brought up to see and hear and feel the things I have, you'd know. I just can't tell you. But I've got to see Owen."

Helen Tague was thoroughly honest. She said again, "That's not right."

Sally looked at the girl with the firmness of her will showing through. She said, "He's in bad trouble, Helen," and then she

(Continued on page 62)

Joe DiMaggio

HAS SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT HOW DIFFERENT CIGARETTES CAN BE!

"How about it, Joe, do you find that Camels are different from other cigarettes?"

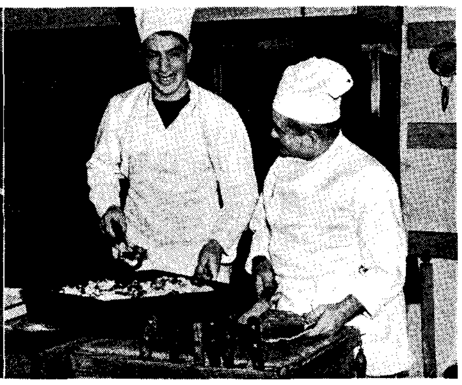
"Any all-cigarettes-are-alike talk doesn't jibe with my experience. There's a big difference. *Camels* have a lot extra. I've smoked Camels steadily for 5 years, and found that Camel is the cigarette that *agrees* with me, in a lot of ways. Good taste. Mildness. Easy on the throat. And Camels don't give me the feeling of having jumpy nerves."

WHEN BILL GRAHAM saw Joe DiMaggio pull out his package of Camels, he thought it was a good time to get Joe's opinion on smoking. Joe came straight to the point: "There's a big difference between Camels and the others." Like Joe DiMaggio—like millions of other Camel smokers—you, too, will find in Camels a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic.

JOE LIKES to go down to the wharf, where he used to work helping his father, and keep his hand in on mending nets. His family are fisher folk from away back. DiMaggio is husky—stands 6 feet tall—weighs around 185 pounds. His nerves are h-e-a-l-t-h-y!

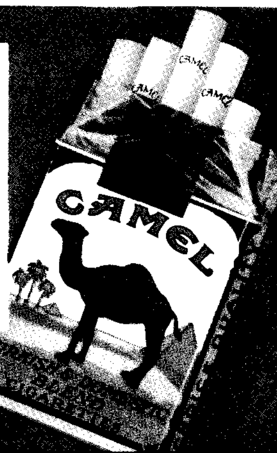
JOE DI MAGGIO
GROTTO

DURING THE WINTER, Joe's pretty busy at his restaurant in San Francisco. Ask Joe what *he* does when he's tired—"I get a lift with a Camel," he says. "That's another way I can spot a difference between Camels and other cigarettes."



JOE OFTEN dons the chef's hat himself. He has a *double* reason to be interested in good digestion—as a *chef* and as a *ball player.* On this score he says: "I smoke Camels with my meals and afterwards—'for digestion's sake.'"

Camels are
a matchless blend
of finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE
TOBACCOS
...Turkish and
Domestic



PEOPLE *DO* APPRECIATE THE

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE

LARGEST-SELLING

CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

JOE'S GRIP. "Ball players go for Camels in a big way," he says. When someone mentioned that he had a sensitive throat, Joe remarked: "That's why *I* stick to Camels. They don't irritate my throat."

ONE SMOKER
TELLS ANOTHER

"Camels agree with me"

"We know tobacco because we grow it..."

"When Camel says 'costlier tobaccos' I know it's right," says Mr. Edward Estes, capable young planter, who knows tobacco from the ground up. "Take my last crop, for instance. Camel bought all the best parts—paid me the most I've ever gotten. The men who grow tobacco *know* what to smoke—*Camels!*"

"Last year I had the dandiest crop ever," says Mr. Roy Jones, another experienced planter who prefers Camels. "The Camel people paid more to get my choice lots. I smoke Camels because I know they use finer, costlier tobaccos in 'em. It's not surprising that Camel's the leading cigarette with us planters."

Mr. Harold Craig, too, is a successful grower who gives the planter's slant on the subject of the quality of leaf tobacco used for Camels. "I'm the fellow who gets the check—so I *know* that Camels use more expensive tobaccos. Camel got the best of my last crop. That holds true with most planters I know, too. You bet I smoke Camels. I know that those costlier tobaccos in Camels do make a difference."

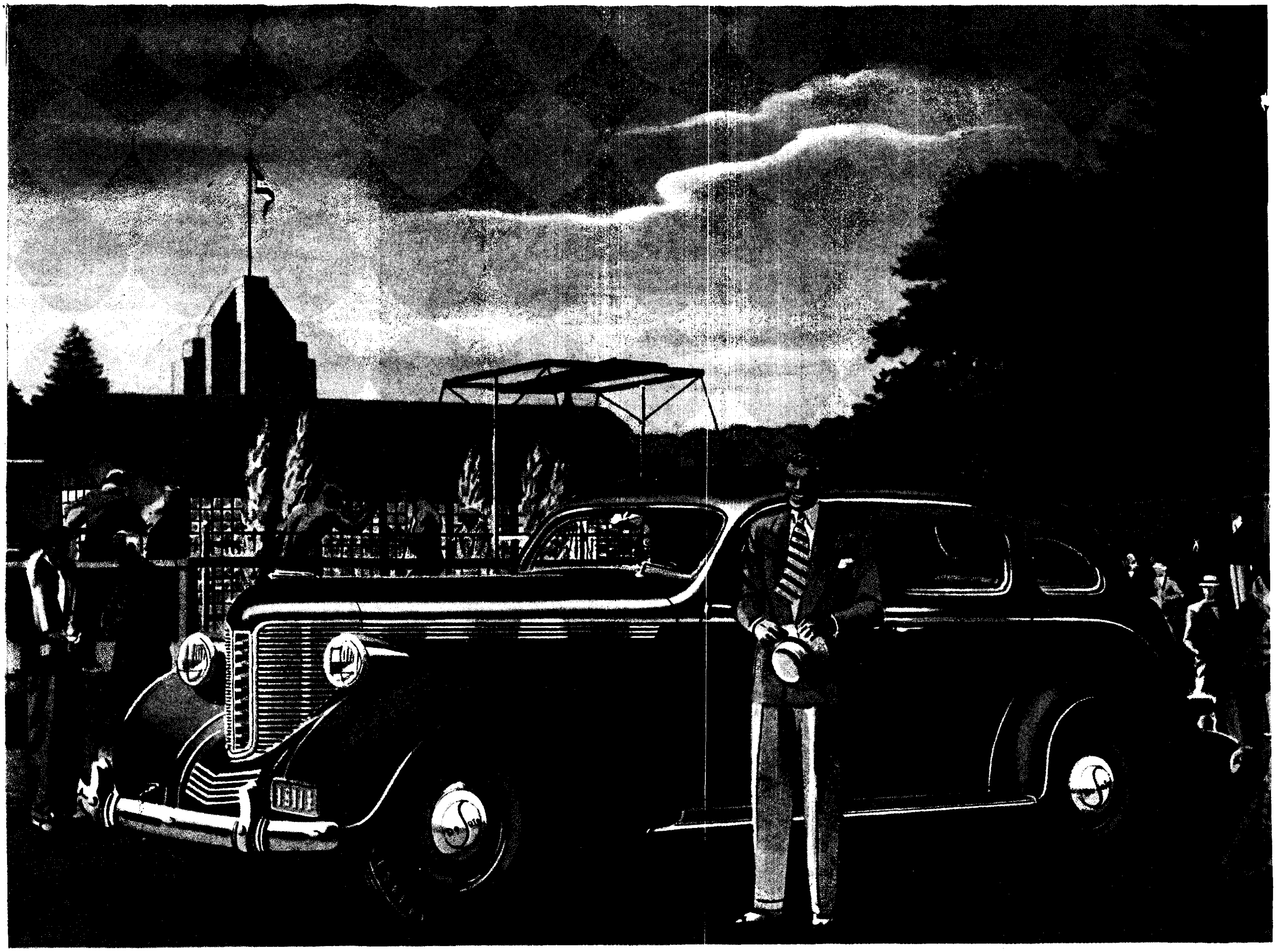
Last year, Mr. Walter Devine's tobacco brought the highest price in his market. "Camel paid top prices for my best lots," he says. "And I noticed at the auction *other* planters got top prices from the Camel buyers *too* when their tobacco was extra-choice grade. Being in the tobacco *growing* business, I'm partial to Camels. Most of the other big growers here feel the same way."

"We smoke Camels because we know tobacco"

TOBACCO PLANTERS SAY

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

JACK DEMPSEY SAYS HIS NEW DE SOT IS A "KNOCKOUT"!



Get the Facts on De Soto's VALUE and ECONOMY– See How this Great Car Saves You Money Two Ways!

"IT'S A BEAUTY, JACK. MUST HAVE COST A LOT!"
"NOT THIS DE SOTO! IT'S NOW PRICED JUST ABOVE THE LOWEST!"

IT'S AMERICA'S SMARTEST LOW-PRICED CAR

1. Improved 93-H. P. "Economy Engine."
2. Safety-Steel Body.
3. Bigger, GENUINE Hydraulic Brakes.
4. Luxurious Safety Interior.
5. Airplane-type Shock-absorbers.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR—COLUMBIA NETWORK—THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

THE MANASSA MAULER picked De Soto for one good reason: EXTRA VALUE. Here's how he tells it: "I looked over the field—but De Soto won on every count. It's a better car for your money... fits right in with today's budgets!"

That's De Soto's story in a nutshell. Here is a BIG car in everything but COST! Chrysler Corporation engineering gives you faster pick-up... plenty of room for six passengers... easier steering and parking...a restful, "cushioned" ride.

De Soto is now priced *just above the lowest*... and this BIG car costs no more to run than most SMALL cars! You save money when you buy...and as you drive. See it today! DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

SEE YOUR DE SOT DEALER

FOR A

GREAT CAR, FINE SERVIC

***AND A* SQUARE DEAL**

First Blood

By W. R. Burnett

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The boy couldn't ride much, and the horse couldn't run much. Which makes the result all the more remarkable

IT WAS a pale, misty morning and the fog had been so heavy during the night that moisture was still dripping from the tall eucalyptus trees that lined the far side of the track. Chuck, the little exercise boy, was breezing the old hammerheaded plater, Garryowen. As the horse was to run that day, Chuck's instructions were to work him a slow three-eighths, then pull him up; but when Garryowen crossed the finish wire Chuck got careless and gave him his head. He ran away.

The owner, Mort Conway, leaned on the rail and groaned. Things had been breaking badly for him. The only fairly decent horse he'd owned had bowed a tendon. He was left with three aging platers and a lot of unpaid bills. He'd intended to try for his life with old Garryowen that day but the old racer was a three-legged horse and this runaway wouldn't do him any good. When a man was down, things kept falling on him; that's the way it always worked out. When a man was a little over the edge, he couldn't even hire a decent exercise boy to work his horses. This Chuck Smith was a no-good little starved devil if there ever was one; always around cadging for two-bit pieces. Couldn't ride a horse any more than the man in the moon.

A couple of stake riders, Rip Matthews and Dude Connors, were leaning on the rail a short distance from Conway. They were surrounded by lesser jockeys, clockers, and bums of one kind or another. They were big-time and knew it. They didn't have to get up at dawn and get out to the track. They did it *because* they didn't have to and could stand around and be flattered and have a lot of fun kidding what they called the "hired hands."

Dude Connors, with a wise look, turned to Matthews.

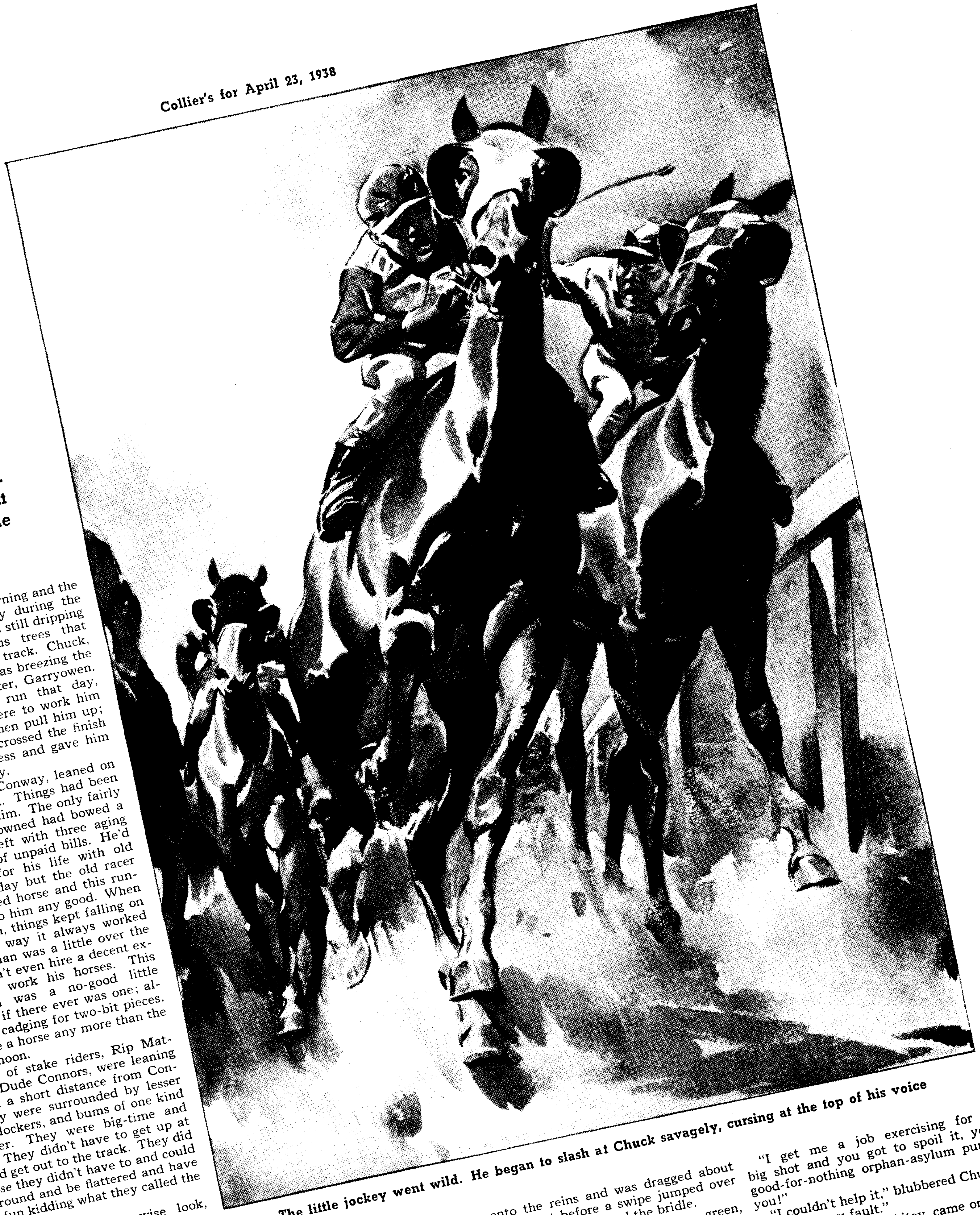
"I see Mort's getting the old horse ready for the handicap. Giving him a real workout."

"Yeah," said Rip, "but why don't he let him out a little? He oughtn't to keep him under wraps all the way."

All the hangers-on roared with laughter. Mort felt too bad even to get sore. He stared stonily at the track, thinking about his wife and kids and what a hell of a life they led.

"Look," said Dude, suddenly.

Three exercise boys, who had been taking their horses a slow six furlongs, were bunched in the stretch. Hearing Garryowen thundering behind them, one of them turned in surprise, loosening his grip on the reins, and his horse bolted, then stopped and threw the boy over his head.


The little jockey went wild. He began to slash at Chuck savagely, cursing at the top of his voice

"I can't look," muttered Mort, turning his face away. When a man's luck was out, it was out!

There were horses going in every direction now. The exercise boys were yelling and cursing and sawing the reins. One horse stopped, then buck-jumped, throwing his head wildly and nickering, but the boy stayed on him. Garryowen thundered past the plunging horses. The railbirds saw Chuck's white, pinched face. The old plater shied violently at sight of the boy lying on the track, then bolted to the rail and stopped. Chuck went over his head but hung onto the reins. The horse, wild with fear now, tried to start off again but Chuck held onto the reins and was dragged about thirty feet before a swipe jumped over the fence and grabbed the bridle.

"Well," said Mort, his face green, "you stopped him, anyway, Chuck."

CHUCK got to his feet slowly; then his face puckered and he began to cry.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Conway," he blubbered. "I wouldn't have that happen for nothing in this world when you been so good to me and give me work when nobody else would."

Rip and Dude laughed till their sides ached. The boy who had been thrown walked up to Chuck and slapped him in the face.

"I get me a job exercising for a big shot and you got to spoil it, you good-for-nothing orphan-asylum punk, you!"

"I couldn't help it," blubbered Chuck. "It wasn't my fault."

Conway's swipe, Whitey, came on the run, his whisky-red face twitching and his eyes bulging.

"Did he get hurt, Mr. Conway? Did he get hurt?"

"No," said Chuck, brightening a little, "I'm all right."

Rip and Dude held onto each other and laughed hysterically.

"You!" shouted Whitey. "Why, you . . . I was praying you'd break your dirty

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A little goes a longer way

neck. It's the horse I'm worried about."

The boy who had been thrown was still hanging around making passes at Chuck, but finally Mort climbed the fence and pushed him away. Although he wouldn't admit it, Mort felt sorry for that little kid, Chuck.

Laughter rolled the length of the rail. Dude and Rip were doubled over. It was the most fun anybody had had at the track so far that year.

"Who? Chuck?" shouted somebody. "Why, that kid's a whiz. Why, he makes Basil James look like a dirty deuce. Did you see the way he slid in the mud on his face? That's class."

But the laughter stopped suddenly. Alexander Burrows III, in a tan polo coat, came running down the track, his face purple with rage. He was a big noise in the thoroughbred game and he never let anybody forget it.

"It's an outrage," he cried, shaking his fist at Mort. "You and your old give-away horses, taking up the whole track and endangering the lives of all those boys, not to mention three of my best two-year-olds! Haven't you even got money enough to hire a boy who can hold a horse's head straight? If you haven't, I'll pay a good boy for you next time you work out that old crowbait."

Rip and Dude were not laughing now. They looked very solemn, for they were scared to death of Burrows.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Burrows," said Chuck.

"Shut your mouth. I'm not addressing you."

"No use getting excited," said Mort. "It's all over now and nobody's hurt. About the money, Mr. Burrows. Yes, *I'm broke. Is that a crime?"*

"No impertinence from you, Conway. You're the kind who gives the game a bad name. Anything like this happens again, I'll see that you and your so-called horses are kicked off the place."

He turned abruptly on his heel and walked back up the track where one of his swipes was examining the colt that had thrown his rider.

"Chuck," said Dude Connors, "they tell me Mr. Burrows is going to sign you up to ride Morven in the handicap. Or is it just an idle rumor?"

Chuck grinned weakly. Dude Connors and Rip Matthews were demigods to him. He felt flattered that they condescended to kid him.

CHUCK got only a piece of pie and a cup of coffee for his lunch as he was short of money; then he paid his check, shoved a toothpick into his mouth, and went out in front of the café and stood *with his back to the street, listening to* the trainers and jockeys talking "horse."

A "sucker" was pestering the boys for tips. The trainers turned their backs on him but Rip Matthews stepped up and said:

"You know me, don't you, mister? I'm Rip Matthews."

The sucker started; his eyes popped.

"Why, sure, sure. How are you, Mr. Matthews?"

"Middling to fair. And you?"

"Oh, I'm fine, thanks. Can't complain. Gee, I saw you ride Ready Cash yesterday in that big race. What a ride! I don't see how you do it."

"I just sit still and the horse does the work. I think you're trying to flatter me." Matthews simpered and the hangers-on turned away to hide their grins. They didn't want to spoil whatever it was.

Chuck looked on with his mouth open.

"Oh, no, Mr. Matthews. I think you're the best rider at this track."

"Why limit yourself?"

"Well, at any track."

"Say it again. I don't believe it. But I like it."

"Say, Mr. Matthews, I think you're trying to kid me," said the sucker, smiling uncertainly, but not looking around.

"Me? I never kid. I kid only on the straight. Just to show you I'm on the level, here's a tip. Garryowen in the first. He can't miss."

"Is that a fact?" said the sucker, then he smiled shrewdly. "In the bag, hunh?"

"A boat race. He can't miss. Chuck it in, brother; chuck it in."

"Say, thanks. Gosh, thanks a million. Come inside. I'll buy you a drink."

"Never touch it. Just leave my hundred with the cashier in the restaurant *after the race."*

"Hunh?"

"Well, you ain't going to bet peanuts, are you? When I say he's in, he's in."

"Sure, sure," said the sucker, paling *slightly.* "Well, I'll be seeing you. Thanks a million."

The sucker hurried off, talking to himself.

"Gee, that was rich," said Dude. "He'll probably go and mortgage his jalopy."

"I hope he does," said Rip. "These bums give me the willies, always pestering around for tips. If I knew who was going to win, would I be riding for a living? Them guys get in my hair."

Chuck was snickering at the curb.

"My public," said Rip.

"You sure gave it to him, Rip," said Chuck.

"Oh, it's 'Rip,' is it? Ain't you a little formal? My friends call me Stinky."

Chuck's smile disappeared. He hung his head.

Rip and Dude ignored him and turned to talk to Bob Garvin, one of the big-shot trainers, who had just come up.

"How do you like that camel you're *riding in the first, Rip?" he asked.*

"I think maybe I can win with him," said Rip. "He ain't much but he ain't got much to beat."

"Powell shooting with him?"

"No, but we're trying. The boss is going to lay a little on the line."

Garvin laughed.

"My boss's got a lot of high-class friends and they're always pestering me for tips. . . ."

Sighing, Chuck wandered off by himself. He didn't have a friend in the world and nobody was even nice to him except Mort Conway and his wife. Things had been like that ever since he left the orphanage. It was tough when you felt friendly toward most everybody to get the cold shoulder all the time.

"I guess I just don't amount to anything and never will," he told himself as he walked off across a field toward the stables.

CHUCK hung around the entrance to the jockey room, as he did every day, watching the crowd pouring into the huge plant. Some of the jockeys spoke to him; some did not. A lot of them thought he was a damn' nuisance hanging around like a lost soul, looking hungry and deserted. But he was so inoffensive in every way that hardly any of them ever took the trouble to be unpleasant to him. Occasionally, Montes, the little Cuban jockey, stopped and passed a few words with him. Montes felt like an outsider himself, although he was a full-fledged jockey, and Chuck's respectful attention was soothing.

This day Montes was feeling better than usual. He even slapped Chuck on the back.

"How treecks?"

"Fine, fine."

"Hear about Lefty Sparrow?"

"No. What's the matter?"

"Got ruled off. I'd hate to be in his boots, keed. He got mixed up in some kind of crooked tipping racket and the *suckers squawked. How you like that?"*

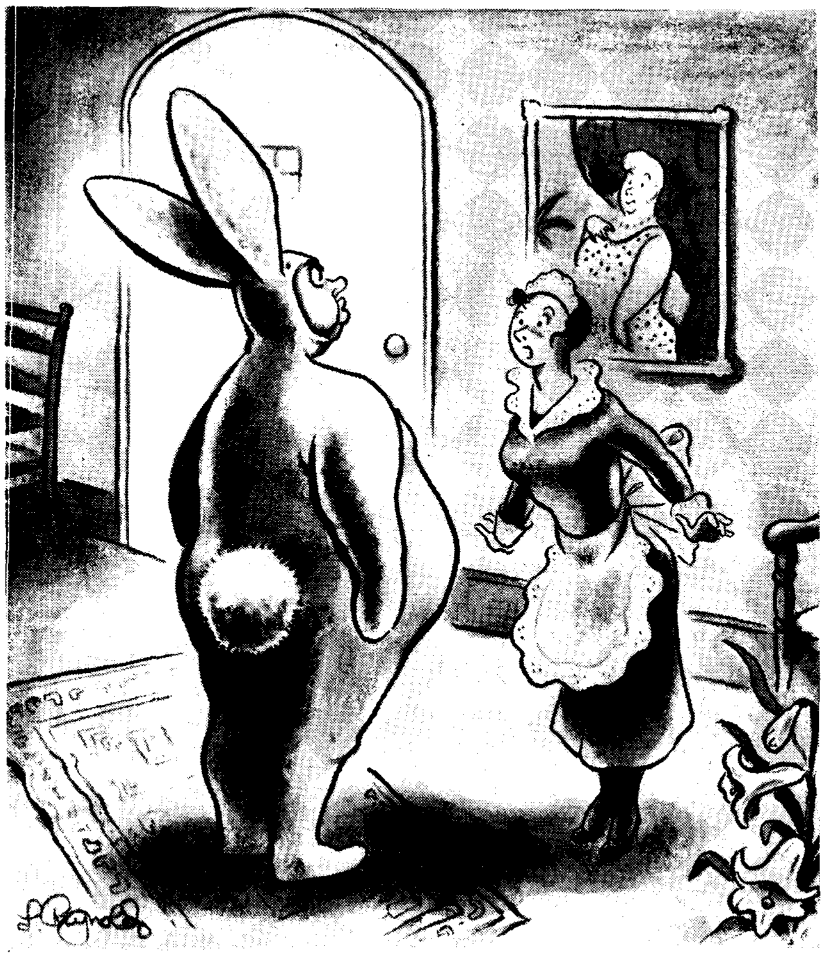
"Can't ride today?"

"No. Never no more on thees track."

"Why, he was going to ride Garryowen. Does Mr. Conway know . . . ?"

Just then Conway came around the corner of the grandstand.

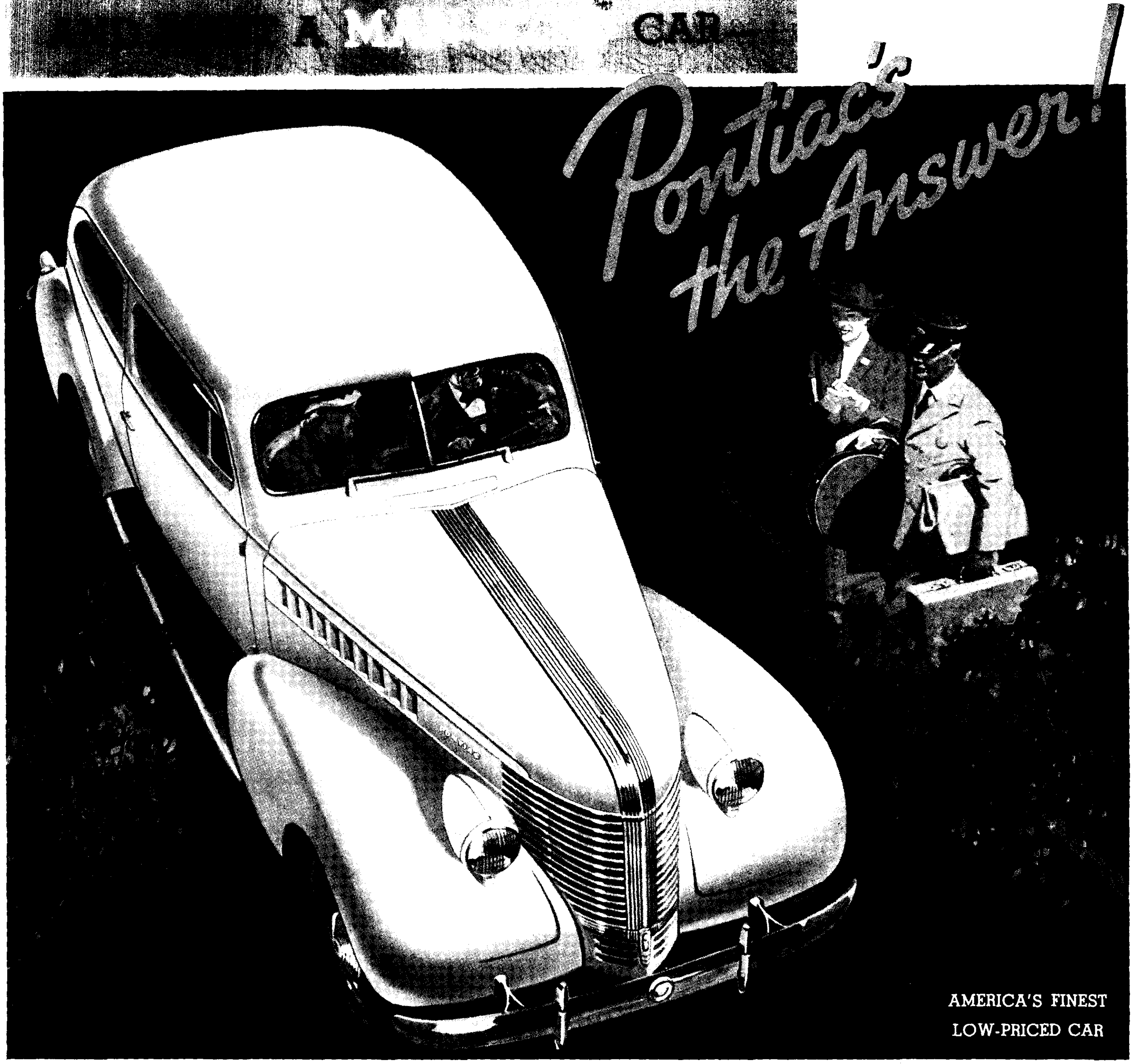
"Monty," he cried, "what's this I hear about Lefty?"



"Just a little idea of the madame's. When the guests arrive, I open the door and say, 'Happy Easter!'"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

IF YOU HAVE A [illegible] INCOME [illegible] A M[illegible] CAR—



GENERAL MOTORS TERMS TO SUIT YOUR PURSE

How ABOUT IT—are you tired of cramped quarters—want room for your family and *comfort*, too? *You can have it!* How about it—are you just a little tired of ordinary cars—want a big beauty that steps to the front and stays there, no matter what car tries to challenge? *You can have it!* How about it—are you tired of wrestling your way through the gears, weary of scuffing shoes and bruising knees on a floor-fastened gear-shift lever—want a clear front floor and *doubled* handling ease? *You can have it!* You can have it even if you buy only the lowest-priced cars! Because Pontiac is big, roomy—comfortable as a Pullman. Pontiac is famous as the most beautiful thing on wheels, and performance matches its brilliant styling. Pontiac has Safety Shift*, along with 50 more advancements. Yet Pontiac is priced near the lowest, and owners say, "18 to 24 miles per gallon." Save money—step with the best—*Pontiac's the answer.*

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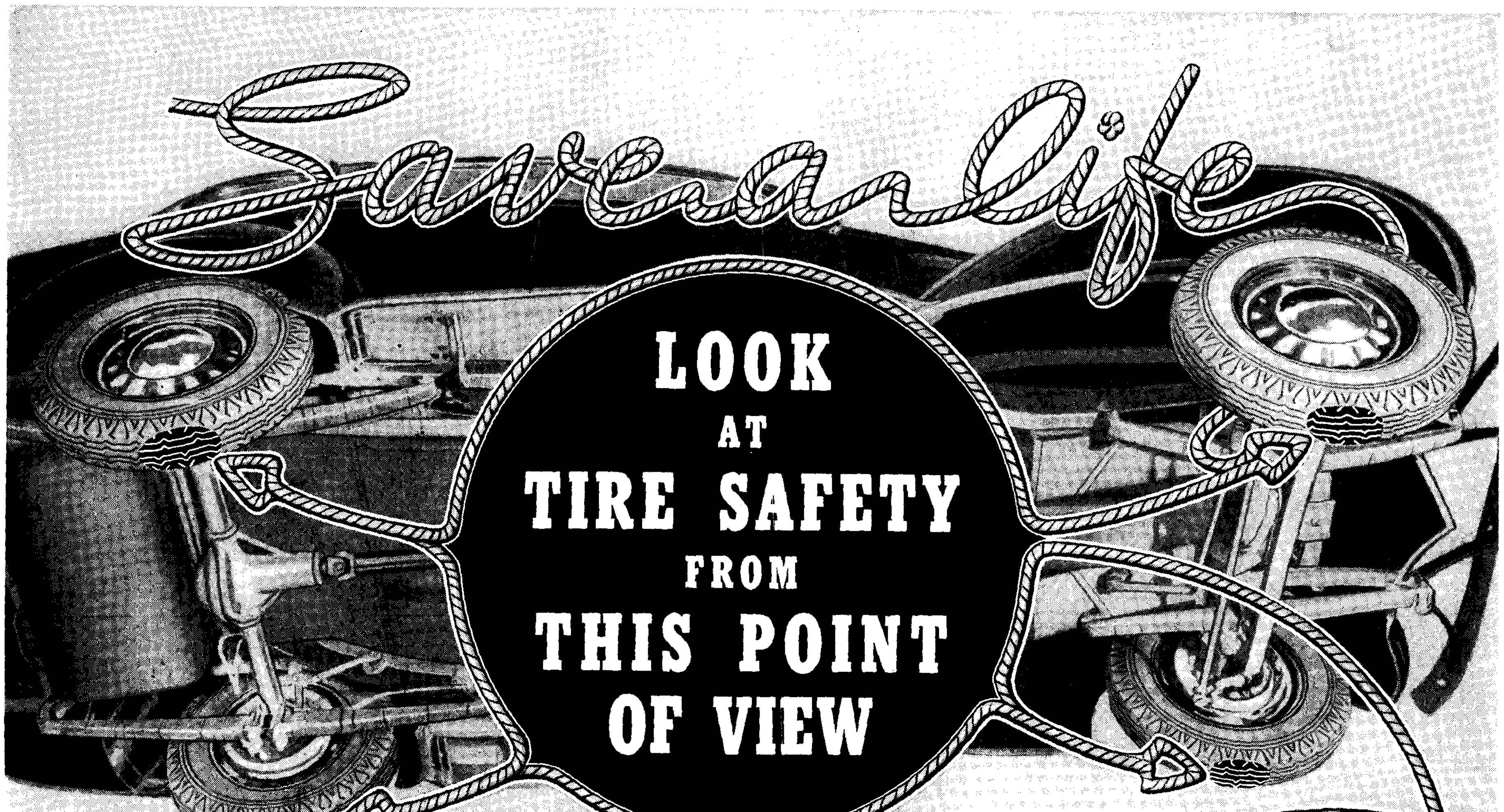

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Protection Against Blowouts. Every cord in every ply is saturated with liquid rubber by the new, improved Firestone patented Gum-Dipping process. This counteracts the internal friction and heat that ordinarily cause blowouts.

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Prepare now for the touring season ahead. Visit your nearest Firestone Dealer or Auto Supply and Service Store today. Join the Firestone SAVE A LIFE Campaign by equipping your car with a set of new Firestone Triple-Safe Tires.

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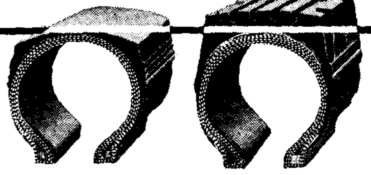
Gum Dipped
HIGH SPEED

WATCH YOUR "Safety-Margin"

DANGER! *Section of smooth, worn tire showing how you risk the dangers of blowouts, punctures and skidding*



SAFE! *Section of new Firestone Tire. Note the safety margin which protects against blowouts, punctures and skidding*

Firestone

TRIPLE-SAFE TIRES

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"He has been ruled off," Monty said.

"Gee!" Conway began to wring his hands. "It's almost post time. I was over in the village and just got here. Stewards been looking for me?"

"I think so," said Montes. "Now I go in." He turned into the jockeys' room; Chuck stared enviously at the beautiful bright silks he was wearing.

Whitey came on the run.

"I been looking every place for you, boss. Lefty's out and I couldn't get ahold of nobody but that crooked Sam Kosak. None of the big boys are around except Rip Matthews and he's got a mount."

"No Kosak for me. I don't want a betting jockey on any of my horses if I know about it. What about Jack Webb?"

"Can't find him. Can't find nobody but Sam. . . ."

"I'll ride him myself first."

DENTON, one of the officials, came hurrying from the lower betting shed.

"Conway," he shouted, "where in hell have you been?"

"I was over in the village. I was delayed. I . . ."

"Well, get yourself a jockey or scratch your horse. You know better than this."

Mort began to wring his hands. Denton turned away and went into the jockey room.

"The hell of it is, Whitey," said Mort, "the missus and I got crazy and bet thirty dollars on the old horse through the books since he cooled out so good and showed so much lick."

Chuck stood looking on with his mouth open, wishing he could think of something. A swipe came on the run.

"Whitey," he cried, "I can't find Jack. He ain't on the place."

Denton put his head out of the jockey-room door.

"Get a jockey or scratch him, Conway," he said. "If you ain't getting to be a pest! I guess you know Mr. Burrows reported you this morning."

"I know, I know. I guess I'll have to scratch him. Kosak's probably bet on the race already."

"He's down on Rip's horse," said the swipe. "All the boys are."

"What's that?" cried Denton.

The swipe got pale.

"I didn't say a thing. Not a thing."

"Just let me get proof the jockeys are betting," shouted Denton. "I'll set the whole bunch down."

Conway stood hesitating; gradually his eyes began to focus on Chuck, who stirred uneasily, wondering what was the matter.

"What about Chuck?" cried Conway, turning suddenly to Whitey, who groaned. "He's been exercising horses for six months. At least he can give Garry his head and let him run."

"Oh, Lord," said Whitey quietly.

"Me?" cried Chuck, appalled. "Not me. I'm no jockey. I'm . . . Oh, Lord, no, Mr. Conway. Couldn't do it."

Chuck broke out into a cold sweat. He'd exercised horses for what little change he could pick up. It had never once occurred to him that he'd ever ride in an official race. Why, the mere thought would have scared him stiff. Him riding in silks in front of all those people! Oh, no. He'd never be able to do it. Once he'd seen a horse step on the face of a fallen jockey . . . !

"You got to do it," cried Conway, pushing him into the jockey room. "Get him dressed, Whitey. I'll go see the stewards."

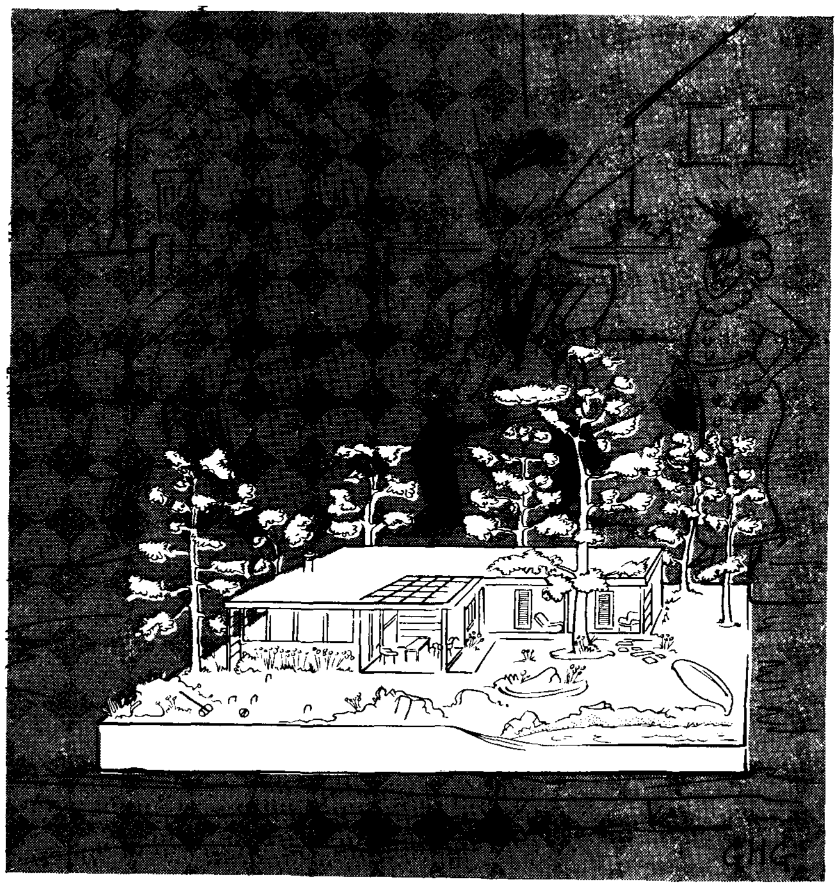
Chuck allowed himself to be dragged along, but he was whimpering and he had goose pimples all over him.

Chuck rode down the chute that led to the track, pale as death and staring fixedly at the glistening chestnut neck of the old plater. He kept repeating to himself the instructions Mr. Conway had given him in the paddock: "Don't get left. Garry's easy at the post. Take him out and keep him there. It's only a mile and seventy and the old boy can sprint that far."

Chuck started violently when they came out into the blazing sunshine of the big California track. The grandstand and the clubhouse were packed with people, nightmare figures to him. Down the track the bugle was blowing, calling the horses to post.

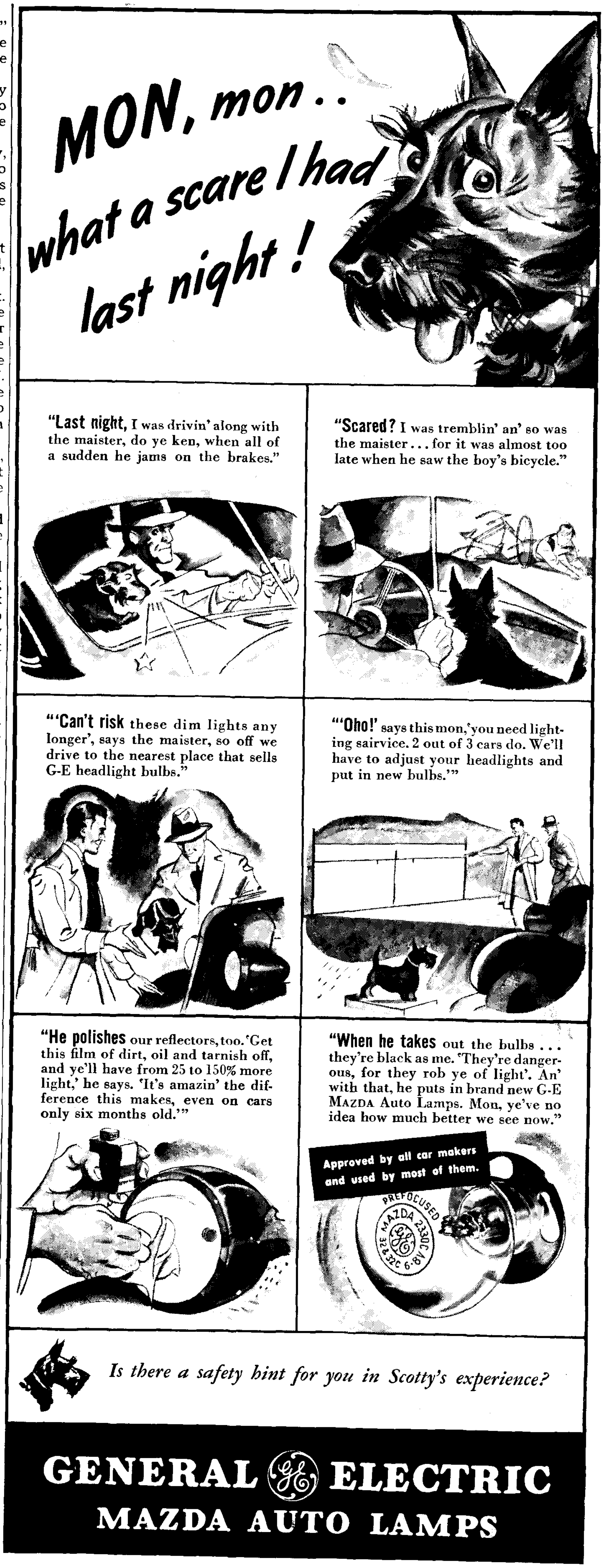
"Don't get him left. . . . Garry's easy at the . . ." muttered Chuck.

"Well, well," said Rip Matthews, "as I live and breathe if it ain't my old pal



"Didn't you say you wanted a model week-end home put on your lot?"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN



MON, mon.. what a scare I had last night!

"Last night, I was drivin' along with the maister, do ye ken, when all of a sudden he jams on the brakes."

"Scared? I was tremblin' an' so was the maister . . . for it was almost too late when he saw the boy's bicycle."

"'Can't risk these dim lights any longer', says the maister, so off we drive to the nearest place that sells G-E headlight bulbs."

"'Oho!' says this mon, 'you need lighting sairvice. 2 out of 3 cars do. We'll have to adjust your headlights and put in new bulbs.'"

"He polishes our reflectors, too. 'Get this film of dirt, oil and tarnish off, and ye'll have from 25 to 150% more light,' he says. 'It's amazin' the difference this makes, even on cars only six months old.'"

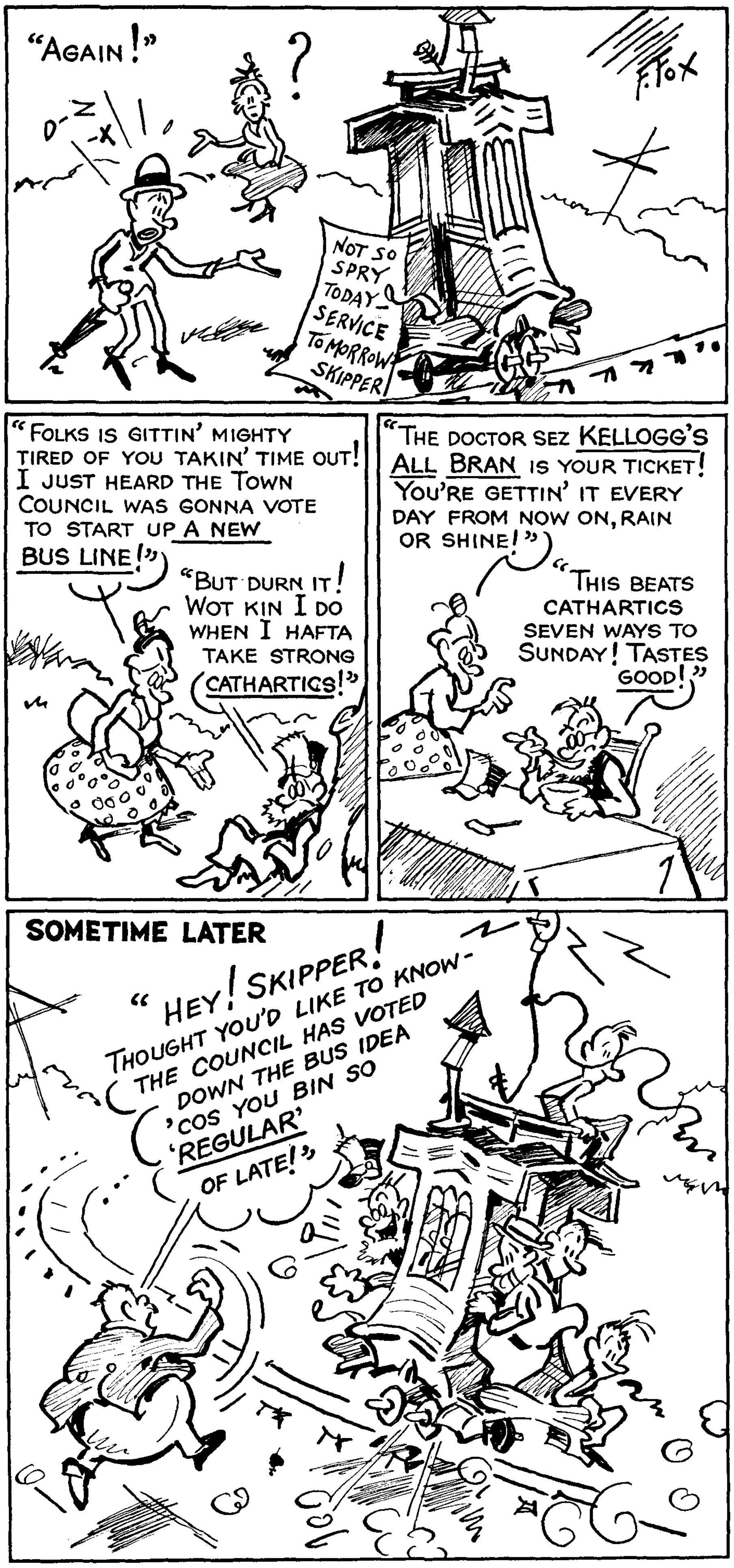
"When he takes out the bulbs . . . they're black as me. 'They're dangerous, for they rob ye of light'. An' with that, he puts in brand new G-E MAZDA Auto Lamps. Mon, ye've no idea how much better we see now."

Approved by all car makers and used by most of them.

Is there a safety hint for you in Scotty's experience?

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA AUTO LAMPS

SKIPPER OF THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY —by Fontaine Fox


"AGAIN!"
F. FOX
NOT SO SPRY TODAY— SERVICE TOMORROW SKIPPER
"FOLKS IS GITTIN' MIGHTY TIRED OF YOU TAKIN' TIME OUT! I JUST HEARD THE TOWN COUNCIL WAS GONNA VOTE TO START UP A NEW BUS LINE!"
"BUT DURN IT! WOT KIN I DO WHEN I HAFTA TAKE STRONG CATHARTICS!"
"THE DOCTOR SEZ KELLOGG'S ALL BRAN IS YOUR TICKET! YOU'RE GETTIN' IT EVERY DAY FROM NOW ON, RAIN OR SHINE!"
"THIS BEATS CATHARTICS SEVEN WAYS TO SUNDAY! TASTES GOOD!"
SOMETIME LATER
"HEY! SKIPPER! THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW—THE COUNCIL HAS VOTED DOWN THE BUS IDEA 'COS YOU BIN SO 'REGULAR' OF LATE!"

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
for Constipation

It is lack of "bulk" in the diet that so often causes common constipation! This doesn't mean the *amount* you eat—but a *kind* of food that supplies the soft, "bulky" mass you need to aid elimination. Kellogg's All-Bran supplies both this needed "bulk" and the intestinal-tonic vitamin, B_1. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and join the "regulars!" Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

The Natural Laxative Cereal

Earl Sande Smith. What are you doing, calling yourself names?"

Chuck grinned feebly. He felt dizzy and from time to time his stomach turned over sickeningly.

"They sure must be hard up for jockeys," said Bill Tate, grinning at Rip. "Why, he spread horses all over the track this morning. I'm glad I got my life insurance paid up. Listen, gunsel," he said to Chuck, "you keep out of my way with that old hide or I'll cut you one across the puss with the bat."

"Yes, sir," said Chuck.

Rip laughed.

"Ain't you a little pale, sonny?" he said. "Why, you ain't got nothing to worry about. They got the ambulance right over there behind the grandstand."

They were parading to the starting gate now, led by a man in a red huntsman's coat. A powerful, continuous murmur rose from the huge crowd, like surf rolling over a distant reef. Garryowen began to prance sideways; in front of the judges' stand he reared, nearly throwing Chuck off.

"Hold her, Newt," said Rip. "She's rarin'!"

Bill Tate swore viciously and pulled his horse out of the line, shouting at the man in the red coat, who rode back, took hold of Garryowen's bridle and led him to the post, the jockeys all tittering and glancing back at Chuck, whose face was a yellowish white.

At the starting gate, Garryowen quieted down; he was a veteran campaigner and knew what it was all about.

"Remember," called Bill Tate, "keep that old plug out of my way."

But Chuck didn't even hear him.

"Get him away . . . and keep him there . . . get him away . . . and . . ." Chuck was muttering.

"Come on!" shouted the starter. A bell rang wildly.

CHUCK was so absorbed in his instructions that he almost got left and Garryowen was last out of the stalls. A tremendous roar swept down from the grandstand and was instantly drowned out by the tremendous thundering of hoofs. Mud began to hit Chuck in the face. He bent low, grasped the reins in a death grip and at the first turn, running last on the outside, he lost his whip. One minute he had it clutched firmly in his hand; the next it was gone, slipping out of his grasp like an eel.

Chuck began to cry. Tears ran down over his dirty face and dropped onto his cleanly shining silks. Pictures flashed before his eyes. He saw poor Mr. Conway, who seemed as remote as China at this moment, painfully wringing his hands; he saw Rip's smirking face, Bill Tate's narrowed, menacing eyes, and finally, as they were turning into the backstretch, the dark, hateful walls of the orphanage rose before him.

Of a sudden he came to himself. Two horses flashed past him going the wrong way; first he saw their plaited tails, then their heads.

Hope surged up in Chuck's heart. Maybe he wasn't going to run last and disgrace himself after all. There was a chance. Bending lower than ever, he began to slap Garryowen on the neck and the old horse gamely responded, picking up and passing two more horses. The boys were whipping and slashing now, and over the thunder of the hoofs Chuck could hear their shrill, encouraging yells. He began to yell, too.

At the far turn there were only four horses ahead of him, but when, raising his head a little, he tried to pick a way among them, the whistling wind tore at his cap, and a big clod hit him full in the face. Coughing and spitting, he closed his eyes. There was a faint bump and opening his eyes Chuck saw that he was riding knee to knee with Bill Tate and that he had crowded him a little.

"You rat!" cried Tate. "Get over or I'll kill you. You monkey-faced little punk, get out of my way."

They were turning for home. Chuck tried to pull the old horse out a little but couldn't budge him. The old boy wanted that rail and was a tough baby in the homestretch. Chuck gave up and let him run, slapping his neck and yelling. He picked up and passed another horse and now there were only the silks of Rip Matthews between him and the wire.

But Bill Tate was still inside of him, his horse's shoulder at Chuck's knee; and from time to time they bumped. Tate was cursing savagely, but Chuck didn't even hear him. He could see Rip's horse wobbling slightly, spent by the hot pace.

But at the sixteenth, Garry faltered; Chuck had taken a lot out of him going round the field and the old horse began to quit. Chuck talked to him, slapped him hard on the neck with the flat of his hand, but he gradually lost ground. Ahead of him, he saw Rip's tired horse bolting toward the fence. Rip shook him up and whipped him viciously, the blows cracking sharply, and finally got him straight again. The distance between them widened.

But, tiring, Garryowen bore in for the rail and crowded Bill Tate, who was trying to come through now. The little jockey went wild. He began to slash at Chuck savagely, cursing at the top of his voice. The whip swished across Chuck's back and he winced, but two of the hardest blows cracked down on old Garryowen's rump and he leaped forward, plunging away from the stinging blows.

Rip's horse was staggering now. "Take it, boy," he shouted without looking around as Chuck thundered up to him, then passed him. Rip's mouth dropped open and he stared in bewilderment. "Now—where in hell did you come from . . . ?"

The rest was a blur to Chuck. He heard roars on all sides and saw nothing ahead of him but an empty track. The next thing he knew somebody hit him a glancing blow from behind and he nearly fell off his horse, which had slowed to a canter and was heaving under him.

He heard a harsh voice exclaim:

"Leave that kid alone, Bill Tate. You got outrode, that's all."

It was Rip Matthews; there was a grin on his face.

"Outrode, hell!" cried Tate, wild with rage. "He nearly put me through the fence, that punk. Him putting me through a fence!"

Rip laughed and put his hand on Chuck's shoulder.

"Well, you're over the hump now, baby!"

"I . . . I won," said Chuck, incredulous. "Did I win?"

"You didn't miss."

THAT night after the races Rip Matthews saw Chuck standing forlornly out in front of the restaurant and asked him in for a drink.

"Why, sure. Thanks, Mr. Matthews," said Chuck, all smiles.

"Rip to you, lug," said Matthews, grinning.

The cashier stopped him.

"Letter for you here, Rip," she said.

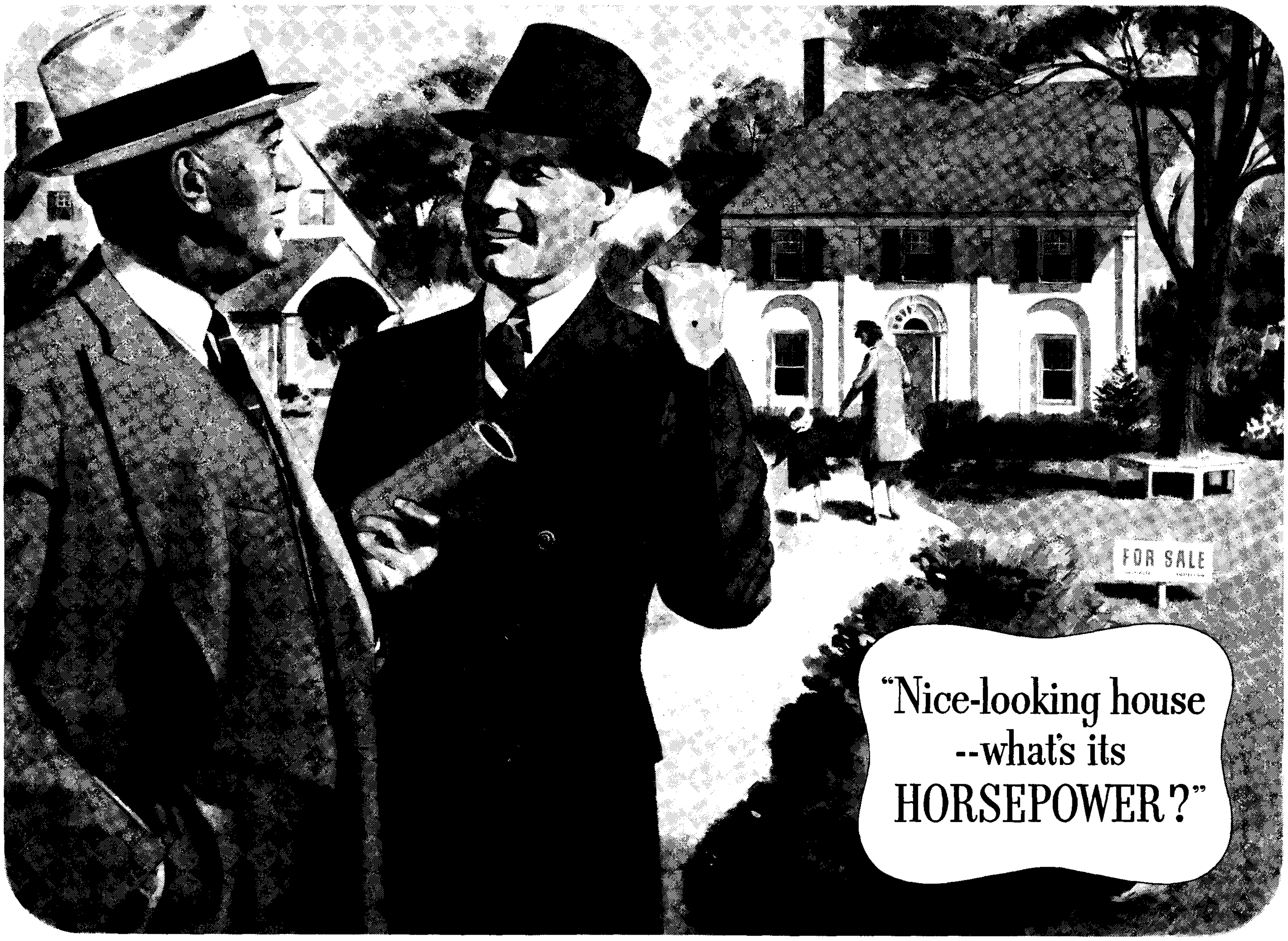
"Letter for me? Gee, I wish these dames would let me alone. They interfere with my training."

He took the letter and tore it open, then his jaw dropped, and he held up a hundred-dollar bill.

"What do you know!" he cried. "The sucker! He done it!"

Rip shouted with laughter, then he and Chuck went to the bar arm in arm. Bill Tate was standing with his foot on the rail. He growled into his beer, seeing them but saying nothing.

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY • PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA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UNITED SERVICE MOTORS

World's Largest Manufacturer of Automotive Electrical Equipment

Collier's Week-End House

Continued from page 16

and an assortment of dishes and pans.

Now for equipment and the necessary service connections. Water supply is of course the big problem in out-of-the-way places, and the solution depends on local conditions. Water can sometimes be piped down from a spring up the hill, or from the lake or river through a small and inexpensive hydrochlorinating system. You may decide a well is the best idea and worth the cost. You may find that catching and using rain water is successful in that locality. But study the problem carefully and get sound local advice and assistance. Collier's House is planned to be fitted with standard plumbing equipment and piping.

Sewage disposal must be considered at the same time, and again you will need expert advice and assistance. There are good and inexpensive septic tanks on the market.

The house is planned to be wired for electricity, but if none is available you may still find your life brightened very agreeably by kerosene lamps, your food well cooked on a kerosene stove, and well preserved in a kerosene refrigerator. Canned gas is another possibility for cooking.

Heat is provided by an insulated sheet-metal fireplace stove, which requires only an insulated pipe through the roof. Add a portable heater or two for the dead of winter, and your week-end house can become a skating and skiing lodge.

Economy of construction has been assured in several ways. The building is of the simplest frame construction, much of which can be put together by unskilled labor—your own, for instance. It requires the services of only four trades—carpenter, plumber, mason and electrician—which will save delays and therefore time and money, waiting around for Jim to get through so Joe can start.

The foundation suggested is masonry piers—brick or concrete block, or even eight-inch hollow tiles sunk below frost and filled with concrete — completed with wood floor construction and wood flooring.

The roof is flat (with an imperceptible slope to make sure no water can collect on it) because that is the most economical construction and because the architect thinks it is much the best-looking for this house. No, it won't be hot. The composition board recommended for ceiling finish, which has excellent insulating properties, sees to that. Of course, if you want a pitched roof, you can have it for some extra cost.

In fact, there are so many possibilities of variation that you will be wise to consult your local architect about them. He will advise you on the requirements of your own particular site, and work out the necessary details for you. As a guide, Collier's gives the following outline specifications:

Take Your Choice

FOUNDATION: Foundation masonry piers—concrete block or common brick, on poured concrete footings, carry floor girders and joists 18″ above grade. Alternate: 4″ reinforced concrete slab on 4″ cinder fill, integral cement finish.

STRUCTURE: Exterior walls—exterior finish of novelty siding (alternates—building board or stucco on wire lath), building paper, 2″x4″ studs, interior finish of building board. Interior partitions —2″x4″ studs, building board. Floor construction—2″x8″ joists, supported by double 2″x10″ joists as girders, single floor of 2¼″ wide pine. Alternate floor construction: See foundation alternate above.

ROOF: Three-ply tar and gravel built-up roofing, wood sheathing, 2″x8″ joists, interior finish of building board.

SHEET METAL: Galvanized iron flashing.

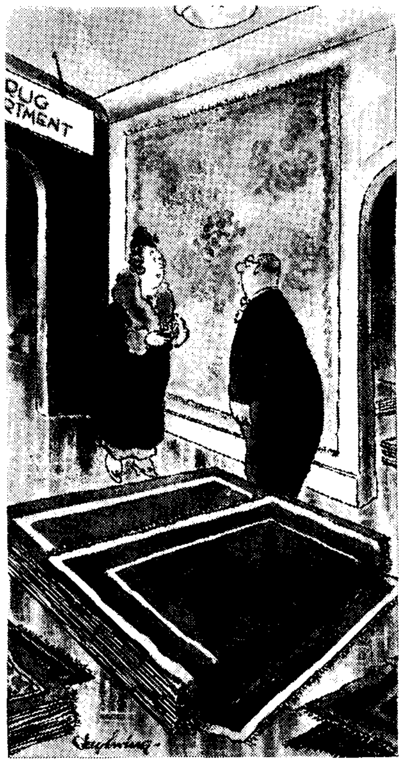
CHIMNEY: Galvanized iron flue and sheet-metal fireplace, both insulated with asbestos.

Stock Fixtures and Accessories

INSULATION: Building board mentioned previously under "Structure."

WINDOWS: Stock double-hung windows. Glass—single strength, quality A.

DOORS: Exterior—stock 1¾″ flush panel doors, glazed. Interior closet doors and sliding doors—building board nailed to 1″x3″ wood frame. Other interior doors—stock 1⅜″ flush panel doors.



"It's for my husband's room. This is the ink he uses in his fountain pen"

JAY IRVING

SCREENS: Copper-wire cloth on pine frames at all outside doors, windows and screened porch.

KITCHEN EQUIPMENT: Stock wood cabinets. Range and hot-water heater stock type for use with gas supply tank or kerosene. 30-gallon galvanized steel hot-water tank.

PLUMBING: Stock fixtures and accessories.

ELECTRICAL INSTALLATION: Optional and dependent on availability of local power supply. Wiring system—BX cable. Switches—toggle type.

PAINTING: Exterior and interior woodwork—one prime coat and two coats of lead and oil. Interior walls and ceilings —two coats of lead and oil, to wallboard manufacturer's directions. Floors — stained and waxed.

SPECIAL FITTINGS: Accordion shutters of wallboard or wood, around Screened Porch, to fold up under roof soffit. Alternate: Partition of wallboard on 2″x2″ studs — between Living Room and Screened Porch — hinged at top and counterbalanced to fold up to Porch ceiling. Wood lattice at Car Shelter, wood trellis at Terrace.

That New Suit

Continued from page 18

was quite confusing. For instance we remember when a certain player was trying out the game for the first time. He held the following hand:

Eagles x x
Spades A K x x
Hearts A K x x
Diamonds K Q x x x x
Clubs None

He opened the bidding with one diamond; partner responded with one eagle; he tried two spades; partner bid two eagles. Now he bid two no trump. We whispered:

"What a terrible bid!"

He said:

"Why? I have three suits under control and my partner has bid and rebid the fourth."

We now asked:

"How about clubs?"

"Clubs?"

"Yes, clubs."

"Oh, Lord, there *are* five suits in the game, aren't there?"

Remember Your Top Suit

Another thing that seems to confuse a lot of people at first is the fact that spades are no longer the top suit. As a result it was not at all unusual for a player to attempt to overcall one eagle with one spade, or conversely to feel that he would have to bid three eagles to overcall a bid of two spades. Then there is the matter of just what constitutes a game contract. For years we have always regarded four spades, four hearts, five diamonds and five clubs as game contracts. In the new game those are only partial scores. We have to bid five-odd in spades or hearts and six in the minor suits, which incidentally is also a slam bid in order to be at game.

At first it was our opinion that a very large proportion of game contracts would be attempted in no trump in this new game, due to the fact that only 11 tricks are needed for a no-trump game, whereas you need 12 in eagles, 13 in spades and hearts, and 14 in clubs and diamonds. However, it did not take us long to find out that this was not so and that practically any time the partnership held enough high cards to produce a no-trump game, it would also be able to make a game and quite often a slam in a suit.

The principal reason for this is the value of distribution. Long suits occur in five-suit bridge with only slightly greater frequency than at contract, but strong two- and three-suit hands occur many times as often, and those are the hands that cry out to play in a suit contract.

In addition we again have to consider the widow card. At no trump all we can do is to add it to our hand or dummy to give us an extra card in some suit. At a suit contract when we add it to our hand we are in practically all instances able to throw away some card in an off suit, thereby eliminating what would otherwise have been a losing trick.

Another interesting fact about the new game is that 15 to 20 per cent of all hands will produce a slam. There is a certain story about me that concerns a hand where I reached a six-heart contract at four-suit bridge. The player on my left held the ace and king of trumps and failed to double. When asked why, he replied:

"I was afraid Mr. Jacoby would redouble."

In five-suit bridge he might well be justified in this fear, since when you contract for a small slam you are merely bidding for fourteen out of sixteen tricks and two tricks will not set the contract. Similarly when you bid a grand slam your opponents may take one trick against you, and it is only when you bid a super slam that you contract for all the tricks. Incidentally I do not recommend bidding a super slam unless you are convinced that the contract is absolutely ironclad. For instance, suppose you are vulnerable. You have reached a grand slam in eagles. If you make this, you gain 210 points below the line, 500 for the rubber and 1,500 for the grand slam, a total of 2,210 points. Now if you optimistically decide to try for a super slam all you gain for your gamble is 500 points more, and it is bad business to risk 2,100 sure points in an effort to gain a mere 500 points additional.

Now for a few pointers on bidding and playing the game:

First: With five suits there are just one quarter more high cards in the pack than in contract. Accordingly at first glance we would think that the minimum requirement for bids and responses would be about 25 per cent more than at contract. Actually this is not the case as our experience shows 10 per cent extra will be sufficient. For instance, I would suggest the following simple rules for opening bids:

1. At any time with 4 quick tricks irrespective of distribution.
2. With 3½ quick tricks and a five-card suit.
3. With 3 quick tricks and a six-card or 2 five-card suits.
4. With 2½ quick tricks with a seven-card suit or with a six- and a five-card suit.
5. With less than 2½ quick tricks but a strong distributional holding you can afford to wait and back in on the second round.

In responding and in further stages of the bidding it is important to remember that 2½ quick tricks represent an average hand as compared to 2 quick tricks at contract. Accordingly while we believe that you should give your partner at least one chance with any hand holding 1½ quick tricks, you should not be optimistic and bid strongly unless you hold better than an average hand (more than 2½ tricks) or some strong distributional advantages.

Rules for Bidding

As in contract we have found that the opening bid of two in a suit should be reserved as a forcing bid and used only with very strong hands. However if we wait for a hand that is within one trick of game as we do in contract, we would practically never have a two bid. Accordingly we are using the following rules:

Open with a forcing bid of two in a suit:

1. With 7 quick tricks, irrespective of distribution.
2. With 6½ quick tricks and a five-card suit.
3. With 6 quick tricks and a six-card or 2 five-card suits.
4. With 5½ quick tricks and a seven-card or a six-card and a five-card suit.

Now if partner responds with two no trump, indicating a blank or near-blank hand, and your two bid is a minimum, simply rebid your own suit to three. If he holds an absolute blank he should pass at that point. However, if your hand is so strong that you wish absolutely to force to game, then you simply bid a new suit or jump in your own suit, whereupon partner will have to continue to game, even with a complete blank.

Defensive bidding is fraught with

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MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ

great danger in five-suit bridge. The reason is obvious. When you overcall at the two level in contract you are contracting for eight tricks. When you overcall at the two level in five-suit bridge you are contracting for ten tricks. Accordingly while we see no point in keeping absolutely quiet when the opponents open the bidding, we do wish to caution our readers against overcalling merely because it is their turn to bid. Our own idea is that when your hand in itself represents a sound opening bid you should get into the bidding. In most instances you can best do so by means of a take-out double.

It is necessary to figure the widow card in your bidding. However, it is important that both partners do not include this card in their own hands. For instance: suppose the Ace of eagles turns up in the center. Partner A may open the bidding. He is obviously counting this Ace in his own hand. Now if partner B in responding also counts this card, they are going to get too high. The following rules, however, will keep the partnership out of trouble:

1. The partner first bidding for his side includes the high-card value of the widow in his own hand.

2. The partner first bidding the widow card as his suit includes the widow card as one of his suit.

Problem of the Widow

This introduces the matter of natural against manufactured suits. For instance, you hold four spades to the A K and five hearts to the A K and the widow card is the Queen of spades. You now have a natural five-card heart suit and a manufactured five-card spade suit and should bid hearts first.

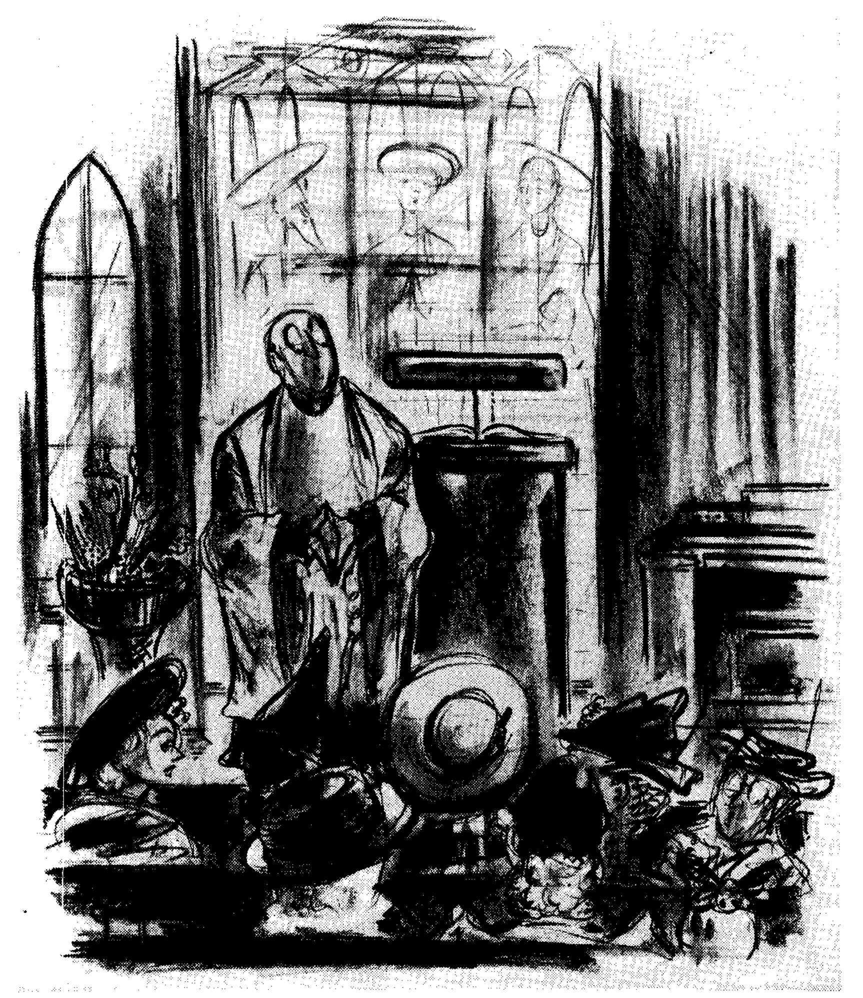
The problem of the opening lead is also a new one in five-suit bridge. Against no-trump contracts we recommend an attacking lead, either in our own long suit or what we believe to be partner's long suit. Against trump contracts we have found in most instances that the best attacking lead is a trump, since this will immediately reduce dummy's ruffing power. Another good lead is from an honor combination such as AKQ or KQJ, but beware of laying down an Ace when you have nothing to back it up. You will be surprised how often declarer will be able to blank that suit, either in his own hand or dummy by use of the widow card, and ruff your Ace. Then if he holds the King in the other hand you have not only lost your Ace but set up a trick for him as well.

Declarer's problem as to what to do with the widow is another new one. My suggestion is that at a suit contract he should use it to get rid of a loser, either in his own hand or dummy; while at no trump he should use it either to add a winning card to a long suit or to give himself an additional stopper in a short one.

I feel absolutely convinced that this new game is really going to take hold and that within a few years it will supplant contract to the same extent that contract has supplanted auction.

For instance, in my opinion, it will never become a book and analysis game such as contract has been. True, there will be plenty of teachers of the game and anyone learning it will do well to take some lessons; but as there are over a thousand times as many combinations of 16 cards in a 65-card deck as there are 13 cards in a 52-card deck, players have to depend much more on their own initiative and intuition than they did in contract, an advantage that I believe will be welcomed by almost everyone.

Finally, that bane of the bridge authority's existence, the person who has a hand to tell him, will not be as bothersome as he has been at contract. With 65 cards in the deck, there is less likelihood of his remembering hands—I hope.



"And now you may take fifteen minutes to look at one another's Easter finery and comment on it, after which I shall proceed with the services" GERALD GREEN

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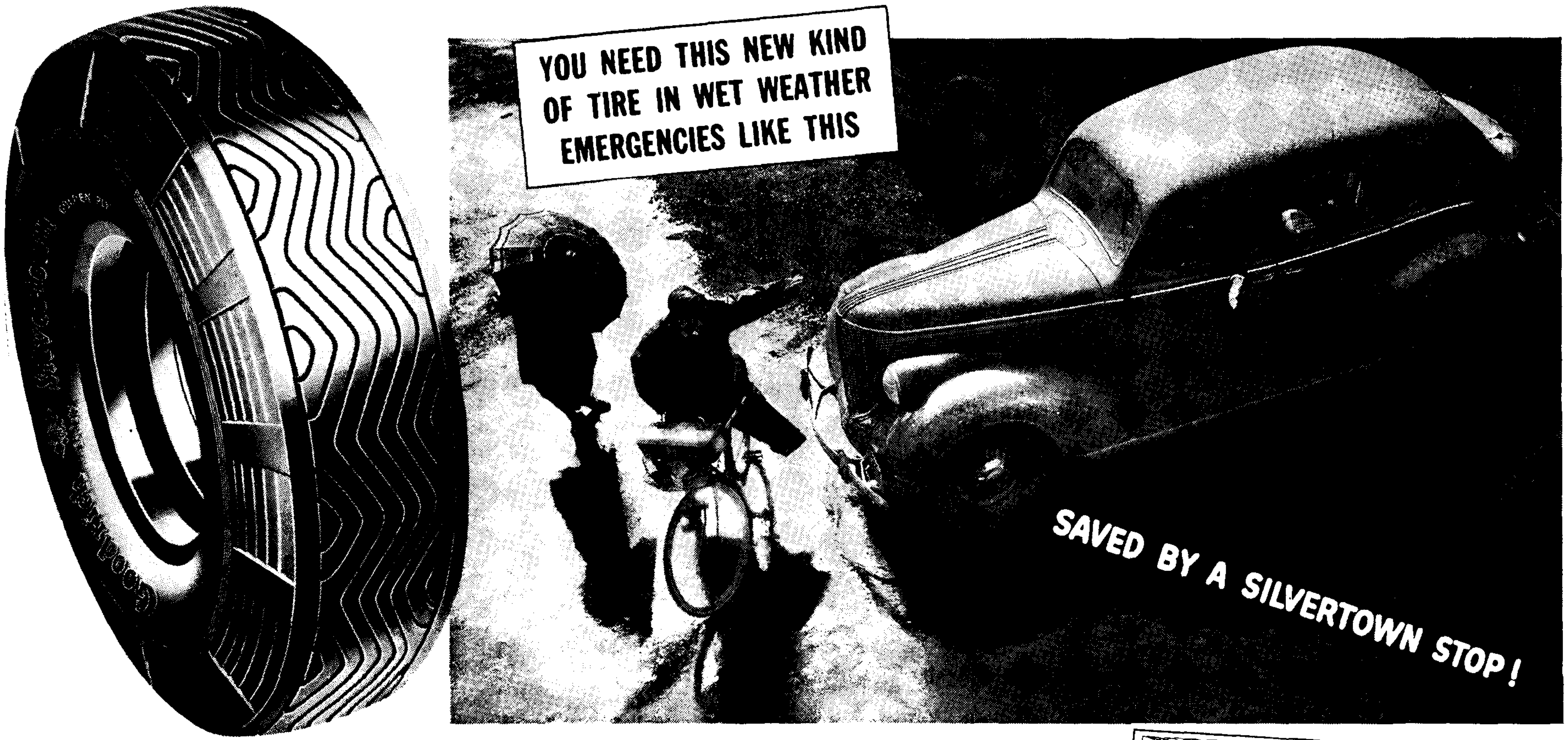
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"MILEAGE—The Goodrich Silvertown gave more non-skid mileage than any of the other tires tested in its own price range—averaged 19.1% more miles before the tires wore smooth."

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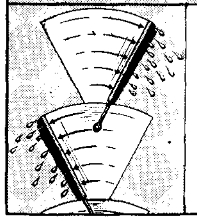
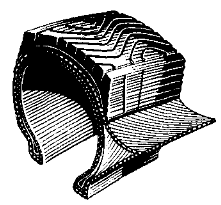


Like a battery of windshield wipers, the never-ending spiral bars of the Life-Saver Tread sweep the water right and left—force it out through the *deep* drainage grooves. Thus, with this New Goodrich Life-Saver Tread, you *constantly* have a dryer, safer road surface for the rubber to grip.



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To that person, this message is written—and it may be you.

Not for such people the empty head, the closed mind, the provincial point of view. To them, the personalities of the world's statesmen, the triumphs of famous scientists and actors, the swift moving story of labor, business, art—all these are familiar, to be talked about, criticized or praised.

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Gentleman from Barbados

Continued from page 19

reasoned Iron Man. "Vivian wa'n't no bright-skin. She was de pyore-D, f'm Memphis, Tenn-o-see." Iron Man bared his chest, revealing a long scar. "Vivian never missed," he went on. "And efn I *hadn't been movin' back she'd 'a' sliced* my heart out."

"O-deed was one good-lookin' heifer," Bugaboo mused, paying little attention to Iron Man's reminiscences. "Tall and long-laigged and quick-flashin' eyes. But she was Franch. A growed-up woman, tall as me, might' nigh, and ain't learnt how to tawk yit."

"Hit must not 'a' been Vivian," Iron Man said, intent upon his own memories. "Vivian could tawk good. Too good. Man, dat lady called me names I wouldn't call a mule."

"I jest axed O'deed," Bugaboo went on, sticking to his subject, "a little question about how she got herse'f so good-lookin'. And she laugh and say, jest like a baby, 'Jenny see paw.' So I tell her, I say, 'Well, efn I'm yo' paw, come on and le's git goin'.' But she got mad and pulled a razor and—"

"Vivian never pulled no razor," Iron Man recalled. "She jest started swingin' her empty hand and befo' hit got around to me she had a razor in hit. I never did know how come de razor git in her hand. Hit must 'a' been magic."

"Hit's funny," Bugaboo speculated, "how some people don't never learn how to tawk. De Franch don't tawk nothin' but ju-ju. And de Jew-makers can't do much better. And now dis boy, Vivian Bobby-doo, come along and he can't tawk good as I could when I was a baby."

"Maybe," said Iron Man, finally getting the razor-pitching levee camp woman off his mind, "maybe his tongue palate drapped down over his tongue and dat keep him f'm speakin' plain."

"Maybe," agreed Bugaboo. "Leastways, my eyelids is drappin' down over my eyes. Blow me a nice dream on dat harp whilst I gits me a few winks er sleep."

It was not until the boat stopped at Angola that Bugaboo and Iron Man heard from Vivian again. The landing was made to unload a thousand bales of "lowells" to be made into work uniforms for the state's prisoners. The heavy rough cotton came in bolts that weighed ten pounds each and five bolts constituted a bulky armful for a roustabout. After an hour of steady toting, the work grew tiring to the inexperienced and it was not unusual for these roustabouts to indulge in singing little pop-out songs calculated to take their minds off their work.

IT WAS the West Indian's song that interested Bugaboo and Iron Man. He sang in an uncertain tenor, repeating the same words over and over as he marched up the gangplank:

> "*Oh, Mogga-leena—*
> *Oh, Mogga-leena—*
> *Oh, Mogga-leena—*
> *Gel, I sorry for you today!*"

After long repetition, the tune worked its way into Iron Man's mind. And when the boat pulled away from Angola, he tried to play it on his harmonica. He couldn't quite get it, but it was intriguing, and he kept at it.

"Dat sho' is a crazy song you's blowin'," Bugaboo commented. "Hit ain't got no sense to hit."

Iron Man continued trying.

"Sorter drunks me," Bugaboo added. "Like gin."

"You play wrongly," said Vivian, who intruded himself upon the two roustabouts. "She is like dis." He picked up two small sticks and began to beat a stop-skip rhythm on the deck.

In a minute, Bugaboo was slapping his *hands and patting his feet lazily in the* rhythm and Iron Man caught the swing with his harmonica. Then Vivian sang once more:

> "*Oh, Mogga-leena—*
> *Oh, Mogga-leena—*
> *Oh, Mogga-leena—*
> *Gel, I sorry for you tomorrow.*"

"Aw," protested Iron Man, "why didn't you say you was sorry for her tomorrow, 'stid er today? Dat's what got me mixed up."

"I sing 'em like I feel," stated Vivian.

"How come you's sorry for her?" Bugaboo wanted to know. "Is she got troubles?"

Vivian looked surprised. "For a positive foct, she got trouble," he stated. "A gel forever got trouble. She mind work like snake tongue. 'E go two ways. A gel love a mon one way and she hate 'em for anodder way."

"Dat's right," Iron Man agreed. "A lady don't know her own mind."

"Hit look like to me," Bugaboo reflected, "dat de man is got troubles efn a lady love him and hate him, too."

"De mon," Vivian said authoritatively, "don't got trouble 'e doctor cannot fix up." He raised his shirt, baring the side of his black muscular body. Diagonally across it was a long bright brown scar. He traced the scar affectionately with his forefinger. "My Brunetta do me like dot wid one blow from a cane knife."

BUGABOO laughed. "She hit you wid a cane knife, so dat give *her* troubles?"

"For sho', poor gel," Vivian said. "She got mix up in 'e mind. She love me, so she angry."

Bugaboo puzzled over that idea for some time. "Bobby-doo," he asked, "when you was learnin' so much about de ladies, why'n't you back off somewhars and learn how to tawk, too?"

"Bosh!" exclaimed Vivian.

"Which?" demanded Bugaboo, nettled.

"A *man*," suggested Iron Man, "can't learn how to do ev'ything good, Bugaboo."

"Mon, I can tawk good," Vivian declared. "You no can tawk good like me. You no onderstond me when I speak?"

"I sho' don't," Bugaboo admitted. "I never did yit see a Jew-maker I c'd onderstand when he spoke."

"I am not Jamaican, I tell you!" Vivian yelled. "I come f'm de native-bawn Barbados. Jamaican! Phew!"

"You daid right about de Jew-makers," Bugaboo agreed.

"Aw, let Bobby-doo alone," urged Iron Man. "Bobby-doo know somethin' about de womens. Now, go 'haid, Bobby-doo, and speak some mo' about de ladies. You got a haid on you. You ain't as big a fool as I and Bugaboo think you is."

The islander was appeased, and he began to discourse with authority. "A mon," he explained, "live by 'e brain in 'e haid. Up hyar." He indicated his own woolly skull. "But a wommon, she don't learn from nothin'."

"Dat's right," seconded Iron Man. "Speak on, Bobby-doo."

"No mon kin make 'em out," Vivian continued. "A wommon is ruled by 'e heart. She jomp dis way and dat way, and no mon can guess how."

"Dar!" exclaimed Iron Man enthu-

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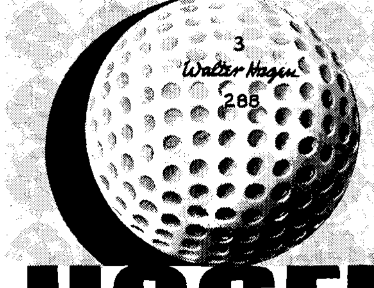

HAGEN 288

If there ever was a ball that's going a long way to make friends, it's the new Hagen 288.

Even if you've been a long driver, smack one of these babies off the tee and ten to one you'll find it's yards beyond your fondest expectations.

And no wonder! Never a ball made just like it before. The vulcanized cover has championship thinness.

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The Hagen 288 is recommended for low handicap and tournament players, 75c each.

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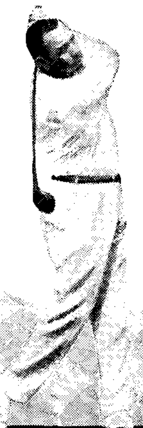


The L.A. Young Golf Co.
DETROIT

siastically. "I and Bugaboo had you figgered out for a man which couldn't tawk good. And you set right down and told me things I been knowin' all my life, and didn't had de words to git 'em said. You's smart, boy."

Bugaboo felt resentment. He did not understand the situation entirely, and his mind was not constituted to analyze. All he knew was that he did not like the stranger and he did like Iron Man, and yet Iron Man was turning against him in favor of the West Indian. Bugaboo summed up his attitude in the matter with one disgusted grunt.

"Say on, Bobby-doo," Iron Man urged. "Tell me some mo'."

Vivian was willing. He took his two sticks and began to tap a quick complicated rhythm, and sang:

"*Bright-skinned wommon ain't got no*
home
Way—down—yon—dar-ar;
Sweet like sugar cane to de bone,
Way—down—yon—dar."

The song proceeded, verse by verse, to reveal a complete knowledge of the more intimate ramifications of a woman's mind and heart. After a few minutes, Bugaboo got tired of it.

"How kin a man sleep wid all dat racket goin' on?" he demanded. And when the music continued he moved to a more isolated and less noisy part of the boat.

Bugaboo's sleep was disturbed by unpleasant dreams — queer-talking men and jabbering women.

AFTER a long time, Bugaboo woke up. He blinked his eyes and shook the sleep from his head. Then he saw Iron Man, not the grotesque shape he had been dreaming about, but the genuine article. Iron Man sat grinning at him with all the old-time warmth of their friendship.

"Man," exclaimed Bugaboo happily. "I dream you was a ape!"

"You dream wrong," said Iron Man. "Bobby-doo gwinter be de ape; not me."

"Bobby-doo?" The name sounded sour to Bugaboo.

"Sho'," said Iron Man. "Bobby-doo might not have no coconut tree to climb up, but he gonter wish he had one."

Bugaboo grinned broadly. "De Jewmaker boy which know all about de womenfo'ks?"

"Dat's him," said Iron Man. "He been about to brag me to death, back yonder, about how much he know about de ladies."

"You claim he right," Bugaboo recalled.

"I was feedin' him jaw-jaw," Iron Man chuckled. "On account er hit's a sho'-'nuff woman fixin' to git on dis boat at Jonesville, and I'm gonter sick Bobby-doo on her."

"How you know who gonter git on dis boat?"

Iron Man laughed soundlessly. "Ah, Lawd," he said. "I hyared de mate tell de driver us gonter pick up Mr. Lowrance's levee campin' outfit at Jonesville and haul 'em to Monroe."

"And you mean dat dis razor-pitchin' lady name Vivian you was speakin' about is still hangin' round de camp?"

"Naw, not her," Iron Man explained. "I reckon she long gone. Vivian didn't stay nowhars long, and didn't do no good while she was stayin'. But I knows a levee camp always got one brown-skin lady which ain't nothin' but a shepant'er wawkin' on her hind laigs."

"And you fixin' to set dat kind er lady on old Bobby-doo?" Bugaboo laughed with satisfaction at the idea. "Man, I hope she claw his eyes out."

Iron Man chuckled. "She'll chop his years off," he promised.

Not until the camp was loaded and the boat under way did Iron Man and Bugaboo have time to think about the bragging West Indian and the surprise in store for him.

"You reckon," asked Bugaboo, eying the general confusion that obtained on the lower deck, "dat hit's a razor-pitchin' gal amongst dis bunch?"

"Hit's Old Man Low-rance's levee camp, ain't hit?"

"Le's go peep about some," suggested Bugaboo, "and see kin us find a real pant'er cat to sick on Bobby-doo. Man, man!" He broke into a spasm of laughter.

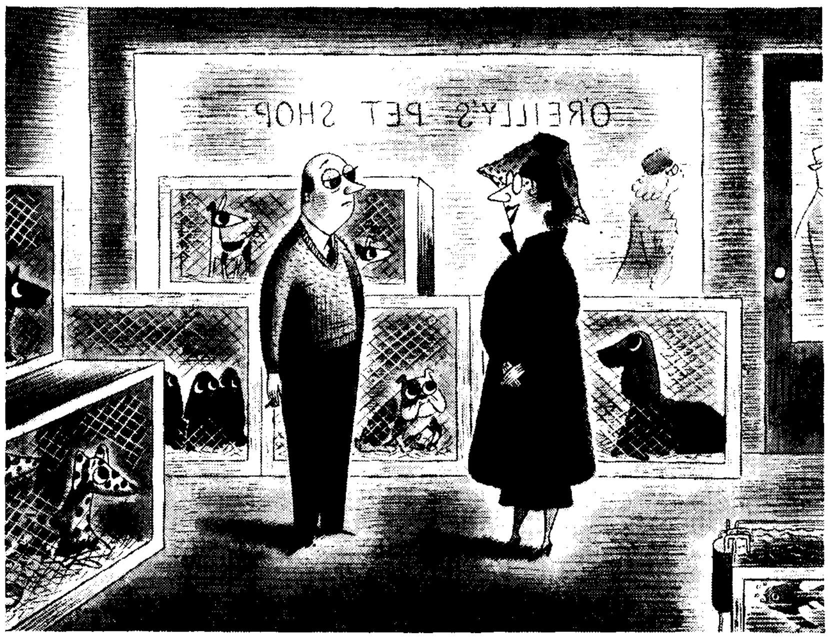
"What you laughin' at?" demanded Iron Man.

"Bobby-doo," explained Bugaboo. "I kin see him in my mind, climbin' de stanchions jest like any yuther ape."

"Only," Iron Man corrected, joining in the laughter, "efn dat nigger kin git away as fast as he kin brag, he gonter climb up de smokestack, instid."

Shortly, the confusion eased and the levee camp workers settled down. The mules were eating hay; the men relaxed; the children were playing together and the women were in small groups gossiping.

"Come on, Iron Man," said Bugaboo. "Le's go smell about some. I hyar one lady's voice down yonder which sound like draggin' a crosscut saw over a nail



"I want one for in front of a fireplace, and one for a blue settee"

RICHARD TAYLOR

My scalp's so **dry** even an **Indian** wouldn't want it!

Better try '**Vaseline**' **Hair Tonic**.....it supplements the natural scalp oils ...combats dryness

IF dry scalp is one of your problems let 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic help you... Massage it in well until the scalp tingles with increased circulation... These Tonic treatments invigorate a sluggish scalp, aid in overcoming dryness... loosen dandruff scales, too, and tend to prevent their recurrence. Keep your hair, keep it longer with the aid of regular 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic care.

A Word to the Wise

EVERY WEEK devote a few minutes to the better health of your scalp and hair. Use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic as described above before each shampoo.

EVERY DAY brush on a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to supply the oils that are deficient in dry and stubborn hair. Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., New York.

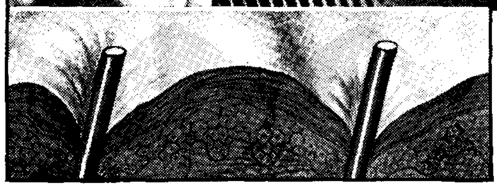
40¢ and 70¢

Vaseline
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
HAIR TONIC

Copr. 1938, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

A razor guard must smooth, not furrow, the skin

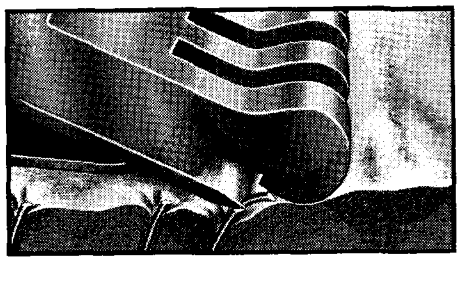
That's why Schick abandoned its common tooth-type guard. We found that the "toothed" design failed to properly smooth the naturally bumpy skin surface . . . and was apt to furrow an *additional* set of ridges and valleys on the face. Consider the pictures below.



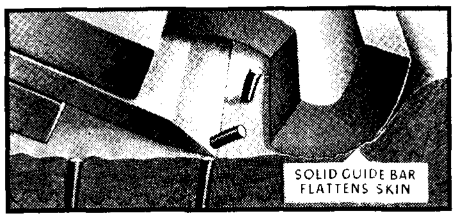
FACT: Your skin is a series of tiny humps and hollows, because whiskers grow in "pits" as shown at left.

PROBLEM: How to flatten this uneven surface, so your razor blade can cut whiskers closely at skin line without danger of slicing off tops of "humps."

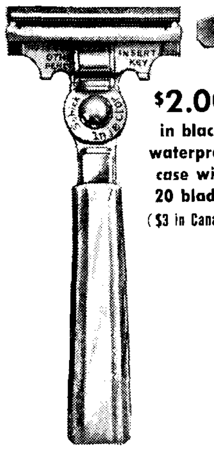
At right is the abandoned tooth-type guard. *It was once used on our* $5.00 Magazine Razor. A fine instrument in most respects, it still has thousands of enthusiastic users. Its faults, now corrected, are that it did not sufficiently flatten and stretch the skin in front of the blade . . . *and that its "teeth" had a tendency to comb still another* series of ridges and valleys in the skin surface.



ANSWER: The flat, solid guide bar of the Schick Injector Razor (*now used also on the* Magazine Razor) is *designed* to flatten and stretch the skin. Whiskers are forced up from their pits, held stiffly upright so blade can cut them cleanly at skin line. Pictured at right.



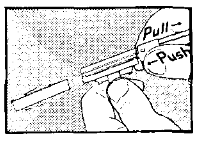
PROOF: Five years of study in one of America's great Industrial Research Institutes, plus the experience of more than a million Schick Injector Razor users, have proved beyond question that the *solid* guard is superior to the abandoned tooth-type guard. A Schick Injector Razor will show you the difference if you shave with it tomorrow.



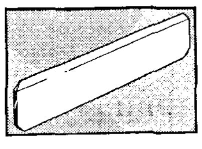
INSERT AT SIDE OF RAZOR

Schick Blades are protected in a bath of oil in this metal blade-injector cartridge. Blade edges are suspended in space; no paper covering which might dull them.

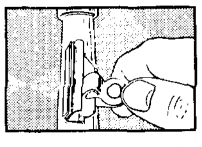
$2.00 in black waterproof case with 20 blades ($3 in Canada)



One-second blade change . . . a pull and push of the "trigger"... out shoots the old blade and in goes the new . . . nothing to unwrap, take apart or re-assemble. Quick . . . time-saving.



Schick Blades are double-thick . . . able to take and *hold* sharper edge. Each blade individually honed, stropped, inspected. Result . . . more *comfortable* shaves per blade.



Save minutes every day . . . no need to wipe and dry the Schick Injector Razor after every shave . . . a flush under the faucet, and it's clean. No removing, cleaning and replacing blade.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

Magazine Repeating Razor Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut

in de log." Bugaboo stood up, ready to walk, but Iron Man lay down.

"Ain't you comin'?"

Instead of replying, Iron Man took his harmonica from his pocket and began to breathe a sad wail into it. Bugaboo shrugged. He knew that when Iron Man felt thus it was better not to disturb him.

The big roustabout followed the sound of the rasping voice and eventually came upon the woman, who, with a half dozen other women, was sitting on baled hay. She was small and hard-looking, Bugaboo discovered, and she was smoking a cigarette. "Got a mean eye," Bugaboo decided, "an' a bad mouf." He looked her over more thoroughly. "Sort er duck-laigged, and would be gingerbraid-colored, efn she was to wash her face clean."

While Bugaboo was staring, the woman suddenly broke off her chatter, looked up at him and smiled. "Well, Big Stuff," the woman said, "what you got on yo' mind?"

"Y'all ladies," he stammered, trying to think of something to say, "hadn't ought to smoke dem cig-rits on de hay-pile. You's li'ble to burn up somethin'."

The woman waved her hand toward the boatrail. "Plenty er water in de river to put out a fire, ain't hit?" she countered.

WHEN a woman tried to be pleasant, Bugaboo was not the kind of man to discourage her. "Ain't enough water in de river," he grinned, "to put out a good-lookin' gal like you, let alone a hay-pile."

The woman giggled. "You think I'm hot, hunh?"

"I'm all broke out in sweat," Bugaboo told her, "jest lookin' at you."

"So you's fixin' to stand up dar and sweat yo'se'f to death, hunh?" the woman challenged.

"You tawks mighty big," he said, "to be so little. I likes a streak er lean in my fat meat, ev'y once in a while, but I couldn't live on lean meat. And, baby, you's kinder lean."

The woman laughed heartily. "I hyared big mens tawk befo'," she told him. "But hit's mostly jest tawk."

"You don't like big mens, maybe?"

"Mens," the woman stated, "is all de same size to me."

She raised her skirt to her knees and pointed significantly to a razor in her garter.

"I totes de diff'runce," she finished.

Bugaboo looked pleased. "Razor-pitcher, hunh?"

"I has left my tracks," the woman said modestly.

"Come hyar, gal," Bugaboo said. "I wants to speak words to you."

"Now, you's tawkin' like a man," agreed the levee camp woman, sliding to her feet.

"You better mind out, Vivian," one of the other women cautioned. "You know Bulger don't 'low—"

"Who keer 'bout Bulger?"

Bugaboo's ear had caught the woman's name and the wheels in his mind were trying hard to turn. He walked forward with her, leading her well toward the bow of the boat, where a few moments before he had left Iron Man playing his harmonica. Iron Man, however, was not in sight.

The name "Vivian" kept resounding in Bugaboo's ears. That was the name of the funny-talking man from Barbados. It was also the name of Iron Man's acquaintance in Old Man Low-rance's levee camp. Bugaboo remembered that as soon as Iron Man had heard that scratchy voice he had lost interest in "peeping about" for a wild levee camp woman to tame the bragging Bobby-doo. Maybe—

"Say, lady," Bugaboo demanded suddenly, "is yo' name Vivian?"

"Dat's what dey calls me," she replied, "when dey wants a favors."

"I was skeered er dat," mumbled Bugaboo.

"Say which?"

"I said," Bugaboo asked, "did you *ever meet up wid a man by de name er* Iron Man?"

Vivian studied her mind. "Yeah," she recollected. "I knowed a man dey called Iron Man, but he wa'n't made outn no iron."

"Naw?"

"Naw. He was made outn meat, jest like de yuthers."

They had now reached the prow of the steamboat, and Vivian turned and leaned against the guardrail, facing Bugaboo.

"Dis Iron Man you speakin' about," she continued, "done me a dirty trick. Might' nigh five years ago, I reckon."

"What did he did you?" Bugaboo asked absently, as he strained to see what was on the other end of a piece of rope that hung over the boatside.

"He smacked me wid his hand," Vivian said. "And he moved so fast I might' nigh missed him wid my razor. I reckon dat nigger is runnin' yit. I ain't seen him since, and I better not never."

Bugaboo presently saw a pair of work-gnarled hands gripping the rope, just below the scupper guard. The hands, he knew, belonged to Iron Man. And considering the deadly coolness of Vivian's threats, Bugaboo could not blame his friend for dragging in the water by the slow-moving steamboat, rather than face Vivian's razor on deck.

"I wants you to meet up wid a friend er mine," Bugaboo stated, leading the woman away from the rail. "He name Vivian, same as you."

"A man?"

"Sho'," explained Bugaboo. "He a Jew-maker."

"I hyared tell er Jew-maker ginger, but I ain't never met up wid no Jew-maker mens," Vivian told him.

"Well," went on Bugaboo, "dis boy *claim he ain't no*—"

"Efn de mens is hot like ginger," Vivian boasted, "lead me on. I'm got to ride dis steamboat to us gits to Monroe, *and I'm feelin' kind er crowded, hyar on* deck. A fight or a frolic is all one and de same wid me."

"You got to watch dis boy." Bugaboo warned her. "He tawk funny tawk. And efn you don't onderstand what he tawkin' 'bout, he'll smack you down."

"Bad, hunh?"

"Not bad," Bugaboo amended. "Jest quar'lsome."

"Sound nice." Vivian was pleased.

THEY found the West Indian sitting alone on an upturned fresno slip, on the after deck.

"Bobby-doo," Bugaboo made the introductions, "I wants you to meet up wid a lady friend er mine which got de same name as yo'n. Her name Vivian, and yo' name Vivian. Now, y'all set hyar and chew on dat a while."

The Barbadian stood up, clicked his heels together and bowed from the waist. "Charmed, mistress," he greeted. "Pleasure fill my soul."

The woman gulped. Then, from the dim past, she drew out a vestige of "manners" that had been taught her. She tapped her right toe behind her left heel and made a slight curtsy. "De pleasure," she told him, "is—is—okay wid me."

Bugaboo left the couple and ran to the bow of the boat. "Come on outn dat water, Iron Man," he called to his friend. "Yo' Vivian f'm de levee camp is back er de b'iler tryin' to outshine Bobby-doo wid her Sunday manners."

Iron Man climbed painfully on deck. "Whoo-ee!" he exclaimed. "My hands was gittin' mighty tired er holdin' dat rope. I was fixin' to turn hit a-loose and

ONLY THING THAT IMPROVED SLEEP...

AN IMPORTANT INVESTIGATION has recently been conducted in a leading American University, on the subject of sleep. *36 men and women, of various ages, took part in this elaborate series of tests* . . . They slept for a total of 6,800 test-nights, under scientific experimental conditions . . .

IN THIS THREE-YEAR EXPERIMENT!

Sleepers were instructed in test's procedure and required to make out reports every day.

On certain nights hot milk was given — on other nights Ovaltine—a sandwich —sleep drugs, etc.

During the night a special apparatus recorded the movements of the sleepers on a chart. This showed whether they *"tossed and turned"* frequently or not.

Of all the things tested, Ovaltine *alone* reduced the restless movements of the sleepers, and increased the mornings on which they woke well-rested!

Copr. 1938. The Wander Company

Of all the things tested in this University Sleep Investigation—Ovaltine was the only thing that improved the QUALITY of SLEEP

TESTS CONDUCTED BY MEN NOTED FOR SLEEP RESEARCH

IN one of our great Universities a three-year investigation of sleep has just been completed. It was one of the most elaborate sleep investigations ever held . . . Of all the things tested in this experiment, Ovaltine alone improved the *quality* of sleep!

By this we mean that Ovaltine, and it only, cut down the tossing and turning of the sleepers at night and increased the number of mornings on which they awoke well-rested. . . .

How tests were made

Thirty-six people slept for a total of 6,800 test-nights in these experiments. The investigation was conducted by men noted for their sleep research.

One phase of the study involved the question of whether taking certain things at night aids sleep.

The investigators first determined scientifically the normal sleep habits of the people who were to take part in the test. Then they gave them various things to "take" at bedtime. *For example:—*

On some nights they gave them a sandwich. On other nights they gave them a cup of hot milk. On other nights one or another of two well-known sleep drugs. And on still other nights they gave each "sleeper" a cup of Ovaltine (*included in the investigation at the investigators' own wish*).

Results of the test:

The following is a summary of the results:—

1. Taking a sandwich did not aid sleep.
2. Hot milk at bedtime did not improve sleep.
3. Of the two sleep drugs, one promoted quicker sleep, the other *longer* sleep. (*These results were to be expected from medical experience, thus confirming the accuracy of the test*) . . . Neither drug, however, improved the restfulness of sleep.
4. Ovaltine alone did that! It, *alone*, cut down the restless movements of the sleepers at night, as recorded on a special scientific apparatus so constructed as to show their restless tossings and turnings. Also, Ovaltine *alone* increased the number of mornings on which the sleepers awoke well-rested!

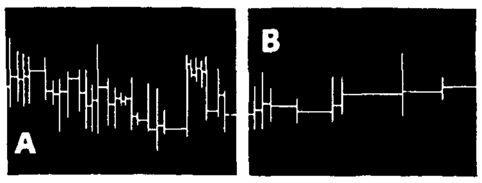
It improved the quality of sleep whether it was taken hot or cold—in milk or water . . . establishing that it was *Ovaltine* which gave the improvement!

Not a drug . . .

Ovaltine was introduced into this country over 20 years ago. It is used by millions of people as a drugless aid to sound, natural sleep. It is a *food*, as pure and wholesome as any food in Nature.

A study of the investigation reported above indicates that to secure the fullest benefits from Ovaltine it should be taken *regularly*.

So, if you have trouble sleeping, *try* Ovaltine. Make a "nightcap" of it every night for several weeks. *See* if you don't sleep better. See if you don't sleep more *soundly* and awake more refreshed.



The extent of *"tossing and turning"* at night is a scientific way of measuring the quality of sleep. Chart *"A"* shows restless movements indicative of poor sleep. Chart *"B"* shows better sleep.

It is not habit-forming, but it is a mighty good habit to form nevertheless.

Get a can of Ovaltine at your grocery or drug store . . . and start taking it tonight!

Ovaltine was originated over 40 years ago. Used as a restorative food by convalescents, expectant and nursing mothers, the aged, and as a "building" food for children. Helps nourish you while you sleep. It is rich in vitamins and minerals. Doctors approve it. Hospitals use it. *It is used in 57 countries!*

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The GREYHOUND LINES

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Information on trip to__________

Name__________

Address__________CO-4

slide on back under dat paddle wheel."

"Dat wheel'd 'a' kilt you, fool," Bugaboo declared.

"So would Vivian," Iron Man pointed out. "De wheel'd 'a' kilt me wid de fust lick, but Vivian would 'a' drawed hit out slow, so she c'd see me suffer pain."

Bugaboo shook his head. "You sho' is skeered er dat lady, ain't you?"

"Naw," Iron Man denied. "I ain't skeered er her. But I knows what she'll do, efn she sees me."

"Well," Bugaboo consoled him. "She ain't gonter see you, now. She too busy puttin' on Sunday manners for Bobby-doo. Hyar—take off dem over-halls and le's wring de water outn 'em. And den us'll go back and peep at her and de Jew-maker-tawkin' boy."

Iron Man slipped his overalls off and stood in his underwear while he and Bugaboo twisted water out of the garment. Bugaboo was facing forward, his back to the boiler, and could not see what Iron Man saw when he dropped his end of the overalls, and stood ashen and trembling. But Bugaboo could hear something that gave him an inkling. The West Indian roustabout was saying: "I tell you, gel, my mon frien' got music dat will put a delight in yo' soul."

Iron Man regained control of his muscles and leaped for a stanchion. Bugaboo wheeled about in time to see the levee camp woman snatch her razor from her stocking and rush toward Iron Man, who was climbing the stanchion. Vivian's swing missed him by an inch.

"Go haid, darlin'," Iron Man pleaded. "Now, wait, honey, and lemme tell you jest how hit was—"

The woman danced wildly around, swinging the razor and squealing out her anger. "I don't keer how hit was, you rogue," she shrieked. "I'm tellin' you how hit is: I'm fixin' to chop you up in little bitty pieces."

"Steddy, gel, steddy," protested Bobby-doo. " 'E is my frien'. You cannot do my frien' like dot, gel."

"Hunh?" The woman turned on Bobby-doo. "Maybe you'd like some er de same?" She advanced with catlike steps.

The Barbadian pivoted gracefully. "Tut, tut, gel," he cautioned. "Do not do like dot to me. Put dot weapon down and be frien'."

The woman swung the razor in a full arc, straight at Bobby-doo's throat. But he took one quick step and the razor missed its mark by three feet.

"Do not ack a fool, gel," Bobby-doo urged. "Quicker wommons as you strike at me wid de cane knife."

The woman swung again. Suddenly she felt her right arm go numb. The razor clattered harmlessly to the deck.

"I do not like to strike a gel on de arrum," the West Indian apologized, "but I do not like to see a gel ack a fool." He kicked the razor into the river.

"Now, gel, you go bock before I bend you over and poddle you on my knee. And when you learn to ack wid some monners to me, you come and say you sorry for ackin' like a fool."

Vivian stood gaping and bewildered. "My arm hurt," she whined.

"Sho' 'e hurt," snapped Bobby-doo. "I smock you on de muscle in yo' arrum so you drop de razor. Now, get along, gel, or I smock you somewhere else."

The bad woman from the levee camp slunk away, too astonished by the turn of events against her to protest further.

BOBBY-DOO turned to Iron Man. "Shin down, mon," he called to him. "She will not bother no more. Her arrum will hurt for one day." To Bugaboo he said, "And you, my frien', will you clop yo' hands and yo' feet, while de Iron Mon plays on de harmonica? I will beat wid de sticks and sing a song about de poor gel who is so unhoppy in 'e heart, she go crazy in 'e mind."

The three-piece orchestra went into action. Bobby-doo sang:

"Oh, pretty lady—
Oh, pretty lady—
Oh, pretty lady—
Gel, I sorry for you on de steamboat."

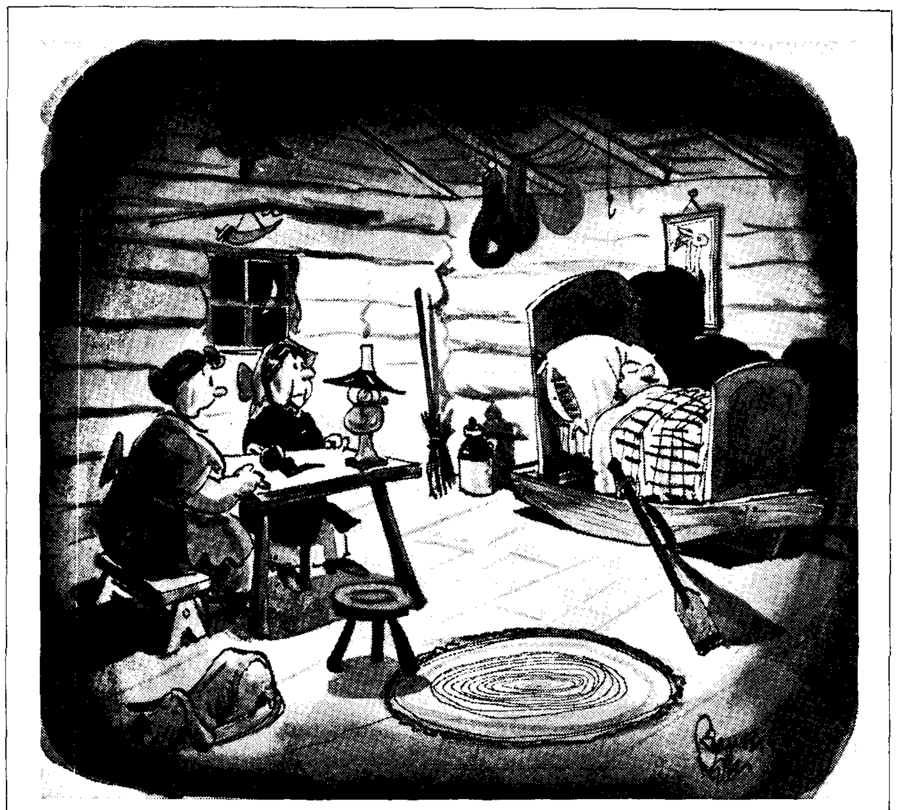
Bugaboo grinned. "Bobby-doo," he said, "I knowed you wan't no Jew-maker, all de time."

"Jamaica!" Vivian snorted. "Phew!"

"Me and you bofe," declared Bugaboo. "And phew on dem dirt-eatin' levee camp ladies, too!"

Iron Man took the harp from his lips and sighed. "Lawd, Lawd," he said reminiscently, "she sho' looked mighty purty, dancin' and squealin' and swingin' dat razor, and goin' on."

"You be right, mon," Bobby-doo agreed. "Oh, I sorry for dot gel in de mawnin'."



"Kennesaw ain't takin' no chances on the creek comin' up and catchin' him in his sleep again" REAMER KELLER

No Such Person

Continued from page 11

"You couldn't do that, Fred," she said, suddenly sober.

"No, I guess I couldn't," he admitted. "No, I guess not." He lowered his voice. "Now, look, youngster, you go ahead. You quit pictures, and lots of luck, and I'm glad I helped you get what you were after. You marry him if he wants you—"

"Excuse me, Miss . . . Smith," said the stewardess accusingly, "but they keep calling us over the radio and even from Hollywood, and the reporters are all over the airport at Kansas City, and there's a big crowd waiting, and everybody insists we've got Winifred Starr aboard."

"There must be some mistake," said Winifred Starr, her hand in Fred's. "There's really no such person. . . ."

At Kansas City, the reporters wore gray felt hats shoved back from their foreheads, and horn-rimmed glasses, and smiled politely as they scribbled on wads of folded yellow copy paper with black pencils. "Could you just give us a statement, Miss Starr?" "Did you have a fight with Abe Zumbach?" "Is it a holdout for more money?" "Where are you going?" "How long will you stay?" "When will you be back?" . . .

At Chicago, the reporters wore derby hats shoved a little forward, and their faces were older and their manner was more skeptical, and they made only occasional notes on the backs of envelopes as they heckled her beside the runway of the plane. "Is it true you are about to be mentioned in the Mary Miles Minter case?" More cameras. "Is it true you are eloping with Mr. Lemain—"

"No," she retorted, stung, "that's not true, it's an absolute—"

"Forget it," Fred whispered in her ear. "It doesn't matter what they say any more. Get back in the plane . . ."

At Newark, the reporters wore no hats at all, and they stood in a silent ring before her as she stepped out of the cabin door, their hands hooked by the thumbs in their coat pockets, their cigarettes dangling from their lower lips, their faces sullen. "All right, boys," Teddy pleaded with them, "she's tired; she'll maybe say something later at the hotel, boys; let her alone."

"After we waited three hours? Who does she think she is?"

"Nobody," she said, laughing hysterically. "That's who I am. Nobody at all. I've walked out. Do you understand that? I'm through with pictures, and interviews, and ballyhoo. I'm through doing things that everybody else does. I'm through going places like The Iron Gate. I'm never going anywhere ever again." . . .

"GOOD evening, Miss Starr," said Jim, swinging open the door. "Welcome to The Iron Gate. . . ."

The rush of warm air and cigarette smoke and perfume swept toward her and around her like a little whirlwind and sucked her into the crowded foyer. Hands reached up toward her, disconnected heads bobbed around her like floating banjos in a spiritualist seance, eyes blinked at her, lips smiled. "Winnie, darling!" "Winnie, it's swell to—" Fred Astaire pushed through the jam of people to seize her hand, Bob Montgomery turned and waved from the stairs. Miriam Hopkins shrieked: "I'll be over and say hello later, honey." Jack, excusing himself from a conversation with Gene Fowler and Ben Hecht, hurried toward her, beaming: "Awfully glad to have you with us again, Miss Starr. . . . Mac, will you find a nice table for us?"

She hesitated in the doorway, smiling fixedly, replying: "Hello. . . . Hello, everybody." She held tightly to the arm of the man beside her. "Of course, you know Jock Winant."

His broad shoulders spread the back of his dinner coat in a taut V, but his face, above the formal tie, was a blank O. His big jaw drooped a little of its own weight, his big lips opened and shut, and he swallowed constantly as though he were gulping the atmosphere around him. Her hand squeezed his arm, and she pleaded once more, in a last faltering whisper: "Darling, it's so crowded here, don't you think some little place where there wouldn't be anybody and we could talk—"

"But . . ." He stared down at her, genuinely puzzled. "Isn't this where everybody goes?" He indicated The Iron Gate's milling foyer. "Everybody who's anybody."

"Yes, dear," she said, walking ahead of him.

UPSTAIRS, she leaned away from her cigarette, the smoke uncoiling from its tip, and considered Jock for a moment across the table. His eyes were popped with excitement—like an eye-bugging kid in a toy store, she thought swiftly—and they darted surreptitiously from his plate to follow the new faces that floated past the table—"Ina, darling . . . hello, Cole . . ."—and returned to his plate again, glowing. He ate self-consciously, an awed expression on his face. Once he looked up and saw her watching him, and he smiled vaguely and mumbled something of which she caught only the word ". . . wonderful."

"What, dear?" she shouted above the noise.

"Being here with you," he repeated, leaning toward her. "Being here the two of us together like this, in the middle of the whole thing. I don't know, it's almost like something I can't believe. . . ."

"I can't hear you, dear," she said.

". . . I say, it's all like a dream."

For a moment his eyes rose past her to someone behind her, and she turned and looked up into the lean grave face of Freddy Lemain. He had paused beside her chair, his preposterous white hair slicked back smoothly, his eyes suave, his manner, as he bowed to her, stilted and a little sardonic. "Hello, Winnie," he said. His smile was brief, questioning. "I didn't expect to see you here."

"Was that anybody?" Jock whispered to her, gazing after Fred.

"No, dear," she replied, looking down at her hands. "No, that wasn't anybody at all."

His eyes, darting around the room as he ate, were distended and glassy, like a man with a fever. ". . . because I still can't believe it," he continued. "I don't know. Any minute I half expect to wake up and find it isn't real." He shook his head slowly, a lone human being in a make-believe world, dazzled by the bright names about him, grabbing at elusive motes of light, lured onward by a promise of laughter. A helpless and bewildered Bottom who had blundered somehow into a modern Manhattan Night's Dream. A solitary mortal wandering down an enchanted Fifty-second Street. . . .

YOU know Jock Winant, of course. He knows you, if you happen to be famous. You have seen him a hundred times, along the bar at The Iron Gate, at luncheon at the Renton, at the Racket Club or Mimboni's or, if it is late enough, at The Water Hole. You see him in all the right places, the places everybody

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goes to everybody who is anybody. He is the type—if this essentially motley town can be said to have a type at all—who moves unnoticed, persistent and a little forlorn, always in the shadow of Manhattan's brightest spotlight. The periphery of New York's sophisticated center, the outer circumference of the Inner Circle. The nameless horizon of the World of Names.

You see him around the right people, of course, the people who do things, the interesting people. He calls them all by their first names. He actually collects names, she thought to herself sometimes, watching Jock that week. He trades them back and forth like cigarette cards. Three Gloria Swansons for a Gable. Six Constance Bennetts and a Winchell for a Helen Hayes. Has anybody got a pair of Windsors? . . .

FREDDY'S shrewd, searching smile followed her wherever she went that week: And always, in the background, would be Freddy's tall, lean figure, his gleaming white hair, his smile. She would lower her eyes, to avoid that pursuing smile, and move across the postage-stamp dance floor in Jock's encircling arms. Winnie had a little lamb, she muttered to herself irritably, its fleece was white as snow, and everywhere that Winnie went—

"May I cut in?" Freddy asked.

He put his arms around her, and they did not speak for a moment as they danced, without moving, in the middle of the packed floor.

"Happy?" he inquired presently.

"Of course, dear."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm not going to make out I'm glad. I'm sorry as hell."

Her soft deep chuckle was intimate, but her eyes watched him thoughtfully.

"I was hoping this story would turn out like all the rest. I hoped this would be another of those Hollywood stories you read where the heroine goes back to her boyhood sweetheart, and finds out he doesn't want her after all, and so she leaves him again."

"This story's different," she said. "This time he really wants her."

"Well," said Freddy, "I guess it's time they worked out a different ending. Only maybe I'm old-fashioned." He returned her abruptly to Jock as the music ended. "I always liked the old ending best. . . ."

She did not see him again until the end of the week, after the spectacular première of Ichabod Crane. She and Jock had retreated to The Water Hole to escape from the admiring hordes; and she was holding a kind of impromptu court at a corner table. "Thank you, Leonard." "Thanks, Mark." Winchell, streaking past her, called: "I suppose the big walkout's over. After that smash tonight, Zumbach will offer you the studio—"

"Don't believe everything you print in your column, Walter," she laughed.

But Jock was suddenly silent, his face troubled. "Look, Winnie," he began. "About your going back—"

"Don't worry, honey," she assured him gaily, over the match he was holding to her cigarette. "Don't even think about such a thing. . . ."

His face still had that dreamy look, and she gazed at him curiously in the brief flare of the match. It's just a dream to him, she thought, the whole thing. It's a great big Warner Brothers dream, with Mendelssohn and Dick Powell and an all-star cast. And if it wasn't for the whole thing being a dream, she thought confusedly, none of us would even be here; because of course we're all just part of his dream. Once he wakes up, once the dream is over—

Freddy Lemain's sharp smile cut through the fog like the prow of a ship, and she looked up a little defiantly as he halted before their table, the palms of his hands spread downward on the cloth. "I won't interrupt your party," he apologized. "I just wanted to say goodby."

She felt her heart drop emptily inside her, and she sank back and stared at him in stunned silence.

"I'm taking that early-morning plane tomorrow," he said. "So . . ."

"Freddy," she gasped, taking his hand. Her thumb pressed hard against the back of his hand.

"We're going to miss you back there," Freddy was saying to her, still smiling. "We had a lot of big plans for you, but I guess . . . Well." He grinned at Jock. "Hollywood's loss, you know."

"And of course, it isn't as if she were really through for good," said Jock.

She turned suddenly and stared at him.

"Oh, I know all they've printed in the papers, Winnie," Jock said to her, "but they always print things like that and nobody believes them. Because you wouldn't really walk out, would you?"

"But I have," she said stupidly.

"I know," he said, "but not really. Not for good. You couldn't give it up for good."

"But if I marry you . . . Wouldn't you want me to?"

"Of course I wouldn't want you to," Jock laughed in relief. "If that's the only reason. . . . Why would I want you to? You belong in pictures. You're famous. You're a name. That's why I love you."

She twisted the stem of her glass and said in a low voice: "Is that why, Jock?"

"So why would I want you to give it all up?" he said. "I don't want you to to be just Mrs. Jock Winant." He raised his glass. "You're Winifred Starr."

Freddy's own glass was beside it instantly. "To Winifred Starr."

Winifred Starr looked straight ahead, and nodded, and the rims of the two glasses touched like swords above her.

WHEN you fly west, the sun overtakes you and passes you and sets down in front of you, a big round orange dropped abruptly into the horizon's pocket. Go ahead, sun, she thought. Go ahead to Los Angeles and tell them I'm coming. Tell them I'm coming back, sun. Tell them to prepare the fatted contract. . . .

"Because I never was a real person to him," she murmured. "He was real, but I wasn't real. I didn't exist. I was just a name."

"I know," said Freddy complacently. "I made you up myself."

"And how could I possibly marry him," she asked, not even hearing him, "when I never really existed at all?"

Beneath them, the green-and-tan oblongs were gradually losing their outlines in the gathering dusk, gradually fading into a flat gray monotone, like a rainy ocean. Lights of little cities winked around the rim of the horizon, and a beacon light waved them onward impatiently with long sweeping motions across the sky. Fred found her hand. "You know where we are now?"

"Kansas," she said, beginning to smile.

"You know that aunt I had?" he said. "The one in Kansas?"

"Fool," she murmured happily.

"It's a beautiful night," he said.

She put her face up to his, and he bent his head down.

"Will you marry me?" he mumbled into her parted lips. . . .

". . . It's Winifred Starr," the stewardess was explaining to a shocked old lady at the rear of the plane. "You know, the actress."

"Oh," said the old lady in relief, "oh, *picture people!*" as though that explained everything, as though you could hardly expect people like that to be sensible or respectable or moral, after all; as though they were not real people like the old lady, or the stewardess, or you or me.

Saturday Night

Continued from page 17

on the beach. Oh, David, you look swell in swimming trunks. I sure had my eye on you. And then getting back to that little dump of a hotel and finding out you lived there too . . ."

"I went nuts about you that first minute."

"But you never thought you'd stay six weeks instead of ten days . . . just on account of me. Did you? It's no wonder your folks suspect. Nobody'd believe all the excuses you made up to hang around here."

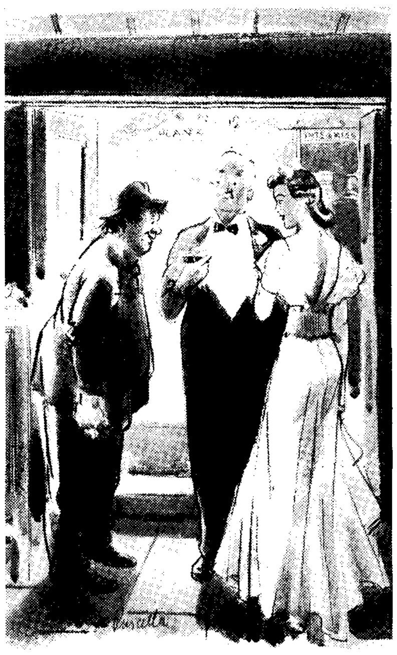
His arm was over her shoulders; hers about his waist. They didn't care how many people looked at them.

"Teddy, I guess there's no sense in wiring again? When they didn't even answer the last two?"

"No use, darling." And all the time she knew that all she had to do was phone Joe Grimshaw in Los Angeles to get money, plenty of money.

"I'll come back, Teddy. I won't be able to stand it without you."

"Sure you'll come back," she said. But she was twenty-two; she had been to school at Life; and she had learned that the second voice in her, the smart one, was never wrong. He won't come back. Medical school . . . his mother and father . . . his friends . . . they'll eat him up. I've only got him while I've got him.



"There goes the bell for the second act curtain, sir"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

"Two more years at Med, a year interning . . . maybe a year in practice before I'm making a living. By that time you'll be a famous actress. Will you have me then? Will you wait for me?"

"Sure," she said again. Oh, she thought fiercely, she would. She would, if there was the least chance.

They were silent, looking on down to the long confetti of pier lights trying to stretch across the ocean to China. On this same walk in the sunlight, they had sprinted to cool their blistering heels. They had trudged it, eating ice-cream cones. This same walk . . .

"Let's play my game again," she said. "Here's me . . . doing the rumba to that phonograph in the hall at the hotel, after we came back from the beach still not knowing each other. And here's you . . . sticking your head out to see what was going on. And coming out to dance it with me. And not introducing yourself till the record ran out."

"Your hair was so beautiful—it looked like fire," he said. "Oh, Teddy, if I could only stay a little longer, till school starts. It's too soon . . . too soon."

"It's been longer than we had a right to expect. Getting money from your folks twice."

"And then spending everything you'd saved for your vacation, Teddy. I'll pay it back . . ."

"Wait till I need my appendix out. I'll come up to Portland and take it out in services. From the famous Dr. David Spandrife."

He stopped her, kissed her. His nose, nuzzling her forehead, was cold and healthy.

"If there were any place in the world I could get some dough. Any place."

She felt unbearably guilty, for she knew a place. Joe Grimshaw, just waiting to know where she was . . . he'd shell it out like peas, any amount she wanted. He had plenty.

There were more people about them now, the fringes of the Saturday night Ocean Park crowd. Fat ladies who looked a lot more decent now than in the daytime with their bathing suits on. Kids who ought to have been asleep instead of eating peanuts and great whirls of spun sugar. Other girls and fellows . . . just like us, Teddy thought. Gee, I'm crazy about all of them.

"I wish there was never going to be a tomorrow," he said.

SHE thought, tomorrow he'll be on the train back to Portland, figuring excuses to give his folks. And I'll be tackling Central Casting to see if they have anything for me. Both of us feeling like bugs with our legs pulled off. But it needn't be . . . it needn't be. Joe Grimshaw could give us that extra two weeks. And I would give Joe Grimshaw . . . nothing. He wouldn't mind. He even likes me to be smart enough to dodge him.

"You'll write me every day, won't you, Teddy?"

"Oh, sure, every day."

But the smart voice said: That isn't true and you know it. You'll want to write him but you'll just sit in front of a piece of paper and stare at it and be ashamed that you can't think what to say to him. A year from today, with you moving so much . . . he won't even know your address.

Shut up, she said to the smart voice . . . this is love. So what? said the voice . . . this is also life, isn't it?

At the foot of the pier was the Temple of Dance, indicated by electric letters that snapped on, one by one . . . T-E-M —and then, triumphantly, all at once: TEMPLE OF DANCE. Couples drifted through the open portals into the dim music that called them to their devotions. Both of them stood poised to remember.

"And here's us," Teddy said softly, "coming down here after we finished the rumba . . . to dance some more. Me thinking you were just a cute college kid and you thinking . . ."

"I loved you right away."

"Oh, no. You've forgotten already. You were just lonesome, that's why you asked me out. It was in there," she nodded at the huge crowded oval of dance floor visible through the Temple's grand wooden pillars . . . "I can remember the exact second when it happened. Little Old Lady . . . that's what they were playing."

As though the musician-priests had ears everywhere, the swing pounding

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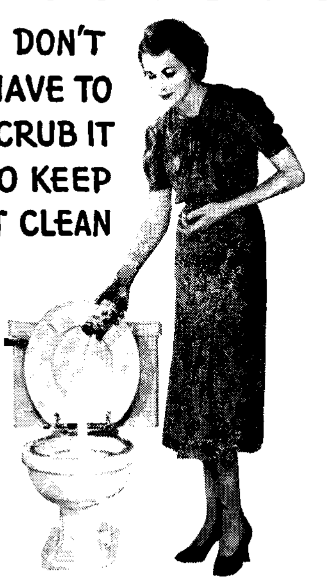

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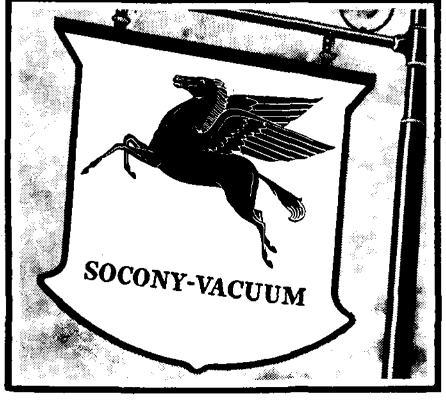

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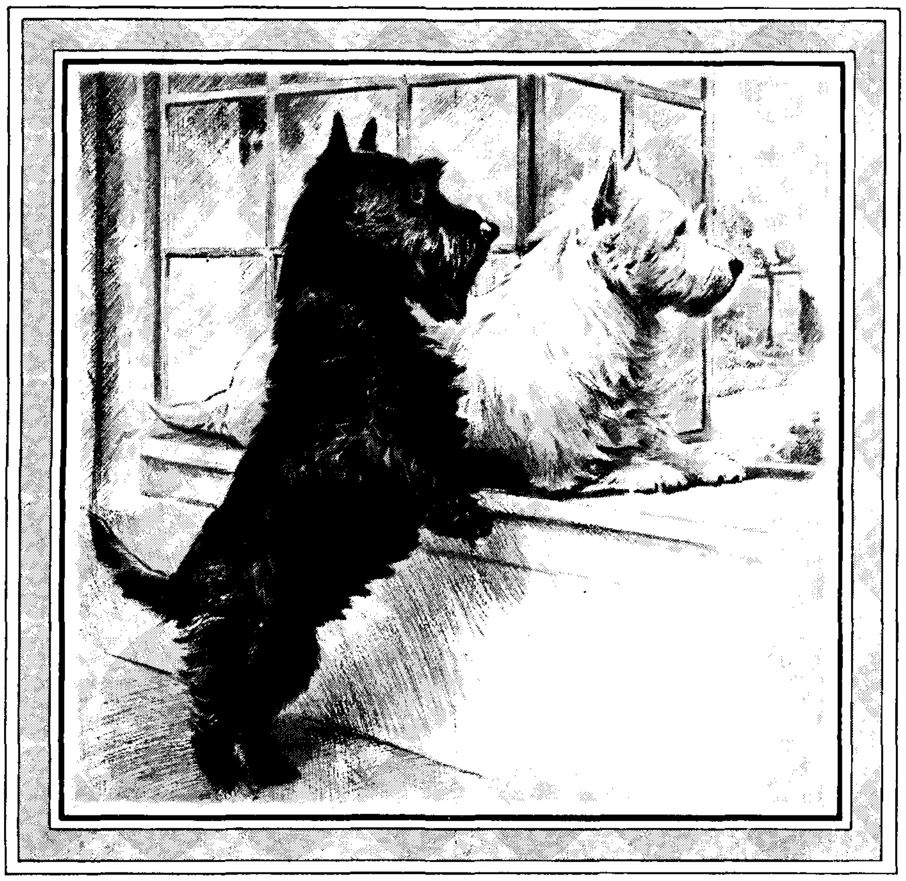

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EIGHT
YEARS OLD

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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

The Scotch with Character

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y., SOLE DISTRIBUTORS
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looped to silence, and lyrically they began again:

"Little old lady passing by. . . ."

"Let's go in," she said; "they're playing in honor of us."

He took his hand off her waist, turned away. For a minute she thought he was angry.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing. I can't go . . . Teddy . . . I can't." His voice broke, curiously high.

Can't go dancing . . . can't go back to Portland? What does he mean? She was crying now in terror lest he should weep. But because she was accustomed to tears, she could see to find them a sea-damped green bench just above the wash of the surf. They sat there huddled in misery.

In this unhappiness he was aloof. He almost seemed to hate her, sitting away from her, not knowing her, his eyes clinging stubbornly to the lights over the pier. While she pleaded, making soft senseless noises:

"Oh . . . don't, dear . . . smile, please. Oh, darling, don't!"

"It was the music, I think," he said finally, coming back to her. "Teddy, it almost got me."

I've got to call Joe, she thought. Me with my silly holding back, when to David and me nothing in the world will ever count as much as having two weeks more . . . just two.

"Wait for me here," she said, standing and shaking her long red mane back of her ears, "I'm going to make a phone call."

"Teddy," he said, "you're not sore at me for busting up that way? You're not laughing?"

"Oh, Lord, no," she said, and kissed him swiftly. "Wait . . . I'll be right back."

For five minutes she had to stand outside the rutted mahogany and glass door of the drugstore phone booth watching the emphatic throat movements of a young man inside. When his nickel's worth ran out she was admitted to the cubelike privacy that enclosed a wizard dial-face and the smell of old words and old smoke. She shut herself in with the variety of smells, clicks and buzzes to find the voice of Joe Grimshaw.

HIS hotel referred her to a bar and she had him paged there. While she waited she could hear the determined rhythm of voices drinking a good time.

"This is Teddy," she told him.

"Where are you? I'm coming right up to get you."

"Oh, I'm not in town. Look, Joe, I need a hundred dollars. Can you lend it to me?"

After a silence, his voice flattened:

"You were a bad girl to check out of town without telling me where you were going."

"I just needed a rest."

"A rest from me? Okay, baby. And it took six weeks?"

She counted the little round finger holes in the dial: one—two—three—wondering how quickly she could get him back to that money. That blessed hundred dollars for David and her.

"You know how it was, Joe. We couldn't be together five minutes without fighting."

"You mean . . . without you fighting for your honor, or whatever it is." He laughed, the kind of man who finds it difficult to be angry. "Tell me about the money. What do you want it for?"

"I just need it. Please, if you could trust me with it, could you send it with a messenger to the Seastorm Hotel in Santa Monica tonight? Now?"

"I'll bring it."

"No . . . please . . . anyhow, I'm not there now."

"If I can't see you, you can't have it. That's all."

She drew a long breath. "Look, Joe . . ." she said, pleading.

"I'm not going to hurt you. I just want to put the dough into your hands myself, then I'll scram."

"Promise?"

"I promise." He laughed again. "You redheaded witch, I'll catch up with you some day and then . . . you'll pay me back for everything."

"None of that tonight, though. I couldn't stand it. And I'm serious—so help me . . ."

"All right. But I'll come . . . or no sale."

"Not before twelve o'clock."

Her diaphragm hurt as though she had swallowed a plate. She was a little sick with herself. Taking money from one man because she loved another. How David would hate her for this. But it was worth it. It had to be. "And thanks, Joe . . . it means a lot and I won't forget it."

"Twelve sharp," he said, and hung up.

Before she left the drugstore she stood beside a table of brilliant rubber caps, Reduced to Clear, 17 cents, holding on till the sick feeling left her. Until she could go back to those clean gray eyes that didn't know how good she was at this game.

HE WAS where she had left him, his long legs stretched out, his face composed.

"Honey," he said, "would you care to try a dance with Weepy Willie?"

She looked at the Temple of Dance, standing like a paw at the foot of the pier to catch the crowds coming down and going up.

"No. I'm hungry. Let's eat something. That delicatessen."

She could put it over better, sitting at a table instead of being pressed close to him in there, where they played the ache of love every five minutes for a dime. That, she thought, would hurt too much.

The sign on the window said:

We Serve You Lightly and Politely
Specialty—Corned-Beef Sandwiches

The table was wiped until the enamel gleamed and the corned-beef sandwiches arrived spiked with potent garlic pickles.

"Listen, lady," the waiter said, putting the plates down as lightly as cannon shot, "I notice you don't never eat the pickles now you got a boy friend. They're good for you . . . don't be ashamed."

David laughed, but Teddy said:

"Would you really love me if I ate them?"

"I'd eat them too . . ."

"Whatever I did, would you love me?"

"Yes, Teddy," he said simply. Then, looking at her small, eager face, "Oh, Teddy, beautiful . . . I can't leave you. I can't."

Then she was glad for what she had done.

"You don't have to," she said, leaning across the table toward him, so hard she bruised her arms just under the trim white cuffs. "I've just made a touch. A hundred dollars . . . and we'll spend it all."

His face began to shine, to light the shabby, dark booth. But he said quickly:

"Where'd you get it?"

"An old aunt . . . I just remembered I had one."

"Honest?"

"Sure. Does it matter?"

He was silent a moment and then he said: "I'll never stop being grateful to your aunt."

She watched clocks. The delicatessen timepiece, a round, cheap alarm on the counter, said 9:30. The big benign clock on the pier tower told its time to the

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stars: 10:17. Somewhere, bells sounded eleven times.

"We'd better start back toward the Seastorm, dear," she said then. "It'll take us a half hour, anyway, to walk."

He had been transformed to the bounding good humor of the past weeks. Faces looked into his face, above them, and smiled too, feeling that they were having a good time after all.

They had no money for pier gambling but David would stop at the amusement concessions to make large impressive bets with Teddy.

"Bet you ten thousand dollars that guy *can't* hit the nigger baby *once* in twelve times."

"Don't you have to give me odds?" she asked, trying to play up.

He laughed, delighted. "Oh, you child. Odds? What a sport you are . . . not!" The fatherly look he gave her was sweet and funny.

It was nice to be called a child, but she knew somberly and had never forgotten that she was a year older than he. And tonight that year had stretched into ten. She was oppressed by a feeling of weariness, as though all her young skin covered old, very old bones.

Eleven o'clock. Now Joe was climbing into his big car—starting out with a hundred dollars for the Seastorm Hotel, roaring down the sleek roads to the sea.

"Let's not go in yet," David said. "Let's go down and listen to the water . . . let's go someplace where I can tell you how much I love you."

"Tell me on the way. We've got tomorrow now . . . and lots of tomorrows. And I'm kind of tired."

"Tired, is she? Oh, my poor sweet." Instantly, he was all solicitude. "I'll take you right home."

THE cement path that ran along the sea to Santa Monica was almost theirs alone. They scarcely spoke. But, she thought, they had never been more closely bound. When you can *feel* like this . . . it's the real thing.

She remembered so much . . . too much, about the unreal thing. How much of herself she had wasted, playing around, trying to have a good time . . . why had she done it? When all the time there was a David . . . a David, living with his family and working hard and probably dreaming of the time when he'd fall in love. Fall in love with a . . . Teddy? No, he hadn't dreamed that.

It wasn't till they turned off the walk, up the narrow street to the small frame building, so threateningly called the Seastorm, that she realized he hadn't asked her any more about the money.

My gosh, she told herself, you ought to be glad . . . glad he trusts you so he *wouldn't think* of asking. He's such a baby he'd believe in Santa Claus if I told him to . . . he'd believe anything I said. For that thought she had to kiss him and lifted her face to receive his lips, warm and cool to the same touch.

"Do your unpacking," she said; "I'm going to sleep. Right now! See you in the morning at eight . . . and the last one in the water is a sissy!"

"I love you," he said at her door, "forever and ever."

His room was on the second floor and she watched him climb the worn linoleum-laid steps, ducking at the bend because he was so tall.

"Forever . . ." she thought, "unless you learn about my *aunt*." And her little laugh sounded full of pebbles to her.

She had to wait only five minutes, sitting fully dressed in her limping rocker, before there was a knock at her door.

"Gentleman to see you, miss," said the sleepy boy who acted as night clerk.

"I'll come out," she said. She put on a smile, a real Teddy smile, gay to match her hair.

"Swell of you to come down," she told Joe, holding out her hand.

Six weeks hadn't changed him. He was still overweight; he still looked as though he had learned everything they don't write in books. He still had those sharp black eyes that didn't believe a word she said. He stood restlessly by the desk in the hall where the night clerk had already gone to sleep at his duty.

"Haven't you a room here?" he asked. "Got anything against me coming in?"

Her heart was pounding. If she could only take the money and shove him out. But she had to be careful; this was too important.

"Okay, Joe," she said. She was so afraid he might, even now, back out . . . go riding to Los Angeles in his big car, taking his money with him.

"This is home sweet home." She pulled the light chain as he closed the door behind him. "No, don't lock it," she warned. "You sit on the bed . . . I'll take the rocker, seeing I've only got one chair."

Once, apparently, the bed had stood against another wall, for there was a big rose-colored patch that had been protected from the salt air. Otherwise the paper had gone almost yellow; the dull rag carpet was ingrained with sand grit, carried here by bathing suits.

"Bring me my present?" she asked.

"I've got it." With his heavy, padded hand he touched his trouser pocket. "I don't know why I'm fool enough to give it to you. You'll never have enough to pay me back . . . and you won't . . . give me anything else either. Will you?"

"Now look—" she said.

"I know. I know. You told me. And I'm here with the money, anyway. I guess I like you because you keep me waiting. I've never been a guy that wanted things the easy way."

"This is only a loan," she said. "You don't have to worry. If it's only five dollars a month . . . I'll pay it back some way."

I will, I will, too, she thought.

He took off his topcoat, his hat, his gloves, and flung them on the bed.

"I suppose it's okay if I stay and have a little conversation for my money, isn't it?"

"Listen. Give it to me and then please go. I'm awful tired, honest. In a couple of weeks I'll be back in town and then . . . you can have all the talk you want."

"You know," he said, "you haven't even told me what it's for."

"I needed more dough to stay on a couple of weeks. I haven't had enough rest."

"You do look a little peaked . . . or worried . . . or what?" He put his elbows on his heavy knees. "What do you want to run me around for some more? Be nice. We might even get married, you know." His black eyes were attentive, unsoftened.

"LET me see the money. I don't believe you've brought it."

"Here," he said and stretched down into his pocket. "One hundred dollars. I believe you'll find that right."

"Put it there." She pointed at the bed and he ran his thumbs along the green bills before he dropped them.

There was a single knock at the door, a useless courtesy, like hat-tipping, for without awaiting a bidding, David was in the room. The Roman-striped beach robe hung brightly over his arm.

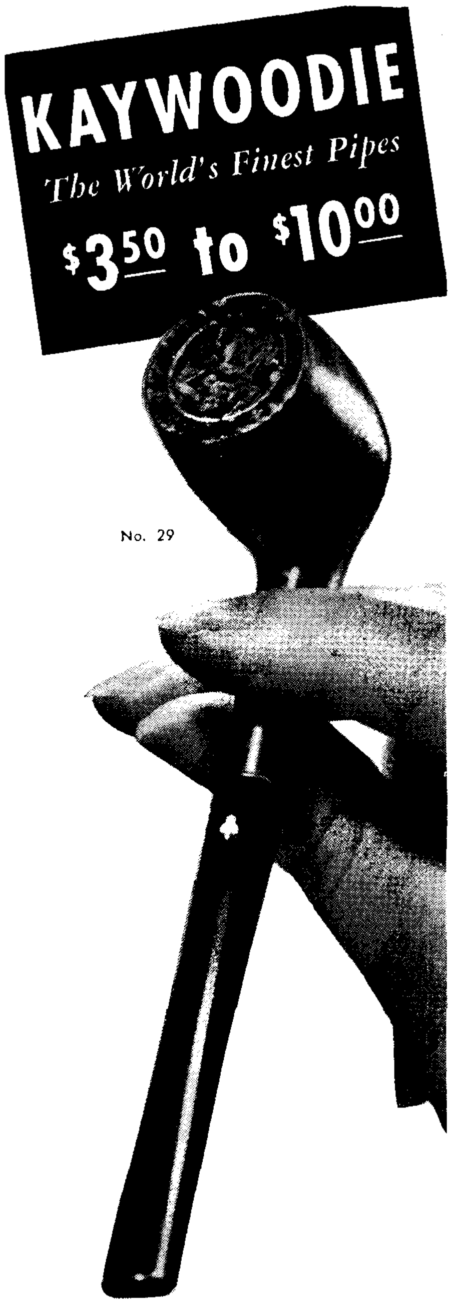
He looked at Teddy and then at Joe. Very politely, as though he had learned the lesson by heart, he said:

"I thought you might want to wear this tomorrow, Teddy. You forgot it in my room."

Her heart kicked violently once, and then lay still. Like feeling the forward motion of a train after it stops, her voice went on without her:

"Dr. Spandrife, meet Mr. Grimshaw. David . . . Joe—"

Joe stood up. He was much shorter



HOW TO CHOOSE BETWEEN PIPES

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What makes a pipe smoke sweet? Well, first of all, it's the kind of briar it's made of. The sweetest smoking briar comes from the very old, big briar burls that mature in the ground anywhere from 100 to 400 years. In such briar, (as you can see when the burl is cut in cross-section and polished), the markings of the grain are more closely-knit and more beautiful than any other.

These very old burls are naturally many times more expensive to procure than ordinary (young, small) briar burls.

So try this. Pick up a couple of pipes at your tobacco store—a Kaywoodie and some other kind. Compare the grain of the Kaywoodie with the grain of the other. Without your being an expert briar man, we think you'll see at a glance that Kaywoodie's more beautiful marking is a fact. Since it is, it tells you that Kaywoodie is the sweeter, cooler-smoking pipe—even before you buy and smoke it.

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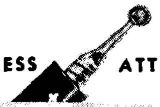
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than David but broader, thicker. They did not shake hands nor even nod.

You have to pull this out of the fire somehow, she thought desperately, and make it snappy.

"Joe's from my aunt . . . David," she said.

"I see," he said. But along his fair skin, up from the collar, there was a climbing wall of red.

"See you in the morning," he told her in a manufactured voice. "Good night . . . Mr. . . ."

On his way from the room he dropped the toweling robe on the foot of the bed, but it slipped, lay huddled in its banner colors on the floor.

Joe laughed shortly.

"So that's the answer," he said. "I'm from your auntie . . . with a hundred dollars. Damn' nice of me. I ought to take it back." He stood up, put on his hat. "I won't take it back, though. But this time— You might as well enjoy your two weeks here, Teddy; because this time you're going to pay by seeing a lot of me."

"All right," she said. "All right. Whatever you say." She shoved him out of her door into the hall. The sleepy kid at the desk raised his head and let it fall again. Belatedly she remembered to say, "Thanks, Joe."

"Don't mention it; glad to do a lady a favor."

FOR just a moment she paused outside of David's door, trying to think. Then she turned the knob, the door was open, and she walked in.

He had unpacked his suitcase; it gaped hungrily on the floor. He lay full length, stretched upon the bed, one forearm over his eyes, unmoving as wood.

"David," she said softly, sitting beside him. Without uncovering his eyes he felt for her hand, held it. "You weren't . . . going to leave, were you?"

"For a minute I was. But then . . ."

"Then what, darling?"

He disclosed his eyes. He looked young, so young and miserable.

"Then I knew . . . wherever you got the money . . . I had to stay with you."

"Oh, please, it's not like that . . . Joe is only . . ."

"Don't. I didn't believe you before . . . even down there at that delicatessen. I just kidded myself. And that's what I've got to do again."

She released his hand, walked around the room. She had that same kind of sadness again. He should have been furious, shouldn't he? Maybe he should even have hit her . . . called her names? But this . . . kidding himself? She couldn't kid herself . . . there would be Joe to face, later . . . that hundred dollars was real money, not make-believe.

"But, David, I want you to know . . ."

"That's just what I don't want to do. Know. Because you mean more to me than anything in the world. So I've got to shut my eyes to . . ."

There was something wrong. The smart voice said something was screwy here. He would rather suspect she'd been . . . anything . . . to get the money, than to know any more about it . . . to *know* anything that would force him to leave her.

"I guess," she said in a dead voice, "you'd better go tomorrow, after all."

He rose, panicky.

"You're not angry with me? You love me, don't you?"

"Oh, sure I do, dear." She put her hand on his head. "That's why you'd better go. This . . . isn't good for you, David."

"What does that mean?" His eyes were bloodshot.

"You love me enough to give up all the things I'm so crazy about in you . . . honor . . . if you want to call it that. See, David, they even have a name for men who let their sweethearts get money from other men . . . that's what'll happen to you."

Now he should have struck her. Now! But he didn't. He just made a sort of whimpering noise.

"But, Teddy, if it's the only way we can stay together—"

"I guess then . . . our staying together isn't worth it. Not for you, anyway. Nothing should be worth that for you."

He tried to kiss her but she held him off. She had to keep seeing things like this, clear as glass.

"See, after two weeks, there'd be some excuse for you not to go back to school. Your parents couldn't make you . . . if I wanted you to stay. You'd get some kind of job, I guess, but mostly I'd be supporting us, getting money however, wherever I could. Pretty soon I wouldn't love you, and after awhile when you . . ." she spoke the words cruelly, "when you grew up and saw what you could have had, what you could have been . . . you'd hate me too. But maybe then it would be too late. You'd better go now, while the going's good."

He had stopped trying to kiss her. Straightening, he seemed to grow larger.

"If that's the way you feel . . ." he said.

"That's it." She put her hands on her hips, her red hair flamed over her shoulders. "So . . . pack up."

He surveyed the tangle of clothes he had pulled out.

"I don't think I want a thing," he said. "I'll go just the way I am."

That hurt. He wants to leave his memories too, does he? she thought. What about that red tie I helped him fix? What about that blue shirt I turned the collar on? Maybe I'm being awful darn-fool noble.

"Oh, David," she said, "maybe I'm wrong. It just seemed that way to me for a minute."

He smiled. How much older he looked already. No apologies, no words could fix it now. But there was one thing . . . if she put her arms around him. If she stood close to him and kissed him . . . he wasn't that grown-up yet. She put her hands out. Took them back.

"I don't suppose I'll see you in the morning when you leave?" she said.

"Guess not." He seemed anxious for her to leave. "Goodby, Teddy."

"Goodby . . . darling," she said.

Again, with ungovernable hunger, he put his arms around her and held her.

"Take it back," he commanded. "Take all those things back. Teddy, I can't go. I can't."

"Then stay," she said, her voice laced with grief and joy. "I love you . . . don't leave me." I'm not so wonderful that I can give up the only thing I've ever really wanted, she thought. I'm entitled to something better than . . . Joe . . .

BUT when she went to her own room the smart voice talked all the way. He won't forget those things you've said. Inside him he's wise enough to realize you were right the first time. Tomorrow morning he'll slip away. Back to school . . . back, after a while, to some girl he can marry and protect.

And you, my pretty pigeon, will take Joe or somebody like him with another name, the best you can get. And be darned glad to.

Closing the door of the room that had once been rose-colored, she talked back to herself. But I love him. I won't go to sleep. I'll get up in the morning when I hear him come down . . . and stop him . . . I've got to. I'll scream and make a scene and stop him.

Then, quickly, she locked her door, took the key, walked to the window, opened it and threw the key. And she thought, I can always raise a rumpus, get him to break the door down in the morning, hold him with my lips and my arms. But the smart voice, the one that was never wrong, said, Not a chance!

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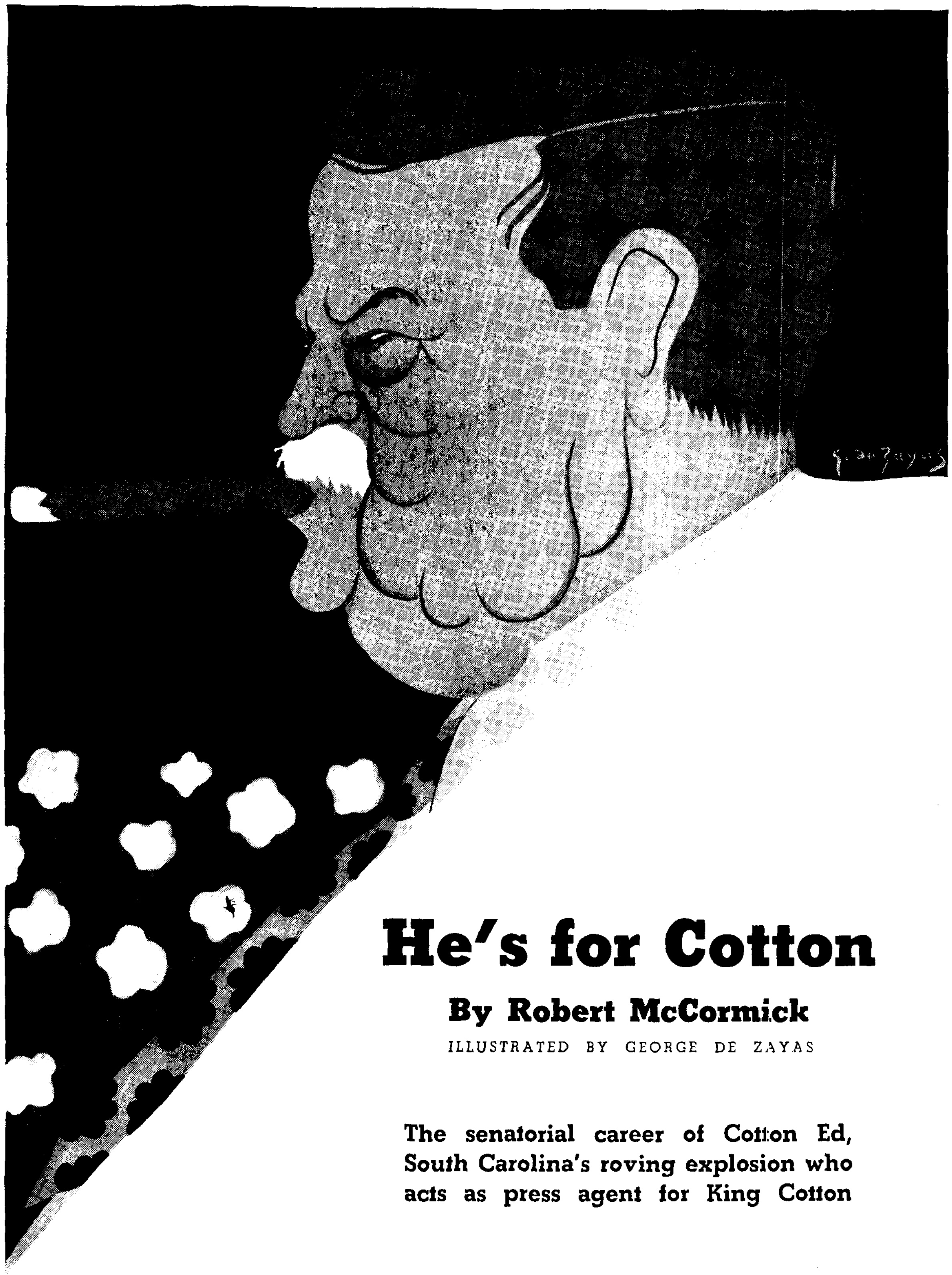

He's for Cotton

By Robert McCormick

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

The senatorial career of Cotton Ed, South Carolina's roving explosion who acts as press agent for King Cotton

THE sunny little South Carolina town was on the verge of a big evening. Groups of farmers, all decked out in their Sunday best, converged on the courthouse lawn, arguing with gestures so vehement that their arms must surely have snapped had they not been tempered by years of guiding the one-mule plow. Scores of freshly scrubbed children were busy getting themselves dirty again by playing in the dusty red clay of Main Street. Banners were strung from tree to tree and placards hung on every post and fence.

Suddenly the comparative calm was shattered by a screeching racket from the other end of town, a quarter of a mile away. Up from the railroad station came a brass band enveloped in a noise such as Sherman's army might have made on its march to the sea. Behind the band was a spring wagon drawn by a pair of the slickest mules in the county. On the wagon was a bale of cotton; on the bale sat a bristling man of thirty-nine with a fierce handle-bar mustache that quivered happily at each cheer from the crowd.

He wore a cotton boll in his lapel and as he stepped from the wagon he stroked the white-tipped bud and said lovingly but loudly: "My sweetheart, my sweetheart—others may forget you, but you will always be my sweetheart." He shook hands with every farmer he could reach, then mounted a platform and rushed into a roaring, ripping political speech.

Ellison Durant Smith is now senator from South Carolina, and Democratic dean of the Senate. On that particular afternoon in the summer of 1908, Cotton Ed was making his first campaign for the Washington job. He had seven opponents, including such distinguished Palmetto State citizens as John Gary Evans, former South Carolina governor and protégé of the omnipotent Pitchfork Ben Tillman.

Smith had held only one public office, as state legislator eight years before. The odds were distinctly against him. But he had already outmaneuvered his opponents, just as he has consistently outmaneuvered them since. For three years he had toured the state as an organizer of the Southern Cotton Association. He appeared to his political audiences now as an old friend of every one of them, and as an old friend of cotton. He was elected by a majority of 30,000.

Cotton has been the be-all and end-all of Ed's life from that day on. Every action, public or private, every principle, personal or political, has grown more or less directly from loud devotion to his state's biggest crop. He manages to keep at least one cotton investigation going most of the time in the Senate, and he always has a fistful of farm bills in the hopper, each bill designed to fatten the Southern farmer, usually by feeding him federal funds. These bills he promotes with the zeal of a head man at a backwoods revival meeting. Smith's greatest distinction is the fact that he has kept the country cotton-conscious for almost thirty years.

When Smith speaks, neighboring senators usually move away to give him a clear deck of at least ten feet. He is a roving explosion. He stomps back and forth, shoots his fists out in all directions at once and tosses his head around. In the midst of an argument with Smith, Senator Vanderberg of Michigan once remarked quietly, "The senator need not shake his gory locks at me." It cramped Ed's style for the moment.

In his 1932 campaign, Smith made much of his long career in the Senate. His seniority, he said, would put him in a dominating position. At one rally he was quoted as claiming he would "make those blue-bellied Yankees eat out of my hand." It was a mistake, first because one of Smith's own daughters had married a New Englander, and second because Cotton Ed had somehow seemed to rub New Dealers the wrong way right from the start. They simply don't fall for his oratory.

Once when Agriculture Secretary Wallace and Tugwell were together, Tugwell was asked what he thought of Cotton Ed. "I don't think Rex can answer that," Wallace interposed; "I don't think his vocabulary is up to par today." Tugwell said sweetly, "If I told you, you couldn't print it."

No-Man to Window-Sill Agriculturists

A delegation, widely publicized when it left South Carolina, was unable to see President Roosevelt and got no satisfaction from Wallace despite Ed's aid. Another delegation managed to reach Roosevelt and Smith dolefully informed the President that he had told the group he could be of no assistance because he hadn't voted for New Deal legislation and could hardly expect any favors. The President chuckled and murmured, "Gabriel, blow thy horn." Yet Smith once exclaimed, "I am the best friend Franklin D. Roosevelt has had and time will prove it."

Cotton Ed has caused trouble on many administration farm bills. When the first Agricultural Adjustment Act, later thrown out by the Supreme Court, was being considered Smith expressed himself thus: "I am tired of being dictated to in this body by window-sill agriculturists. Am I to be asked to come into this body and subordinate my convictions to the theories of those who do not know a cotton stalk from a Jimson weed?" Asked if he could explain the bill, he replied, "No, but I can read the bill and attempt to explain what it makes an assault with intent to do."

The latest farm bill was hamstrung in Smith's committee for months. Ed seemed to feel crop reductions were unnecessary and unwise, that we'd never have another period as disastrous as 1930-'32. When Agriculture Department experts predicted a bumper crop and a glutted market for the year, Ed challenged the prediction, intimating it was merely an effort to force down cotton prices. The price went down all right, and New Dealers made sure Ed took the rap. He decided to compromise by holding hearings in agricultural regions to learn what the "one-gallus farmer" really wanted. He discovered to his horror they wanted crop control. "I didn't feel so good when I went in there," he said after one meeting, "but now I'm sick." Ailing or not, he promptly rammed a crop-control bill through his committee.

He originally supported the rigid Bankhead cotton-control act but later demanded its repeal; he also helped sponsor the Smith-Kerr Act, which did for tobacco what the Bankhead law did for cotton, but here again he repented and asked newspapermen to stop using his name as co-author of the program. In spite of his opposition to these measures, he was deeply hurt when he discovered that the old law prohibited him from receiving the payments provided for farmers under the AAA and helped get the law changed.

Although he has had endless patronage troubles with the Administration, Smith has nevertheless managed to get himself a goodly quota of jobs. An important appointment of a U. S. marshal in South Carolina was tossed to him in the midst of his battle against Tugwell. It did not, however, shut him up as it was intended to do.

Cotton Ed says he has three political principles: states' rights, tariff for revenue only, and white supremacy. He feels a definite affinity with Calhoun, the South Carolina statesman who championed nullification and slavery and whose dying words were, "The South, the poor South." Smith is the only Democrat who voted against every tariff boost in the Smoot-Hawley Act. He arranged his vote accordingly and went home while the measure was being considered. He walked out of the last Democratic convention when a Negro minister delivered an invocation and he raised a blue fog when a Negro attempted to eat in the public Senate restaurant.

Ed is feverish in his *(Continued on page 52)*

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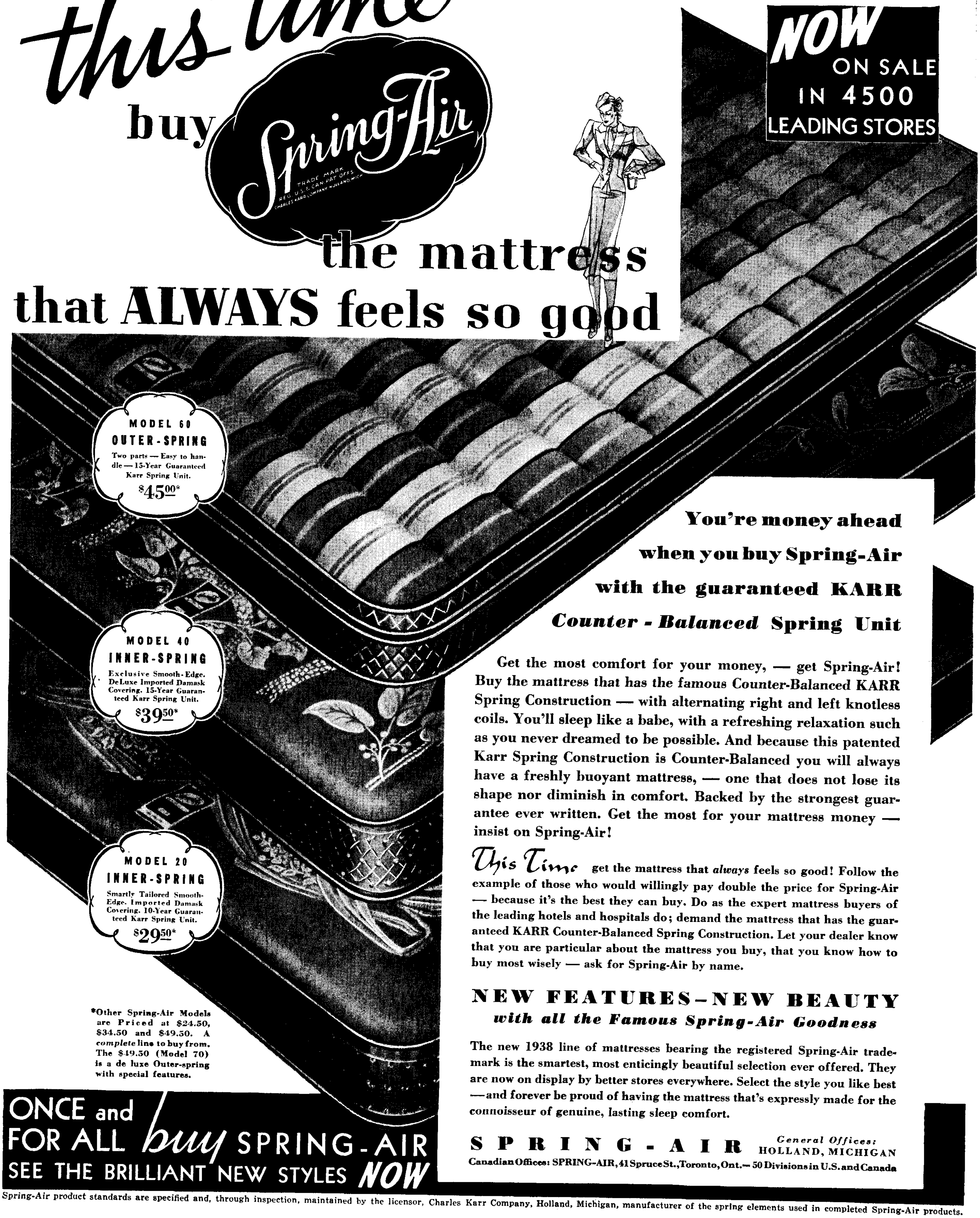

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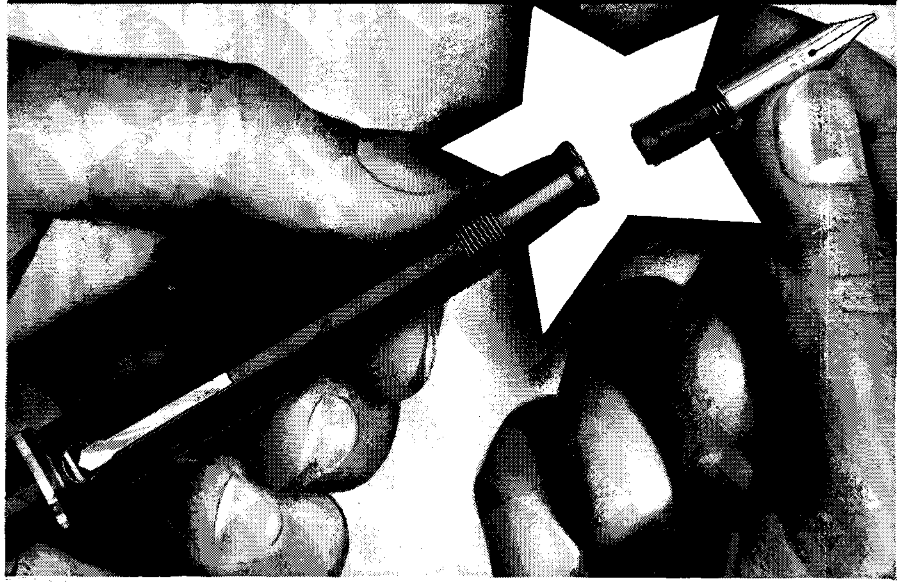

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The Making of a Hero

Quentin Reynolds

Five thousand young soldiers, bats for muskets, are marching this spring in the greatest baseball army in the world—the minor leagues. Their aim? The majors, of course

MANAGER Mickey Cochrane announced today that Joe Doakes would start the season at center field for the Detroit Tigers. Doakes has been fielding well and has been hitting sensationally during the training season. Cochrane predicts a bright future for the twenty-year-old youngster from Alton, Illinois. . . .

Turn to your sports page and you'll see that item there today. It might not be Cochrane and it might not be Detroit. It is possible too that the kid's name may not be Joe Doakes. But somewhere in the baseball news you'll read about a youngster who is all ready for the big-league test and whose future seems assured. Big-league stars are not

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Above, Schoolboy Rowe, Tiger pitching star, passes out a few hints for some young but very ambitious sand-lotters

Left, the Yankees' DiMaggio, whose rise from the minors was swift and spectacular

Opposite page: Two outstanding products of the modern training system. Top, Johnny Mize of the Cardinals; below, Rudy York, catcher for the Tigers

born overnight. You never heard of this Joe Doakes before, perhaps, but he's been preparing for his debut now for several years. Let's turn the pages back and take a look at this Doakes infant when he was sixteen. Let's discover how he was first called to the attention of a major-league team; how he learned his trade well enough to start this season in big-time company.

It all started in a hotel lobby in St. Louis. Ray Cahill, a scout for the St. Louis Browns, was standing at the cigar stand (Why are baseball guys forever hanging around cigar stands?) when he felt a heavy slap on his back. It was nobody but ol' John Smith whom Ray hadn't seen in years. Well, well, well.

"What are you doing now, Smitty?" Ray asked cheerfully.

"The best I can," Mr. Smith said. "I'm traveling. Got a nice line of hardware. I work out of St. Louis and I cover a lot of territory across the river in Illinois. And you're scouting for the Browns, I heard. Well, now, Ray, I want to tell you about a young ballplayer named Joe Doakes over in Alton. I was there last Sunday and I didn't have much to do. 'Well, naturally I started looking for a ball game. I found one going on in a sand lot and this kid Joe Doakes was playing first base. Boy, this Doakes can play everything from swing to opera with first base. And every time the kid got up he hit that ball hard. Yes, sir, he got four hits, all of them long ones and he speared everything that came his way like he was hungry."

He went on and on and Ray Cahill nodded cheerfully. He'd been hearing about these kid wonders for years. No, he hadn't seen many, but now and then you'd find a pearl in the bushes. John Smith wandered on and presently Ray Cahill got to thinking. Even baseball scouts do this now and then. It was Sunday afternoon. The Browns were playing out of town. He might run over to Alton at that and look at the kid. Smith had said that the kid's team played every Sunday afternoon. You can almost hear the thinking.

Two hours later he was standing behind first base watching Joe Doakes. Joe was a big rangy kid and he had big hands. Ray liked that. He was very fast but he was pretty clumsy around first base too. He looked nice at bat. He had an easy swing and an accurate eye. After the game Ray went up and talked to the kid. Ray gets paid for talking to kids. What a life!

He found out that Doakes was sixteen and that he'd quit high school to help out the folks, not to mention the faculty. Things weren't going so good at home. Baseball? He loved it. He was working for a grocery store delivering groceries but he was free every Sunday afternoon to play with the other kids. How much did he make? Gosh, Mr. Cahill, six dollars a week.

Baseball's Kindergarten

"Now listen, kid," Ray Cahill said. "You look like you might have the makings of a good ballplayer in you. Maybe you have and maybe you haven't but if you want to take a chance I'll try to find a spot for you. I can guarantee that you'll make more than six dollars a week. Maybe I can get you twenty. Now don't get excited or married."

"For just playing ball?" the kid gasped.

The scout nodded solemnly. The next day he took Joe Doakes down to Siloam Springs in Arkansas. Siloam Springs is a Class D team in the Arkansas-Missouri League. There are twenty Class D leagues in the country. They are the kindergartens of baseball. Here young hopefuls learn what baseballs are made for.

Ray Powell, former St. Louis and Boston outfielder, manages Siloam Springs. They say he's a great hand with young players. On Cahill's recommendation he signed young Joe Doakes to a contract. Joe Doakes was now a member of organized baseball and an entry was made on a card in the office of William G. Bramham, high commissioner of minor-league baseball, in Durham, North Carolina. Back in Alton the news moved the mayor to declare a Joe Doakes Day and folks began to speak in public to Pa Doakes.

Another entry was made in the office of the St. Louis Browns. Their Johnstown, Pa., farm has a working agreement with Siloam Springs. They pay a team like Siloam Springs as much as

(*Continued on page 76*)

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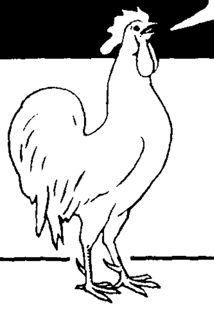

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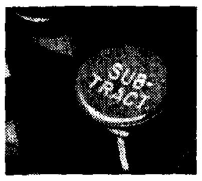

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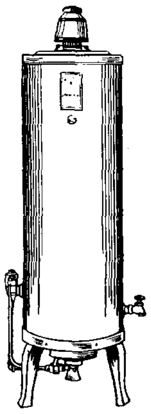

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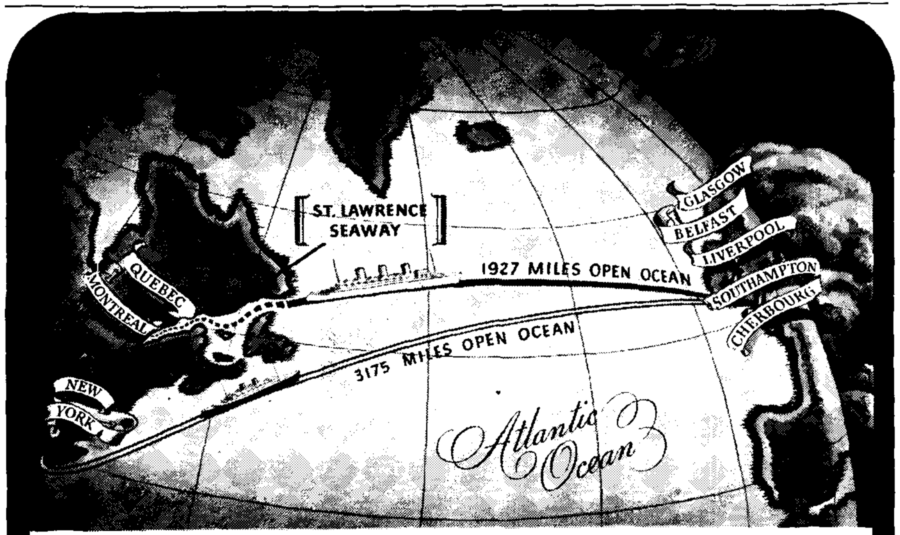

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He's for Cotton

Continued from page 48

opposition to liquor. The nearest he has come to a drink in twenty years was when he used an empty champagne bottle for a gavel at a pro-inflation meeting.

Only his faithfulness to what he calls the "Democratic party of Jefferson and Calhoun" is stronger than his hate of alcohol. He voted for repeal of the 18th amendment in the Senate because his party platform committed him. But when he cast his personal referendum ballot in South Carolina, it was against "repeal—the road to hell." In thus putting himself precisely on both sides of the question, he told his state in 1932 that "the greatest issue before the American people is *bread,* not *beer.*"

Cotton Ed has a real genius for confounding political opponents. He batters them unmercifully. His nepotism is a regular campaign issue. He is charged with having whole rafts of relatives on his pay roll, and generally admits the charges. One opponent claimed he had hired, among other kinfolk, an eighty-year-old aunt of his wife's. "It's a lie, it's a base canard," Smith screamed. "She's eighty-two.

"Besides," he elaborated, "she's got more sense than the whole tribe of my opponents, and who I hire in Washington ain't nobody's business."

In the 1914 campaign, Ed was taken to task for not stopping the Army from paying exorbitant prices for mules and harness. "I don't know how much the Army is spending for mules or how many harnesses it is buying," he argued logically. "But for goodness sakes, folks, don't you go pay $10,000 a year for a jackass like my opponent."

Even Tom Connally of Texas himself an adroit haranguer, has been squelched by Smith. Connally was once persuaded by New Deal leaders to oppose a bill sponsored by Smith, though Connally knew little about the subject. Smith armed himself with a large quid of tobacco and took a seat directly in front of Connally. Each time the Texan made a mistake Ed scored a resounding bull's-eye in a spittoon a few feet away. After each shot he turned and smiled tauntingly in Connally's face. Finally Connally could stand no more. "Mr. President," he complained to the presiding officer, "the gentleman's grimaces break my chain of thought and I object to them."

"If my smiles interrupt the gentleman's thought processes," Ed replied with a formal bow, "I shudder to think what would happen if I laughed right out loud, as I feel constrained to do."

When Vandenberg Gave Up

Smith cannot be pinned down if he doesn't want to be. Vandenberg attempted to get a statement from him on the probable cost of the new farm bill at the last special session of Congress. Ed committed himself only to declaring the cost "would be on a sliding scale."

"Which way is it going to slide?" Vandenberg persisted. "Down, I hope," Smith replied, and Vandenberg surrendered.

Ed fits his 2,000-acre plantation perfectly. He is completely Southern—he protested fiercely when the post office issued a stamp in honor of General Sherman—and his rambling homestead is completely a part of the "Old South." It has been in the family since it was turned over in 1767 by a land grant from George III. It is worked by Negro tenants. Ed often hunts on the property with his favorite hound, Sally Rand, sometimes even leaving Congress to go skyhootin' after a coon. He attends neighborhood outings and has his picture taken playing leapfrog, with lovely Southern belles flying over his broad senatorial back.

Like most Palmetto State politicians, Ed has never had a machine. He relies on his three principles, his oratory and his system of always being accessible to constituents. He can make them comfortable by meeting them as farmer to farmer, or he can impress them by talking pontifically in multisyllabic words. When they visit the Senate chamber, he invariably delivers a talk for their benefit on the glories of South Carolina. And it is traditional that every time he runs for the Senate, fate assists him by boosting the price of cotton during his campaign. Carolina cotton growers actually plan on a prosperous year when Ed is up for re-election. The combination has given him an average majority in five campaigns of 20,000. His closest squeak came in 1926 when he espoused the World Court and the then powerful Ku Klux Klan opposed it. He got only 5,000 majority. But in 1932 he walloped the veteran politico Cole Blease by 35,000 votes.

Wallace Wins the Day

The only time Smith was ever beaten at his own game in his own territory, he was trimmed by Secretary Wallace, a man as far removed from demagoguery as cotton is from corn. Wallace visited Ed's homestead in the younger days of the New Deal. Reaching the farmhouse early in the morning, he was treated to a heavy Southern breakfast and taken to the shade of a clump of loblolly pines to talk to the farmers. Ed gave him a gilt-edged introduction, called him a "fine boy," recalled that he knew the senior Wallace.

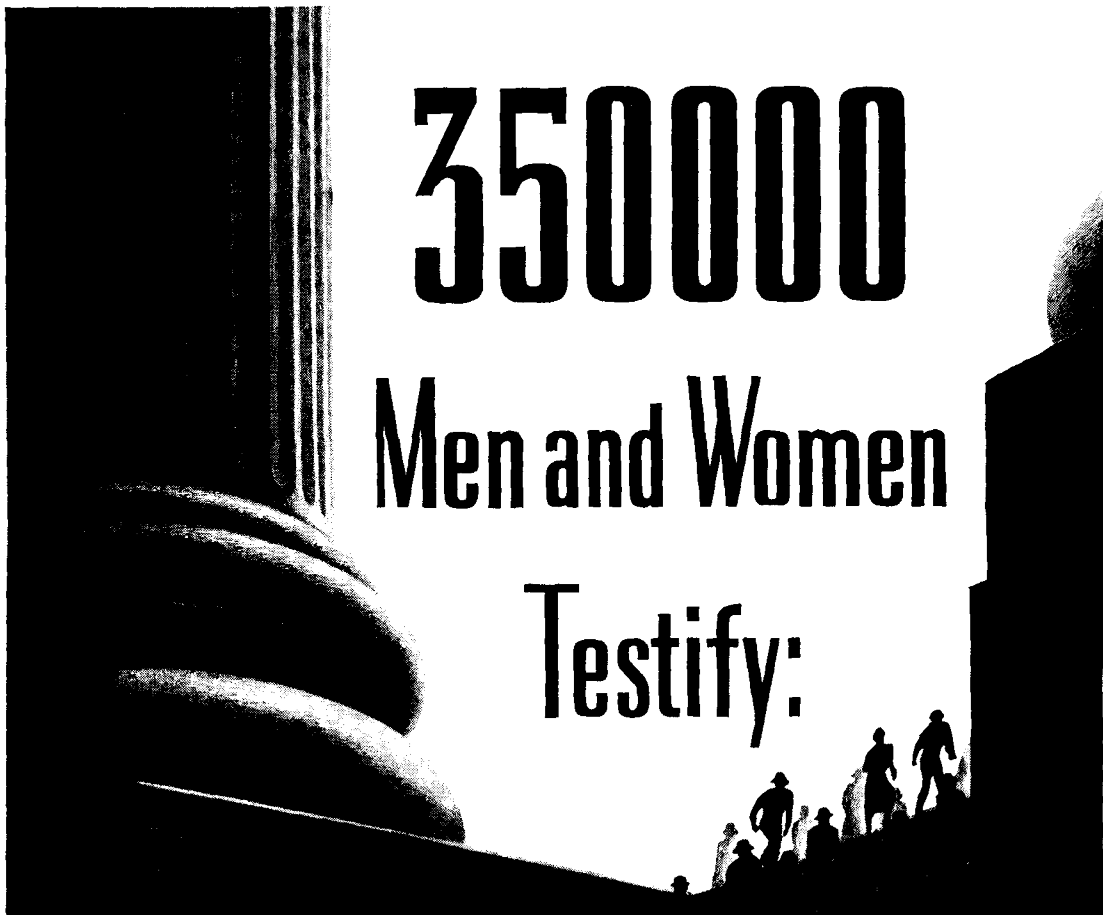
"That boy," Smith said, raising his hands to heaven, "has got down there and worked in that there dirt with his two hands, just like I have. He's made things grow; he's a farmer. He's a fine economist, too, whatever that is, but he's a good Secretary of Agriculture because he's a good farmer."

The crowd cheered properly as Wallace rose with a prepared speech in his hands. But he ignored the sheaf of papers and launched into a tingling description of his thrill at visiting the lovely old plantation, partaking of its bountiful board and its historic beauty.

"As the Senator and I sat on the broad veranda after breakfast," he said softly, "I felt I was close to the secret of why our country is great and respected. Then a car came up the drive, out stepped the Senator's handsome young son and I knew I had discovered the secret. I said to the Senator, 'Senator, our job is to save the farmers and to save America; the way to do that is to make this young man love this glorious soil as you and I and our forefathers have loved it. The fate of the nation may well rest upon our ability to teach him the beauty of the land.' "

The gathering huzzaed until the green hickory nuts fell off trees 300 yards away. Ed wiped strategical tears from his eyes; Wallace half turned around to an aide and growled from the side of his mouth: "How'm I doin', John?"

Cotton Ed will try this year to add another six-year term to his career in the Senate. In spite of his sixty-nine years, he will be the same old Ed. His color will cover the state; and Governor Olin Johnston or whoever else attempts to dislodge the King of the Cotton Mountain will have a blistering battle on his hands.



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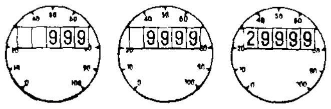

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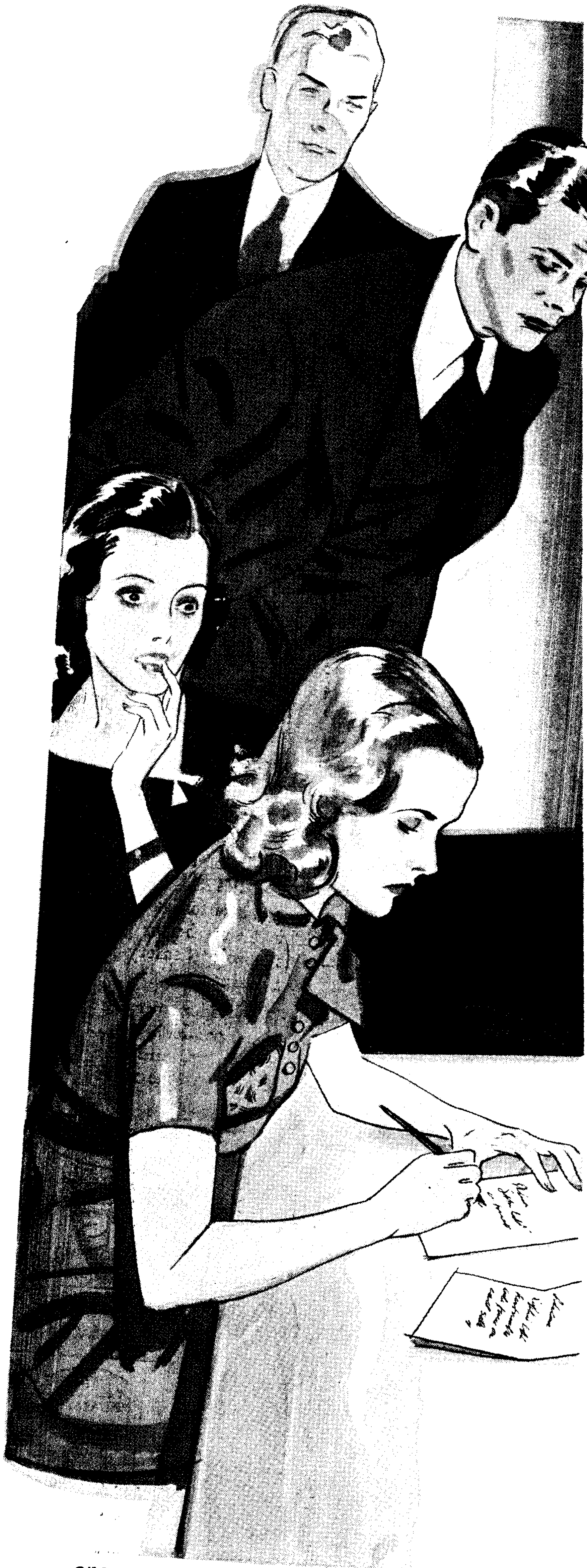


O'Malley had each girl copy the letter on a slip of paper

No Suspects

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

Who killed Sophie Selie? That ingenious sleuth, O'Malley, puts on his thinking-cap again

THIS is one of them sack murders," O'Malley said. "A girl got found in the Hudson River in a burlap sack. They couldn't learn nothing about her; so some cops painted her face to make it look natural and took a picture of her and it was in the newspapers. Then some girls come and told who she was. The newspapers had a lot of interest in this case but now they ain't got any because it turned out she worked in a factory. Well, a cop can't pick his murders."

"How much have you got on the case?" I asked.

"She got strangled. Her name was Sophie Selie. She give up her job at the factory, and she had a room on the West Side and she give that up too. She went away and her landlady didn't wonder about it because Sophie had told the landlady she was going to get married."

"What about the man whom she was going to marry?" I inquired.

"Cops can't find no such guy. I suppose I won't find out nothing neither."

We went and looked at the girl. She seemed about twenty years old. She had been strangled with a piece of heavy parcel twine wrapped many times around her neck. The sack was an ordinary sack and a hole in it showed that a weight had broken through it. All her clothing was new.

"Yeah, wedding garments!" O'Malley commented. "No clues in them things. I hear a guy at that factory wanted to marry her but she wouldn't have nothing to do with him. I guess we got to go there."

We went. It was in the clothing-manufacturing district. The place made women's aprons. A lot of girls worked there and a sign on an office door said, "Mary Doner, President." We saw Mrs. Doner. She was a capable, busy woman.

"What can you tell us about Sophie?" O'Malley asked her.

"I'm afraid not much. I know the girl worked here."

"What men did she go with?"

"I wouldn't know that. She seemed like a nice girl."

Sophie had been identified by girls from the factory and O'Malley said he'd like to talk with them; so Mrs. Doner sent us to the forewoman. There was a big room filled with girls busily working. Some men worked there too.

"Well, who murdered Sophie?" O'Malley asked the room generally.

"We don't know," several people answered. They all kept on working.

"She was going to get married."

"We didn't know that."

"Sure, she told somebody," O'Malley urged them. "She was a swell kid. She was awful pretty. I guess she liked a good time. A girl like that goes out with a lot of men. Who was they?"

They shook their heads.

"A gink in the shipping room might have did it," one girl said.

We went to the shipping room. Two men worked there and the younger was the one we wanted. His name was Morris Shetkin.

"You're in a lot of trouble, Morris," O'Malley told him. "You better tell us about Sophie."

"I don't know anything about her."

"Sure you do. She wouldn't marry you, so you knocked her off."

Morris turned white. "I didn't."

"Do you own a car, Shetkin?" I asked.

"Yes, I got a car."

When we left the factory the noon hour was beginning. So many clothing workers were taking their noontime on the sidewalk that we could hardly get through them.

"Well, you have a suspect, O'Malley," I remarked. "Whoever killed the girl transported her to the river, which means he had an automobile or some other conveyance. You noticed I asked Shetkin if he had a car."

"He ain't no suspect."

"You seem to think you can tell whether a man committed murder merely by looking at him," I said.

"I can tell that guy. Listen: We got nowhere at that place so fast that I'm all dizzy. This girl didn't leave nothing at her rooming house. She took all her things away with her in a trunk and a suitcase. She went in a cab. She stopped a cab that was passing and we can't find what one. We can't find the suitcase or the trunk. A suitcase might be in the river like she was, but a trunk in the river had ought to be found. We can't find no place the trunk was checked or left. Her landlady says no guys come to see the girl at her rooming house and no guys called her up. Everybody says she didn't go with no guy. If a girl like her don't go with no guys it's because she's got a guy already."

"Well, keep an eye on Shetkin," I advised him.

THE newspapers said nothing at all about the case. They had stopped following it.

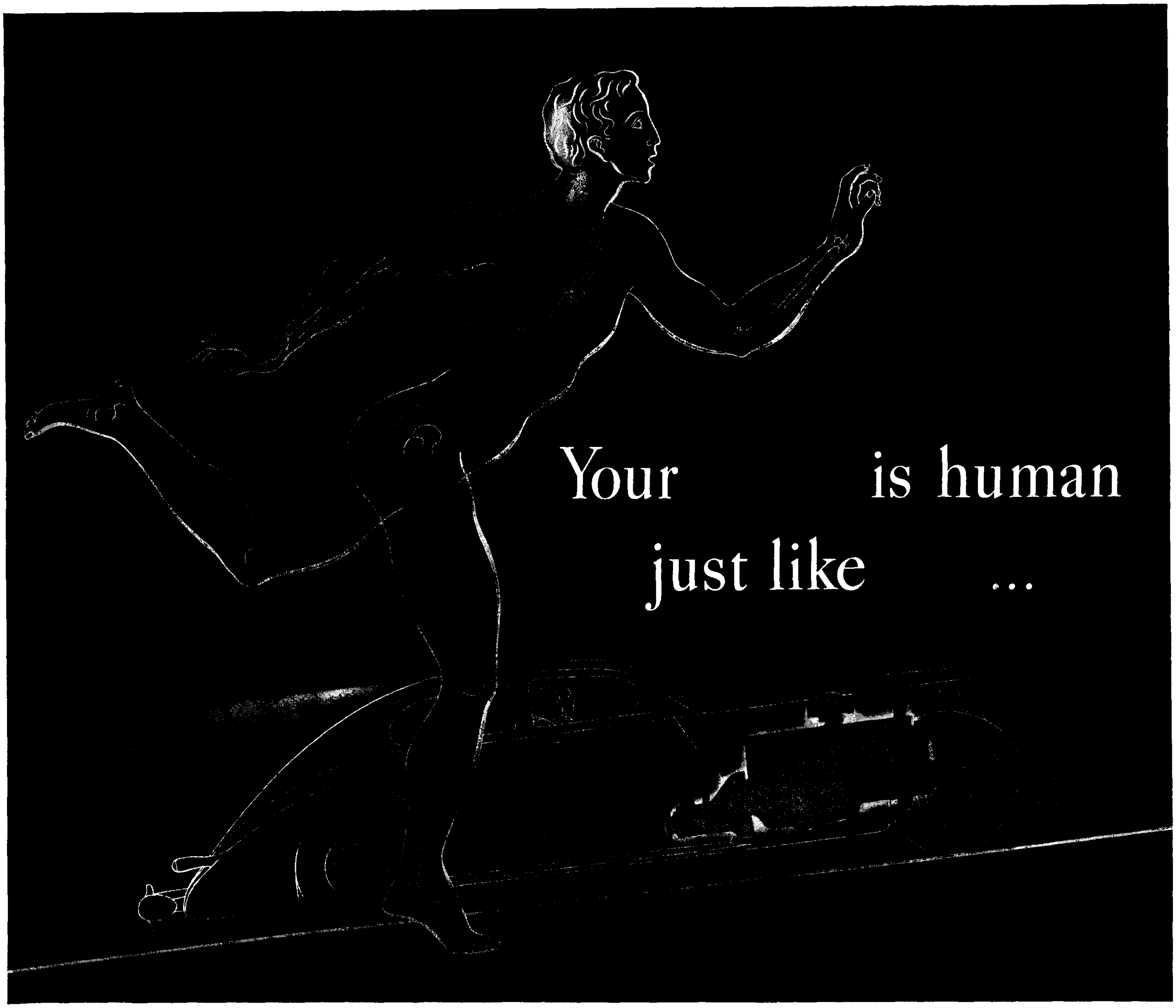
"Have you got your murderer?" I inquired next time I saw O'Malley.

"We found out a little. There's sacks at the factory not like the one the girl was put in, but there's the right kind of sacks and cord at other places in that same building. This Sophie had a family. Her mother married again and Sophie wouldn't live with her stepfather. They had a lot of trouble. Since she was sixteen the girl was on her own, and she only seen her family about once a month.

"She told her sister she was going to get married but she wouldn't tell to who. She told another girl she knew since a kid. Instead of marrying her the guy knocked her off—no doubt of that. Well, who? Her and him covered up their going together so close we can't find out. Two guys work in that office with Mrs. Doner, and them two guys in the shipping room, and a half dozen other guys have jobs there. Ten thousand guys work in shops close by there and seen the girl every day if they had a mind to look at her. But we don't even know if it was someone in that neighborhood."

"If it wasn't Shetkin, this murderer appears to be safe," I reflected.

"Yeah. He is, if he's feeling that way."



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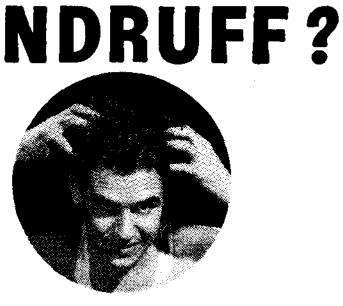

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I didn't understand him—then I did. "You mean, if he can free himself from 'the weight of anxiety which the criminal carries,' " I quoted.

"You're a swell talker. We got a little more than what I told you but it probably won't solve nothing. Come along if you want to know what it is."

I went along. He was going back to the factory. We found a plain-clothes cop in the room where the girls were working. It turned out he too was investigating the case.

"Well, what do you say?" O'Malley asked him.

"I've got no information."

"You're a bum cop."

They were talking very loudly. The girls kept on working but I could see they all were listening. Mrs. Doner and the two men in the office came to their door and listened too.

"There can't be no case like this," O'Malley shouted at the cop. "No girl wouldn't act the way this case looks like. A girl that loves a guy enough to marry him tells somebody. If she can't tell it in one place she tells it in another. If she can't tell it to no person, she tells it to herself—on paper. A girl that loves a guy keeps things around that come from him, and this girl left something somewhere to tell who that guy is!"

"All right. Go find it then!" the cop shouted back at him.

The cop went away and we went into Mrs. Doner's office.

"We got a letter," O'Malley informed her. "Whoever wrote it didn't sign no name, so it's what they call anonymous."

He showed her the letter. I could see it too. It was postmarked from a station near the factory. It was addressed merely: "Police Dept." and was in a woman's handwriting. All it said was: "Policemen: Sophie left her trunk with her friend on the East Side."

"You know any friend that kid had on the East Side?" O'Malley asked Mrs. Doner.

"I don't."

"I guess we got to use your office. I want to talk with them girls you got here, but not all at once."

WE STAYED in the office and the forewoman sent the girls in to us two or three at a time. O'Malley asked each of them if she knew what friend Sophie had on the East Side and they said they didn't, and he had each girl copy the letter on a slip of paper. I could see that none of the handwriting was like that of the letter.

"Well, still we get nowhere," O'Malley said, disappointed, when we had finished. "I'm going home. I moved. Do you want to see my new place?"

I was surprised to see what kind of place he'd moved to. It was a dingy East Side rooming house whose hallways smelled of cooking. He had a small, uncomfortable second-floor room. A plain-clothes cop was in the room when we got there, but he went away at once.

"I and that guy have got this place together," O'Malley informed me. "Well, I got to stay here eight hours, then he comes back again."

When we had been there about six hours the landlady knocked on the door.

"A cop is here," she told O'Malley.

"What cop?"

"He just said he was a cop. He went downstairs."

We ran down to the basement. There was a dusty, cluttered storeroom there, and a man inside it was searching rapidly through a trunk. I'd never seen the man before but I knew at once that he wasn't a cop. He stared in terror when he saw us.

"Okay, buddy," O'Malley assured him. "She didn't leave nothing about you in her trunk."

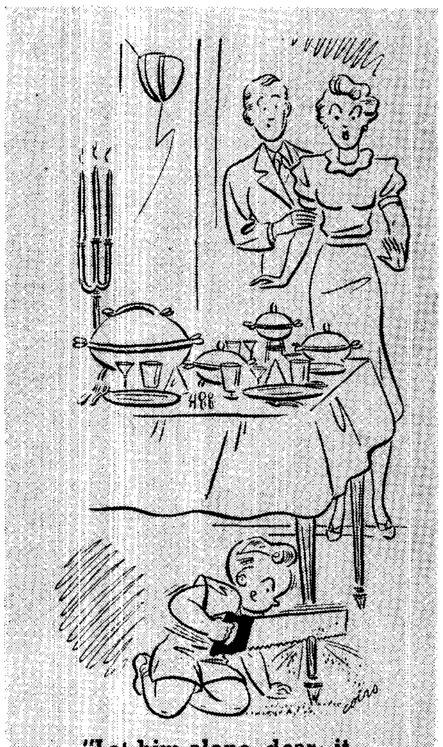
"Who's this?" I asked.

"I don't know no more than you do—except I figure he's the guy that knocked that kid off."

We took the man to the station house. They locked him up, and nothing happened, so I went home. Later O'Malley phoned me. "Listen!" he said. "I got an earful. That guy we pinched is Mrs. Doner's husband."

I went to headquarters.

"THIS guy Doner," O'Malley explained to me, "wasn't never successful in making a living, so his wife went into business. She's a smart woman. She runs that factory and she made a success of it. Her husband worked for her. He's a salesman for them. I guess Doner didn't much like working for his wife, but it was an easy living and he couldn't get no job as good with nobody else. Mrs. Doner don't think about much except her business and Doner amused himself away from home. He seen this pretty kid Sophie Selie at the factory. He didn't speak to her there at the factory, but he followed her in his car and got to know her, and he made love to her.



"Let him alone, dear; it will teach him a lesson"

WILLIAM COIRO

"He told her that when he had got together some money him and her would go away together and Mrs. Doner would get a divorce and him and Sophie would get married. Well, he didn't mean that, but Sophie believed him and she got in love with him. Him and her met several times a week. He was very careful, like he always was, because he didn't want his wife to find him out, and him and Sophie never let no one see them speak to each other at the factory; he never called her up and if Sophie was out late she told her landlady she was with some girl. But about going away he kept putting Sophie off till she begun to suspect he didn't mean to do it.

"So Sophie got desperate; she said she was going to tell Mrs. Doner how it was and ask her to give her husband up. Then Doner got desperate too. He was afraid of his wife and he didn't want to go looking for no other job. He couldn't see no way to get rid of Sophie but to murder her. He told Sophie they'd go away and he told her a place where they would meet. He met her there after the cab had left her and he drove to a lonely place and strangled her with a cord he'd brought along with him. He'd brought along a sack and a weight he'd picked up at a different place from the factory, and he put her in the sack and he chucked her in the Hudson.

"Well, his good luck was that Sophie had told several people she was going to get married, so the girl wasn't missed; but his bad luck was the weight bust through the sack and the sack come to the surface. Otherwise we wouldn't have known there'd been a murder.

"Well, when Sophie told people she was going to get married, she didn't tell no one at the factory. That looked like the guy was someone that was known at the factory, but too many people worked around there for that to help us any. She went away with her things in a trunk and a suitcase, and I didn't worry none about the suitcase—a guy could get rid of that; it turns out he hitched a weight to it and threw it in the river. But I thought a lot about the trunk. We couldn't find no trace of it.

"Then us cops had our piece of luck: that woman on the East Side come and told us she had the trunk. She'd read about Sophie in the newspapers. Doner and Sophie was 'going away' in Doner's car, and Doner told Sophie she couldn't take no trunk and Sophie didn't want to leave it at the place where she was rooming. So before she met Donor she left the trunk with that landlady that was a friend of hers on the East Eide and said that when she knew where she was going to be she'd send for it. Cops searched the trunk but there wasn't nothing in it to point out the guy we wanted."

"I begin to see through this," I stated.

"Yeah, sure. It's simple. The newspapers didn't print about us finding the trunk because they didn't take no interest. So then I had a hunch that it might solve the case for us. I asked them officers to leave it where it was. When Sophie met the guy she thought was going to marry her, she'd probably told him where she'd left her trunk. A thousand guys might be the one; we didn't know nothing about him. Sure. But only the right guy knew where the trunk was. I figured he had enough connection with that factory so he was keeping track of what us cops was doing in the case, because if one of them clothing workers knows something a hundred others know it within twenty minutes. So I thought up an act.

"I HAD a policewoman write that anonymous letter saying the trunk was on the East Side but not telling where, and we got the letter postmarked near the factory. Then I and you went to the factory like I was using the letter to try to trace the trunk. To make sure them clothing workers all took notice of our act, I and another cop put on a quarrel. We give out the idea that a woman who is in love always has something that would show who the guy is, and I questioned all them girls to make it plain that I expected to find that something in the trunk.

"Well, that shenanigan worked out the way we hoped. Doner come to the factory this afternoon and all them clothing workers was talking about the letter and the trunk. He had been worrying whether he had left some clue and this worried him some more, so he decided he had better find out if there was something in the trunk before we found it. Of course I and another cop had taken a room there and one of us was always waiting to see if the guy would come. We told the landlady to let anybody look at the trunk that wanted to, but to come and tell us he was doing it. So she didn't ask Doner no questions. After we pinched the guy we found a toy badge in his pocket that he meant to show her if he had to. He broke down at the station house and we got how this killing was."

"All very interesting," I reflected.

"Sure; but a cop has to think too much. They give me a little better than three grand a year and I got to think as much on this kind of case as would make a guy a million in some other business."

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Sunset Voyage

By Lawrence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

FOLLOWING the mysterious death of her father, after he is accused of being a Japanese agent, Dorothy Bonner disappears—then sails secretly from San Francisco on the Honolulu-bound Kumo-maru. She is accompanied by Charles Frayle, a young adventurer, with whom she and another passenger, General Rodriguez, are co-operating in an effort to sell the Japanese government enormous supplies of vanadium.

With orders to watch the girl and, if possible, bring the truth to light concerning the "Bonner case," Glen Larkin, a resourceful newspaper correspondent, is on board. Among those he finds of special interest are: William Cuttle, a detective from New York; Millicent Greeve, a flirtatious dipsomaniac; George Willowby; Jeremy Hood, a collector of Japanese prints; and a stowaway—Arthur Bonner, Dorothy's brother, who, because of an ugly past, has been unable to secure a passport.

A series of strange adventures and the deaths of the ship's doctor and Arthur Bonner (both of whom are murdered—or at least so Larkin suspects) convince the newspaperman that the ship is the focal center of a plot of far-reaching ramifications. As the Kumo-maru steams westward, he sees much of Dorothy Bonner; and presently they are in love with each other.

Unfortunately, Charles Frayle wants to marry the girl. He succeeds in convincing her that Larkin is merely using her to obtain material for sensational "stories." And she is furious—so furious that Larkin fears she may never speak to him again.

Unknown to Dorothy, Frayle (who professes to be interested in vanadium contracts only) is in possession of photostatic plans for the construction of a remarkable new antiaircraft gun. Through a Mr. Shima, who is on board, he is offering the plans to the Japanese military authorities for half a million yen!

Jeremy Hood sends for Larkin and makes a curious confession to him. He, Hood, he says, has a set of photostats (duplicates of Frayle's) which he had obtained from Arthur Bonner! Alone, in Hood's stateroom, Larkin examines the plans. Dorothy Bonner comes in. No longer angry, she informs him that an American firm has asked for a ten-year option on the vanadium in which she is interested.

Larkin tells her about the photostats. "Would you like to see them?" he asks. "I would," says the girl. "So would I," says a voice. And Charles Frayle, hands in pockets, steps in, jabs the door shut with one elbow.

IX

THERE was a long silence. Frayle sat down on General Rodriguez's berth, grinning with all his teeth and both dimples while his cold blue eyes flashed a message of smug triumph. Larkin could hear his wrist watch ticking away the seconds. He reached for a cigarette. Then he heard four knocks on his door—Jeremy Hood's knocks. He stood up.

"Nice of you folks to drop in," he said. "But I really must be going."

"Sit down," said Frayle quietly.

"I have an important engagement," said Larkin. "I—"

"See who's at the door, puss," said Frayle, nodding curtly to Dorothy.

The girl obeyed, as one mesmerized. She seemed unable to take her eyes from Frayle as she moved to the door, opened it.

"There's *no one* outside," she announced.

"Shut the door," Frayle ordered. "Lock it."

Again the girl obeyed.

"Look here, Frayle," Larkin began, "you can't—" He broke off suddenly. The long blue finger of an automatic gleamed wickedly in Frayle's hand.

"Sit down!" said Frayle.

The girl seemed to rouse momentarily from her state of hypnosis. She flung herself toward Frayle. He held her off with his left elbow.

"Charlie! What are you doing?" she cried.

"I'm getting you out of another mess, as usual," Frayle said. "You'd better sit down, too. Mr. Larkin was about to show us some photostats."

"Mr. Larkin has changed his mind." Lighting his cigarette, Larkin blew a smoke ring in Frayle's direction.

Frayle chuckled—and pushed off the safety of his automatic.

"He gives a grand show, puss," he said. "I can't really blame you for falling for it—at least once. But I'm a little disappointed that you were getting ready to take the bait a second time."

"But, Charlie, he says—"

"I heard what he said," Frayle interrupted. "He not only gave the tip-off for your arrest, but he's manufactured evidence to make the Bonner family out a bunch of crooks."

"The evidence was manufactured, all right," said Larkin, "but not by me. A Mr. Hans Schatzman of Baltimore can take the credit for that. And it doesn't concern the Bonner family exactly, Frayle. I think it might be a good idea for Dorothy to see those photostats, after all. They're in this brief case—"

"Keep your hands high, Larkin."

THE girl had already picked up the brief case from Larkin's side. She opened it, drew out the photostats. A peculiar look came into her eyes.

"Turn them over, Dot," Larkin said.

"Tear them up!" Frayle ordered. "Unless you want to be a fugitive for the rest of your life—from phony evidence."

"The evidence looks pretty genuine to me," Larkin said.

Dorothy glanced furtively at the backs of the photostats, then looked questioningly at Frayle.

"I wouldn't insist too much on having people believe your story, Larkin," Frayle said. "Because somebody might ask you to explain how it is that *you* happen to have property you said belonged to a dead man."

Instantly Dorothy Bonner tore the photostats in two, in four, in eight. She flung the pieces through the open porthole. The wind caught up the flickering flurry of paper, whirled it out of sight.

Larkin started to laugh softly.

"You're not as smart as I thought, Frayle," he said. "That was a perfect giveaway."

"Ah?"

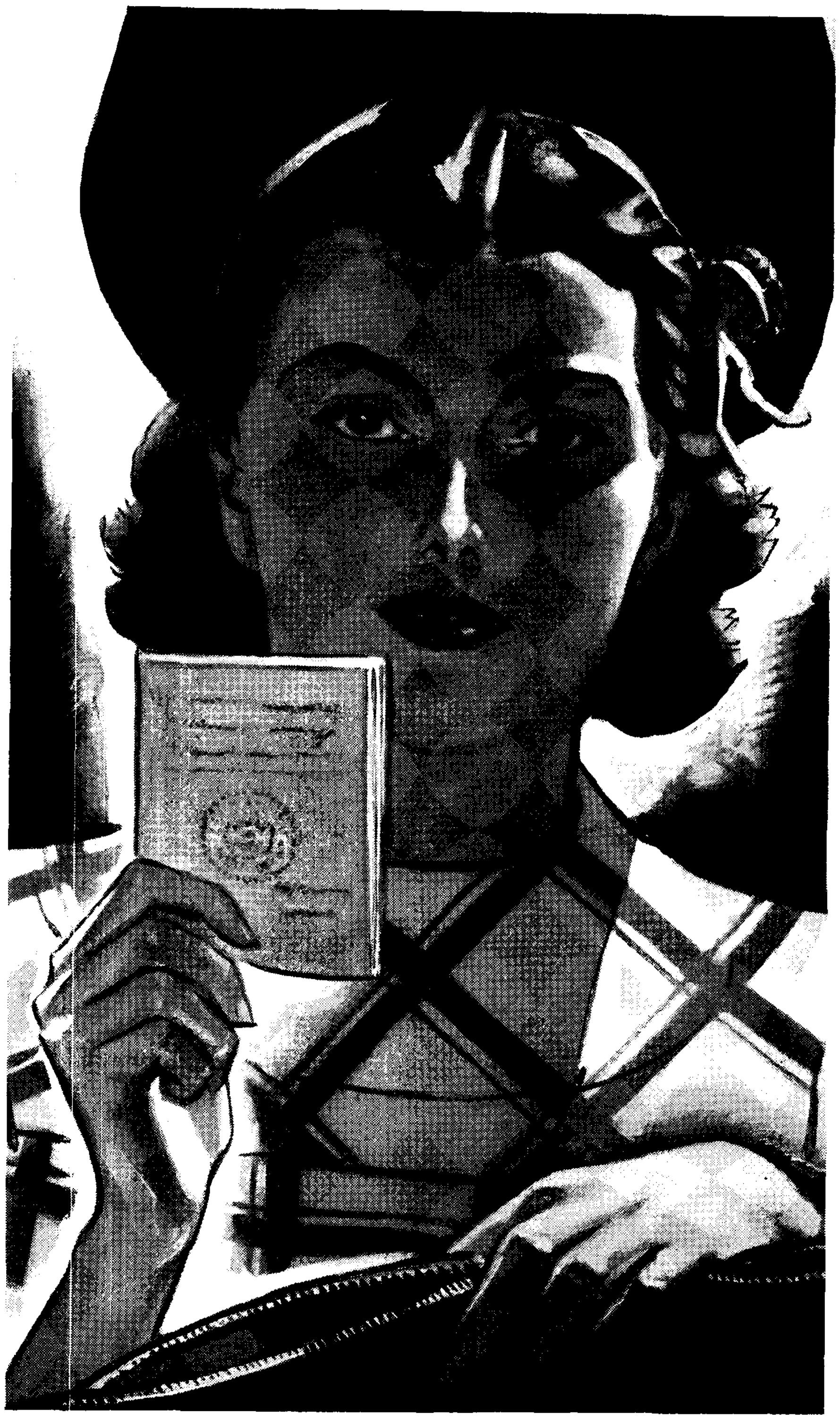
"You wouldn't have been in such a hurry to destroy those photostats unless you had another set," Larkin explained. "That makes you the *pickpocket who frisked my clothes while I was taking a bath the other evening.*"

Frayle put away his gun. He said: "You're boasting again, Larkin. Come on, puss. Let's get out of here."

The girl did not move. "I'm staying," she said.

"You'd better go, Dorothy," Larkin said.

The girl looked at him, her lips parted. The appeal in her eyes blurred to bewilderment, then hardened in defense.



Dorothy drew out the photostats. A peculiar look came in her eyes

"You're quite right," she said. She took Frayle's arm.

Larkin turned his back as the door closed. He slipped on a shirt and a white linen coat. It was only when he was ready to go to his rendezvous with Hood that he realized that the door was locked from the outside.

He rang for the steward. What the dickens was Frayle's idea in locking him in? he asked himself as he waited. He rang again—then leaned on the bell for a full minute.

Five minutes elapsed before Satō came to let him out.

HURRYING along the deck, Larkin saw William Cuttle eying him from the doorway of Stateroom "C." As Cuttle made no move to follow, he ducked into the second-class companionway, went down the stairs. He could hear Rosita's phonograph droning the nostalgic strains of *Las Mañanitas,* and stopped at the foot of the steps. Rosita and the three other bedizened protégées of Mrs. Greeve were sitting around the green baize table, but they did not see him. They were talking in Spanish to George Willowby, who likewise seemed too occupied to notice Larkin as he stood at the foot of the stairs.

Larkin sauntered into the corridor that led aft, then quickened his pace. The door to the steering-engine room was open. The shuddering deck danced under his feet to the rhythm of the churning propellers almost directly below. Opposite him the steering engine snorted steam, chugged five times in response to the distant controls of the helmsman far forward on the bridge. The rudder swung a few inches to starboard. In the center of the room stood the emergency handwheel, with its great spokes radiating beyond the wooden circle. There was a canvas cover over the emergency binnacle. But there was no sign of Jeremy Hood.

Larkin walked into the room. The steering engine chugged again. Chains rattled as the rudder arm moved far to port. Then Larkin saw Hood.

The wizened old man was lying on the deck behind the binnacle. His face was purple, and his eyes glazed and bulging.

Larkin dropped to his knees beside him, lowered his head to Hood's chest, seeking a heartbeat. There was none.

(Continued on page 69)

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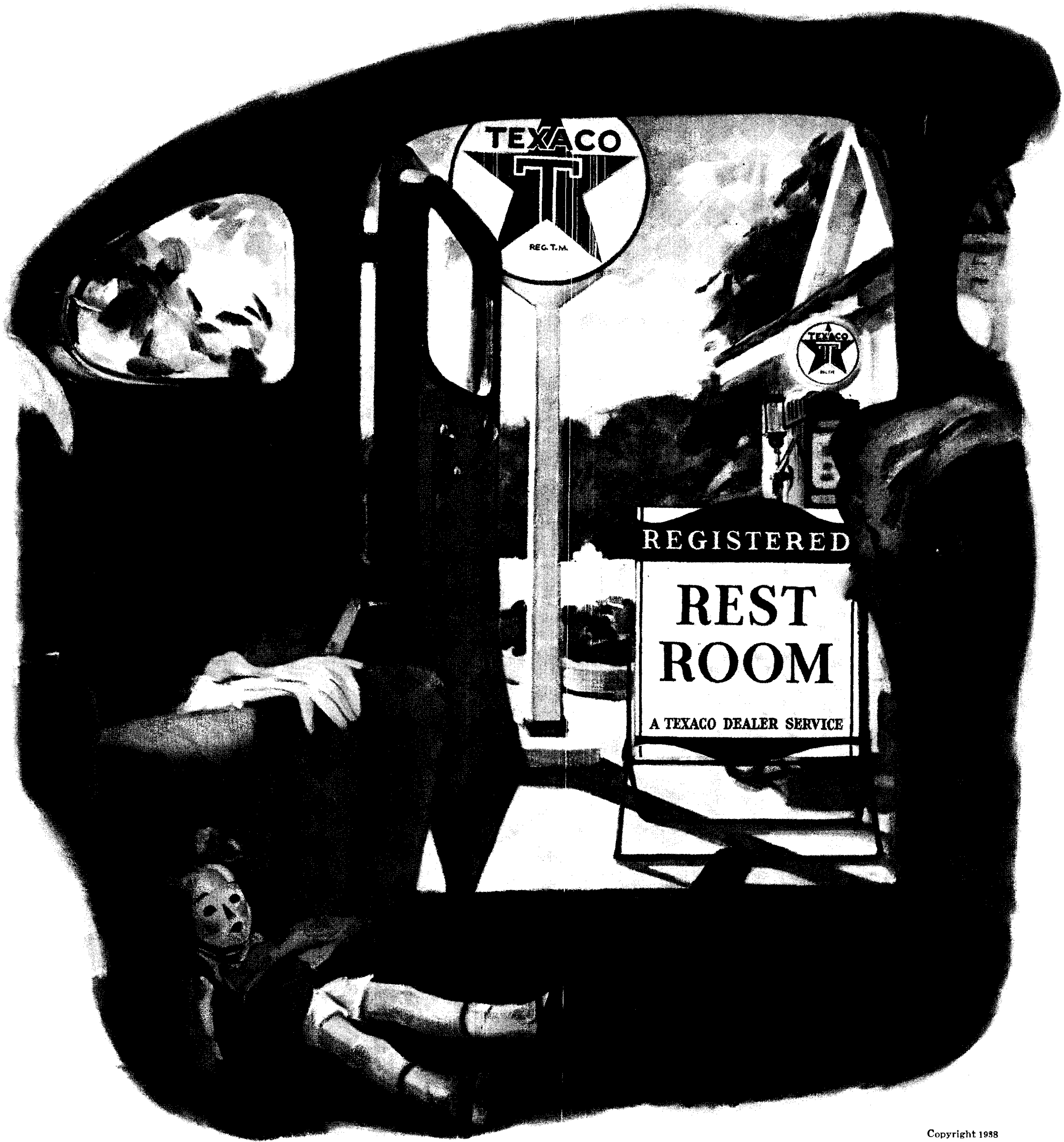
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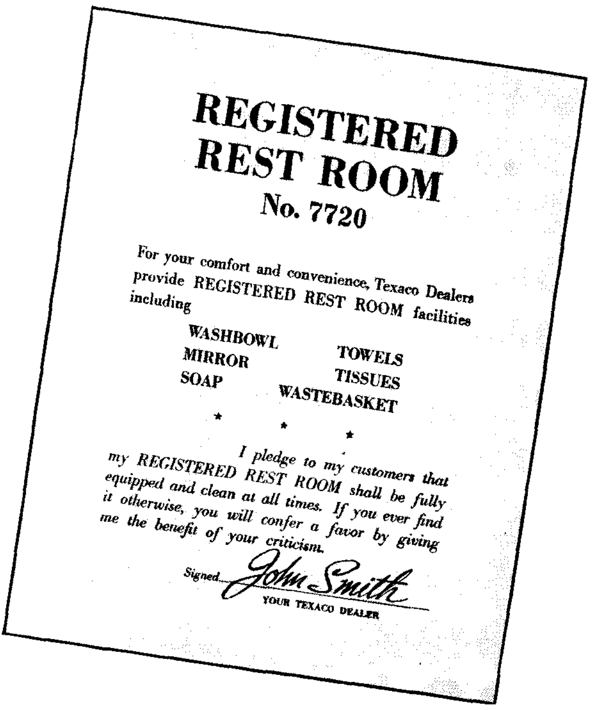

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Man in the Saddle

Continued from page 20

watched the girl's eyes widen with concern. "You see," said Sally, "I know how you feel, too."

Helen drew back, alarmed and turning color. "If you ever breathe—"

"Sometimes," murmured Sally in a softer voice, "I have thought—" But she suppressed whatever the thought was and faintly moved her shoulders. "Now, no matter what I say, back me up."

They went to the street, toward the store. Isberg was returning from the saloon and met them. Sally said:

"Irene Spaugh is coming in later. We had planned to meet her, but it's late—and I think Helen and I will stay over tonight at the hotel. You don't mind?"

He said, "No," civilly and clapped on his hat. From the porch of the store the women watched him ride out of town on the Skull road.

Helen murmured uneasily: "I don't feel right about it."

It was then early afternoon. Long later they ate in the hotel's dining room; when night swept in Sally Isberg turned her horse down Skull's road a mile or more to throw off the town's curious eyes, and turned south toward the Broken Buttes. Night lay solidly about, relieved only by the crystal wash of stars above. A small breeze brought on the desert's wild and stirring incense, and she was thinking—because Helen Tague had brought it back to her harder than she could ever admit—of a forbidden happiness: of Owen Merritt and herself.

MERRITT was on the porch of the Christmas Creek house, well to one side of the beam of light flowing through the doorway. George Vird, lost in gloomy silence, squatted on his heels against the wall, and Cultus Charley rattled around the kitchen, making his customary racket with the pots. The falls behind the house maintained a rustling sound that was pleasant to hear, and far off on the lower desert the light of Nan Melotte's cabin drilled a glittering point through the black. It was Vird, very sharp of ear, who heard the horse coming up the slope. He rose and put his back to the wall, murmuring to Owen: "Better kill that cigarette." Always a spooky man, he had grown more wary since the affair in Winnemucca, as Owen observed now. "You're on edge, George."

"I feel it," admitted Vird. "Close. Like a man feels a gun pointin' at him even when he can't see it." He stopped talking so that he might listen more carefully, afterward adding in a dull, dry voice: "Not that I give a damn about dyin'. Life ain't that valuable to me, or to any man. But when I go I figure to take company along. One horse yonder and a light rider."

They saw the silhouette of horse and rider against the shadows. For a moment Owen had a definite reaction of pleasure, believing it to be Nan. He stepped from the porch. When the rider called his name he stopped in his tracks and whirled around, throwing George Vird a warning altogether unnecessary: "You haven't seen anything, George." She came up and swung down and paused before him, and the little ease went out of the night. It had always been this way before, and was now—her presence reviving old memories, old hunger and a sense of incompleteness that would not let him alone.

He said, very slow with his words and very gentle: "Not a good place for you to be, Sally."

Her voice had a quick swing of melody, as though nothing had changed. "Is there anyone here I couldn't trust?"

Vird went into the house, closing the door and cutting off its light. A narrower glow came from the window, vaguely staining the dark; and that was all. Her presence here was strong and compelling, and the fragrance of her hair, so close she stood to him, had a way with his feelings. He said, "Sit down," and watched her turn and sink to the porch steps. This silence ran on, hard to break.

"Owen," she murmured, "what are you thinking?"

He said, brusque with his answer: "Things I shouldn't. You know that."

A long sigh came out of her. "I was afraid you would," she murmured. But then, because she was too straightforward to hide her thoughts, she immediately added in a low, faintly pleased tone: "And afraid you wouldn't, too."

"You had better make up your mind, Sally. You know where your bed is now."

She said, quickly and humbly: "I know—I know."

The old sense of irritation drove him on: "What was it you came here to say?"

"Owen," she said, "Fay Dutcher means to kill you."

"Is that all?"

She stood up. She stepped close to him, placing her hand on his shoulder. "Don't try to hurt me, Owen. Not now. I know more than you think I know."

He said: "What does Isberg say to that?"

She didn't answer immediately, but held her arm where it was, her fingers hanging to the cloth of his shirt. Her face was vague and white in the darkness; the fragrance of her hair drifted to him again. She said, more quietly: "I can't repeat the things my husband has said. You wouldn't want me to. But it is different with Dutcher. I have no reason for liking him. He's a dangerous man, Owen. Dangerous even for Skull, I think." She stopped and the long pause told him how difficult this was for her. Then she added: "I wish I could tell you the rest of it."

Merritt said: "The rest of it, Sally, is that Isberg agrees with Dutcher. We threshed that out in front of the hotel this afternoon. I have got my walking papers from him. I can sell him the ranch or I can make out my will."

HER tone was low and weighted with concern: "Owen—Owen!"

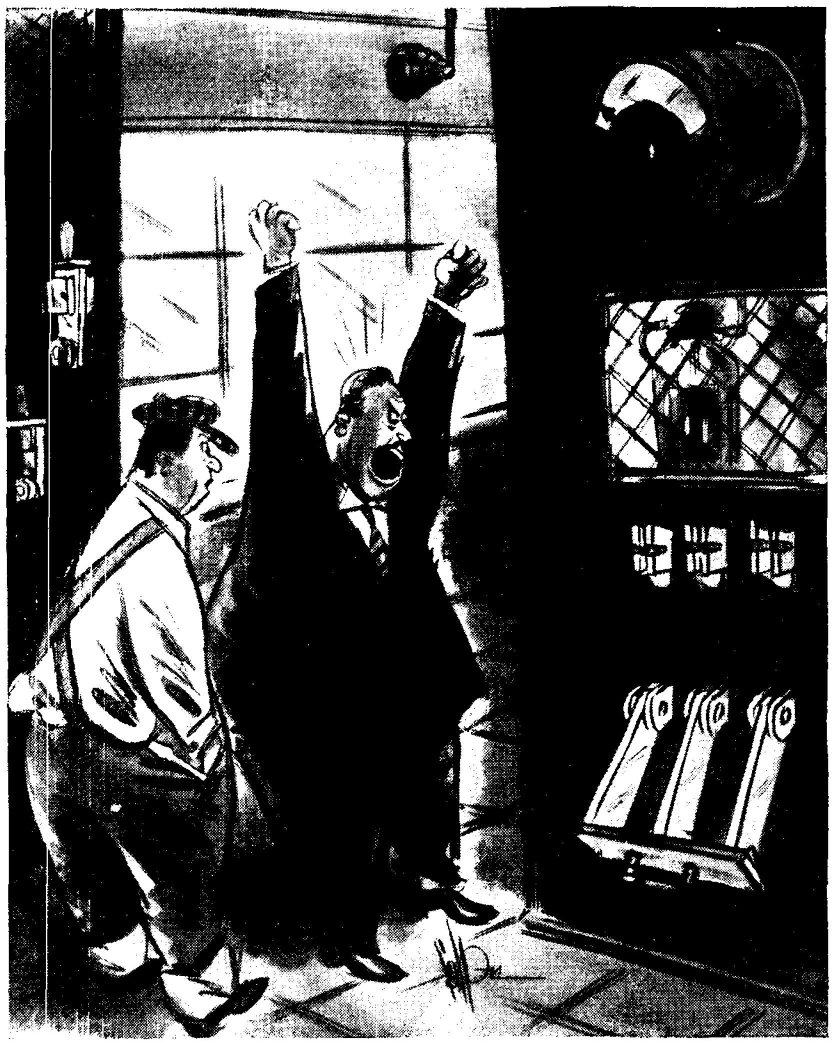
"What else would you expect? Skull's up against my fence and it won't stop there. I thought, one time, that maybe we could work it out without trouble. Since what happened in Winnemucca I know better."

"It isn't just a matter of land, Owen. It's Will—the way he feels about you. He keeps remembering—"

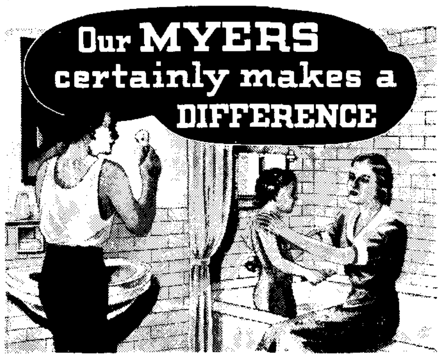
He waited for the rest of it, and afterward prompted her: "What, Sally?"

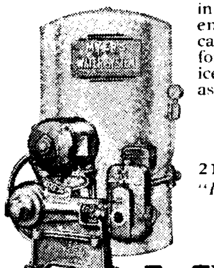
What impelled her to finish the sentence was an utter honesty that now, as in times past, had made her so desirable to him. There was no evasion in this girl. "He keeps remembering," she went on, so slowly, "that you once were first. His pride is so terribly strong. It makes him wonder now if I still feel about you as I did."

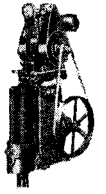
In a calmer moment, in a more clear-sighted moment, he would never have asked the question he did now. Her



"So that's the main switch! Ye gods, we've been off the air for the past two years!" NORMAN FALLON







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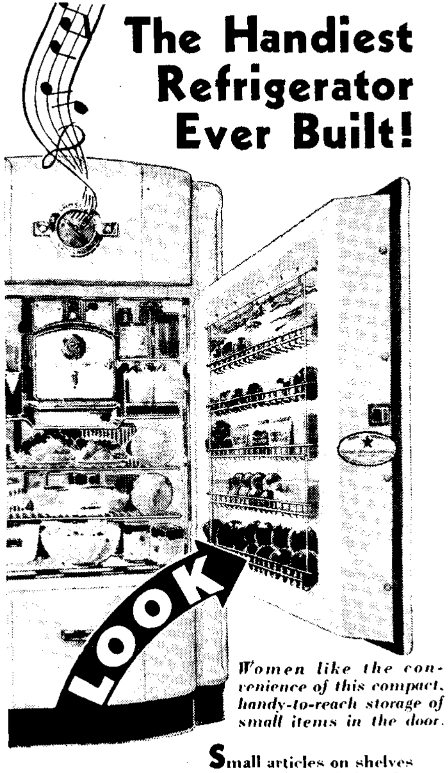

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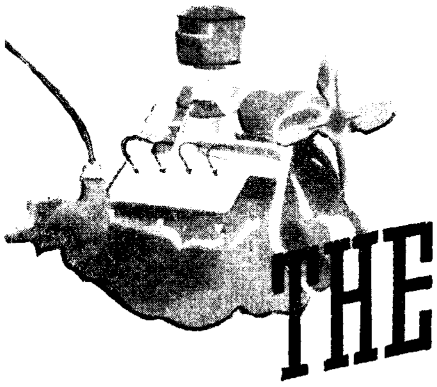

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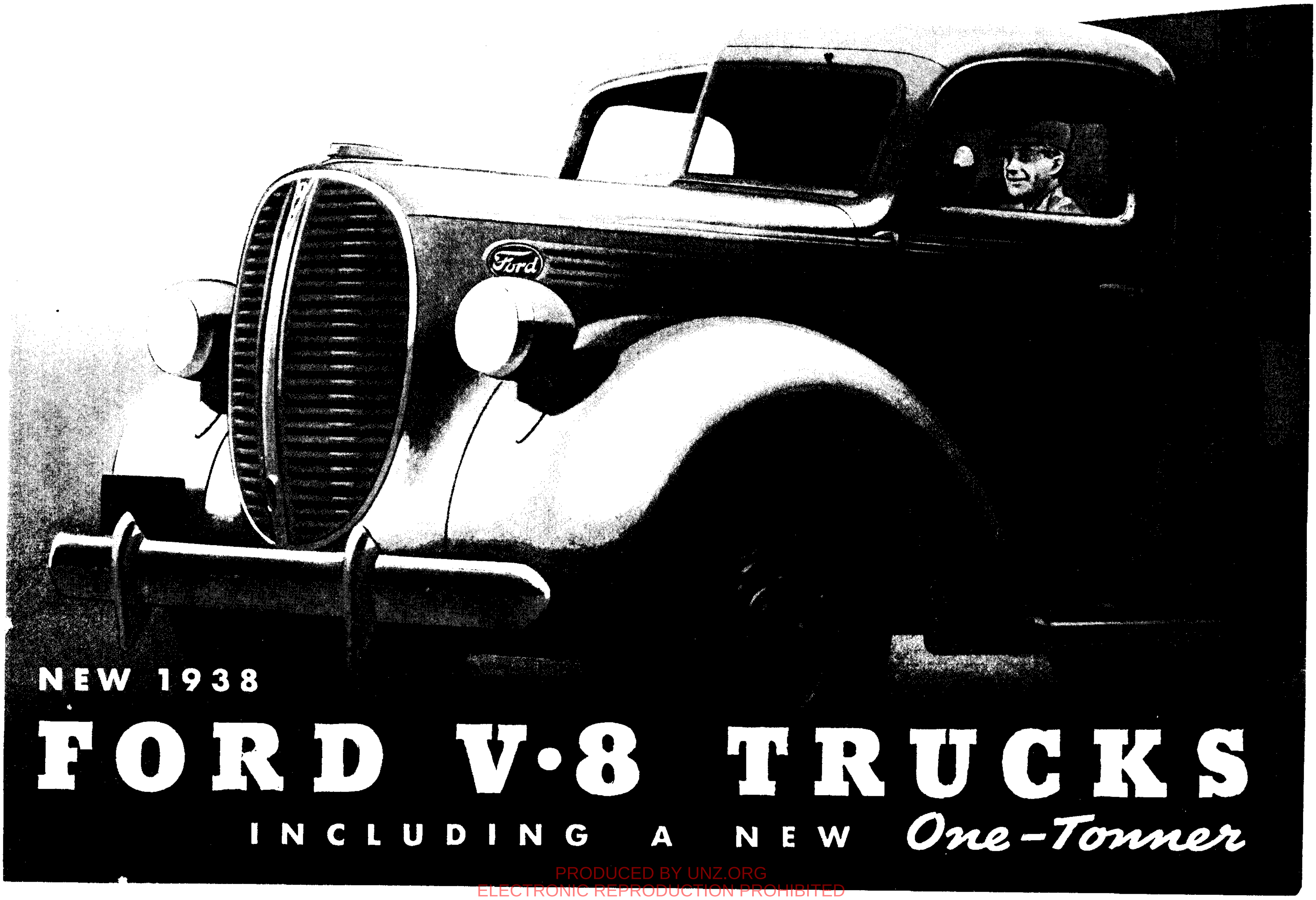

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presence caused him to say: "Do you, Sally?"

She was very near to him, so near that he saw the change on her pale, shining face. She was not a girl to cry or give way; she was stronger than that. Yet she was a thorough woman, with a woman's dreams and desires making riot in her; they showed through on her lips. This was what he saw, and this was what made him reach out and seize her and draw her to him. He had his kiss, and felt her arms push him away. He stepped back, hearing the uneven rush of her breathing.

"Owen," she cried, "don't! You make me feel dirty; you make me feel so ashamed."

"Maybe," he said dismally, "you'll remember what I told you the night you were married."

She flung her protest at him: "You could have had your way that night. If you'd wanted me—if you'd only said it—I would have gone down those side stairs with you. You knew it, too! But you spoke as though you hated me. Why, Owen? Why?"

"Because," he said, "you had made up your mind the other way. Half a woman isn't enough, Sally."

HER voice diminished to a throaty whisper: "I wish you had known how tired I was of making up my own mind." This was her moment of weakness. Afterward her will came back. It pulled her together. "Listen, Owen, you have never really known why I married Will. I never said I loved him. He knows that. But there's my father, a shiftless liar and a panhandler. There's my brother, a thief. Will knows it, for Dutcher caught Starr a few months ago. Do you know how hard pride can be? I grew up hating my family, and I made up my mind I'd make myself into something, no matter what it cost. I told Will this. He knew what he was getting, and what he wasn't getting. I'll keep my bargain. But, Owen, I wish you'd sell out to him and leave. Dutcher is too dangerous—"

"Dutcher?" he said.

"All right, it is Will I mean. There are many fine things about him, but Skull is his whole life. And even if he wished, I don't think he could keep Dutcher from hurting you. Why don't you sell out to Will, and go over to East Desert?"

He said, "No, Sally."

Her breath drew in and went out as a long, long sigh. Her shoulders dropped and she murmured, "All right," and moved past him to her horse. . . .

She had made the trip without trouble, and thought that the night protected her. In this she was mistaken, for in passing the mouth of the gulch she had been very close to Hugh Clagg, who stood slightly back in the gulch's shelter. He had seen her and recognized her in the darkness.

AFTER Sally's departure George Vird rode in from the rear of the ranch. He said to Merritt, "Going back of the north fork. Can't sleep and might as well be doing something."

"Better let it go. Skull's got cattle in there, just over the fence. You might run into somebody."

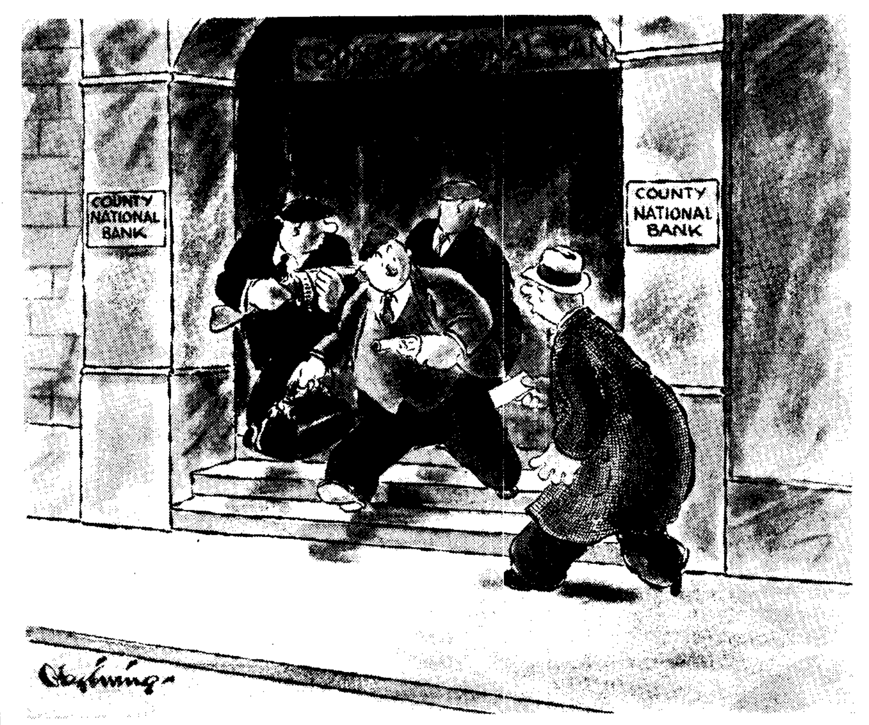
"I wouldn't mind that," grunted Vird, and wheeled away.

Merritt built himself another smoke, aware of the loneliness of these hills. It was a queer thing, for this was a land he knew as a man might know the pages of an oft-read book; its covert places, its silence and sunlit spots and deep ravines, its mystery. He loved it and was at home in it. Yet tonight the stirring of Cultus Charley in the kitchen was a single sound accenting emptiness. It bothered him, it turned him restless, and when his glance came about to Nan Melotte's far-shining cabin light he made up his mind without second thought, went in to get the roll of gingham he had bought in Winnemucca and strolled to the gelding. Half an hour later he knocked on Nan Melotte's door.

He heard her come across the room and stop a moment, and this pause made him think of the cabin's isolated position and of the risks any woman took in living alone on the mysterious Piute. A moment later the latch turned and the door was open and he saw her grave face show a fleeting expression—a lightening and a softening. It passed over her features and went away, leaving her sober again.

She stepped aside, saying, "Come in," and closed the door behind him. In the middle of the room he turned about and found her with her back against the door, her hands placed behind her. She was a dark and silent girl and it was hard to know what lay behind that composure, whether it was indifference or speculation or some other feeling closely guarded.

He felt better for coming, he felt eased by the cabin's warmth and by her pres-



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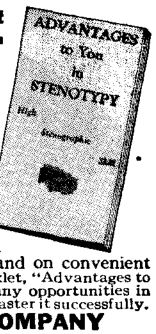

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ence. He said: "My house is empty and I'm just ridin' around, making poor company for myself."

Her voice was steady and soft and pleasant to hear. "I know how that goes. But I hadn't thought you'd ever feel it."

"Why not?"

She shrugged her shoulders, and he remembered that this was her way of explaining or dismissing many things; she had the trick of using her hands and her body to fill in the meaning of her words. "You are pretty self-sufficient. And always very active. Sit down."

He said, "Is it all right?"

She said, instant and direct: "Why not, Owen?"

He remembered the package he carried and laid it on the table, and sat down, his long shape sprawling in the chair. She said: "I didn't think you'd remember to get that, after what happened in Winnemucca."

"How did that news get here?"

"It's all over the hills." She remained by the door, watching the way ease went over his muscles, relaxing them. Then she said, "Wait," and went into the adjoining kitchen.

HE PUT his head against the chair's back and closed his eyes, listening to the tap of her shoes along the floor. Comfort loosened him; a sense of pleasure ran through him. Listening, he heard no sound in the outer night, and at once his thinking carried him straight back to Will Isberg. When, ten minutes later, Nan Melotte came in from the kitchen with a cup of coffee, she found him crouched forward in the chair, his long arms lying across his knees. He had rolled up a cigarette. Its smoke trailed over his face and a single crease tracked across his forehead.

She handed him the coffee and stood in front of him putting her arms behind her. There were little things about this man she kept observing. He had wrists almost as broad as his hands, with a white scar cutting across one of them. She said: "Owen, don't ride so much alone."

He put the cup on the table, and rose. "Maybe," he said, "you know something that I haven't caught."

"I know what's ahead of you."

He watched her, he was increasingly aware of her. She was smart and she was quick-eyed. He said so. "You don't miss much, Nan."

"Listen," she said, "Skull is on one side of you and Hugh Clagg is on the other. You're going to fight. I saw that on your face just a moment ago. Is it so hard to guess? What else can you do? You won't be left alone. Tonight, or tomorrow—or someday—they'll come after you. I don't—"

He said after a while, "What?"

Her voice dropped. "I don't see how you'll do it." She gave him a long, direct glance. "You could do it the easy way, Owen. You could leave. But you won't. I know."

He said, "I guess not." He was at the door, his hand on the knob. She said, "Wait," and went to the table. "You're thinking mostly of Skull. But don't forget Hugh Clagg. If—"

She stopped and after a while shrugged her shoulders. "Good night," she murmured, and blew out the lamp.

He called, in the darkness, "Nan, you sure you're all right in this place?"

Her answer to that was rather odd. She said, more quickly than before: "Good night, Owen."

He thought about that, and put the thought aside. Opening the door he stepped to his horse and struck across the flats. At the base of the hills he looked back to see her light shining through a window.

After the sound of Sally Isberg's fast-traveling horse faded in the distance, Hugh Clagg turned up the slope of the Bunchgrass Hills, thinking to catch Dutcher at Corral Flat, which was where Skull's foreman could usually be found. Following the cut-bank of Christmas Creek, Clagg reached the bench near Owen Merritt's ranch. He had, at the moment, no definite idea, but curiosity caused him to drift in toward the ranch until he was scarcely more than two hundred yards from the front door. Here he stopped, observing Owen Merritt swing around the yard into the beam of light coming through the open door, speak to Cultus Charley and presently travel down the slope. In a moment darkness absorbed him.

Clagg was a man with a deep streak of curiosity. It impelled him to keep drifting along the creek, still nearer the house, until he reached a point from which he might look directly into the lighted kitchen. The kitchen was empty, but while he watched, a shape momentarily blocked out the doorway's light, causing Clagg to back his horse away. Cultus Charley's voice ran out through the night at him: "Who there?"

Clagg wheeled and drifted into the hillside, followed by Charley's repeated call, "Who there?" He cut into the trail and started climbing toward Corral Flat. He was amused by the Indian's nervous voice and he chuckled to himself, murmuring: "That's turning the thing about—white man huntin' an Indian." But the humor didn't last long. A new thought stopped him and turned him and sent him back along the trail at a gallop. What was Merritt doing out there on the flats of the Piute?

This was Hugh Clagg, a man with quick and restless nerves and no solid bottom. Impulsive, quick to change from hot anger to laughter and back again, few things held his mind steady. His temper could swing to startling extremes in the space of a long-drawn breath, from tolerance to the compulsions of thorough brutality. A word could soothe him or a word could set him afire; such was the way his tremendous egotism jerked him about. If there was any dominating thing in a life as impermanent as a shadow on the earth it was a consistent jealousy of Owen Merritt, who in almost every respect was his opposite. For Hugh Clagg was a man cursed with the ability to recognize his own weaknesses; and so he hated Owen Merritt, who seemed to be all that he, Hugh Clagg, was not.

THIS was the reason he went pounding down the long slope of the hills into the Piute again. Halfway to Nan Melotte's cabin he saw light flood through her opening door. He knew then it was Merritt who had gone into the cabin. And paused near the place, Hugh Clagg waited out a long half hour, nursing almost ungovernable impulses. Nothing kept him from putting a shot through the window but Nan's presence. When the light died in the cabin Hugh Clagg literally ground his teeth together and started on at a dead run. But a natural slyness soon stopped him, and presently he listened to Merritt's retreating echoes. For a moment he had the strong urge to follow Merritt, to close in and make a quarrel of it. What changed his mind was the appearance of light again from Nan's cabin. He went up to the place, dropped out of the saddle, and knocked.

It was a long minute or more before she opened the door—and he saw the surprise and half fear on her face. It was a comfort to him to know that he could make this girl show that concern; it soothed his vanity a little as he stepped through the door and shut it. He said, in a swift, grating way:

"That's a hell of a thing for you to be doing, Nan!"

He had rust-red hair and blue eyes

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below sun-bleached eyebrows. His face was rather long, sharpening his chin and nose; and a constantly plainer jealousy kept changing the set of his cheeks. Nan knew how dangerous Hugh Clagg's temper could be, and was never certain of the way he looked at her, and never felt safe when he visited her. But she let none of this show, she presented him an unstirred countenance.

"Why not, Hugh?"

"Nan! You're alone out here. It's a bad thing—"

She understood the way to handle him. "I trust Owen," she said evenly. "Just as I trust you."

Change went over him swiftly. Her words had that effect on his pride. He said, "Sure," grudgingly. "Sure you do. But it's a bad thing to let men in this place at night."

"You're here, Hugh."

"Yeah," he said, and drew a long, long breath. "Why not? Did I ever do anything that wasn't right?" He was fair-skinned and quick to flush up. A blood vein showed its heavy track on his forehead. There was a note in his talk, a little wild, a little overinsistent. "If I thought you gave Merritt much of a show, I'd—" He cut it off. He looked at her, the hazel light in his eyes bright and bold. "Don't give that man any rope. You hear?"

"Why are you riding around here tonight, Hugh?"

He said, at once cautious: "Just riding." But his fast-changing thoughts veered to something else and he was smiling in a gray, ironic way. "Maybe you'd like to know that Sally came down from his ranch about an hour ago. Just before he came here."

He had quick eyes, and noticed the instant shading on her face. Her lips tightened, her breathing grew deeper. "Hugh," she said, "what are you up to?"

"Never mind," he said, irritated again. "You keep him out. One woman's enough for Owen Merritt. Maybe Isberg would like to know that. Merritt must figure Isberg for a fool, and that's about the biggest mistake Owen Merritt will ever make. Thinking so."

She said in soft-voiced prompting: "How, Hugh? What will Isberg do?"

He gave her a slanting, bright glance. He had at once turned smart and mysterious. "Maybe you're curious. I wouldn't be curious, Nan."

"It's time for you to go, Hugh."

He said: "There's a dance in town Saturday night."

She watched the way he considered her, and was afraid again. The man's assurance held something on the faint edge of danger; in the corners of his eyes—as she delayed her answer—the bright suspicion began to grow. He had a possessiveness she couldn't manage. So she said: "Maybe, Hugh."

THE faint lines loosened away from his mouth and his confidence somersaulted up into a broad grin. "Fine," he said. "Fine!" But it carried him on, so odd and so unstable were his emotions, to an intemperate outburst. "Nan, why don't you smile at a man? Here I am—and what's the matter with me? I'd tear off my arms, I'd burn The Wells down to ashes if you'd want it! My God, you don't know what I feel! Sometimes I've come out of those hills after dark and stood yonder—just watchin' your light. Sometimes I've come close to your door. Maybe it's been a good thing, those times, you had the door barred. I'm honest—I'm telling you how it is. But I'd do anything—anything! Honey, is there a chance for a man?"

She said, her calmness covering quicker fear: "Time to go, Hugh."

That outburst, so startling, so passionate, had brought the ruddy color heavily to his face, it had drawn a fine glitter of sweat to his forehead. Wildness lay in his eyes, clear to see; and for this moment he was suspended on the very edge of rash desire. The silence got deeper and she heard the run of his breathing and saw the tightness in his shoulder muscles, as though he meant to jump at her. It was that near. She said again, her tone like the cool strike of silver on crystal, "Good night, Hugh."

He could be swayed by the tone of anybody's voice. And this swayed him. His head, held high and stiff, dropped a little and he shrugged his shoulders and said with a dry, faintly shamed amusement: "I guess maybe I'd better."

She stood entirely motionless, afraid to make any gesture that would rouse him again, and watched him go out. After the door closed she went swiftly to it, drawing the bar, quietly so that he wouldn't hear how soon she had done it; and put her back to it, turned weak by the scene.

MERRITT had been quite tired earlier in the evening, but now the chill of the night whipped him wide awake. When he reached home he found Cultus Charley squatting in the yard. All the lights of the house were out.

Merritt said: "George come home?"

"Not here. You ride by here maybe one hour back?"

"Not me."

Cultus Charley's head bobbed in the darkness. "Somebody he ride over there an' stop—and go up trail around falls. Same way George go."

Merritt had dropped from the saddle. He climbed into it again. "I'll go that way."

Cultus Charley grumbled: "Everybody go. I always stay. Damn' place."

"Spooky, Cultus?"

Cultus Charley was an old Indian with a long memory. "Like long time ago when Chief Egan come through here with his warriors. Bad feeling. Same as now. I hear trees talk. I hear water talk. Not good."

Merritt said, "You quit drinkin' that vanilla extract, Cultus," and trotted from the yard. A short bridge bore him across the creek pool. Beyond the pool the trail ran steeply around the falls into the pines. Darkness here was like the darkness of deep water. The grade continued for a mile or so, underneath the steady rustle of wind in the pine tops. After that a meadow of yellow grasses showed a faint ghost glow on the earth. Beyond this the forest crowded the trail again.

The meadow marked the northern edge of his land and the beginning of what had been Pay Lankershim's graze but was now Skull's. Here he stopped, listening carefully into the night for the sound of travel. Corral Flat, which was where Skull kept a chuck wagon crew the year around, was about four miles ahead—far beyond any reasonable trip for Vird. Yet he recalled Vird's words earlier in the evening and wasn't satisfied. The man had been jumpy since Winnemucca, and in bad temper, and it would be like him to go prowling for trouble.

He went on with a greater care and a greater worry. Skull patrolled its land pretty thoroughly and no doubt there'd be riders somewhere along this stretch—riders who made short work of those who trespassed. As with Juke Slover. Now and then in the perfect black, he came to forks in the trail and chose his fork from memory; and kept on.

Slover, he recalled, had been a laughing young man, full of hell and fun. The three of them, Slover and Bourke Prine and he had made many a campfire in the Bunchgrass Hills. High up in the Broken Buttes they had shaken night's frost out of their blankets to watch sunrise break like fire across East Desert. A lot of riding and a lot of laughter. Now Juke was dead and Skull's line

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came up against Christmas Creek, and he knew in his heart his own careless life was gone. Dutcher would never let him alone, and Will Isberg would never rest.

Owen Merritt hated to come to hard and fast decisions. This land was pleasant for a man who liked to cruise the deep, high hills—to hear the owl hoot by night, to see the red heart of the campfire deepen and die, to watch antelopes scudding in fluid motion across the distant dry lake beds. To live and let live and feel the wine of freedom sink deep into a man's bones. A little money was enough and a few cows were enough; and for the rest the trails beckoned and of a Saturday night town was not far away. He knew his weakness, which was to drift. This was what Sally Isberg had told him; this was why Bourke Prine kept beating at him with hard, violent words, trying to rouse him. So now, Juke was dead and Sally was lost, and Skull pressed against his fence; and the good days were gone.

In Winnemucca he discovered that he could stand under fire; and in Winnemucca some sense of security left him everlastingly. Leaving that saloon he had known he would fight. Yet he had not told Bourke of this, for his thoughts kept reaching far ahead and seeing things Bourke had not yet seen. If he fought it would be to stay alive; and he could not stay alive as long as Dutcher and Isberg remained on Skull. So, to stay alive he had to ruin Skull. It made an outlaw out of him, it spoiled Sally's life, and maybe it put Mark Medary on his trail So—

THE gelding stopped short, its muscles bunching; it let out a trumpeting breath and catwalked nervously in the dust. Ahead, a vague shadow appeared in the night's blackness; the vaguest of shadows, at once defined by a whinny. Merritt flattened against the gelding, reaching for his gun. He slid off the gelding. He said: "Who's that?"

The yonder horse whinnied again. Night's wind got colder and the rustling echoes up in the trees strengthened. Squatted against the earth, he caught a slanting silhouette of the horse against the pale-black sky, but observed no rider. Rising, he clucked his tongue gently and shifted nearer the adjoining trees. The horse moved toward the gelding.

There was this long, risky moment in which all the sounds of the night came in with a gathering completeness—a continuous wash and scrape and snap and murmur. Merritt said, "Steady—steady." He reached forward, catching the horse by the bridle. He moved against the horse, making a shield for himself, his palm touching a hide that held only a faint warmth, so telling him that the animal had been standing here quite a while. Shoving his hand back to the beast's hind quarter he traced its brand with the point of his finger.

What he discovered brought along an actual shock. He went around the horse, still holding his gun against the impenetrable night, continuing up the trail. He had not gone three yards when the toe of his boot pressed into something that yielded, softly and terribly, to his weight. He jumped back. Sweat cracked through his forehead, and his nerves began to move and the pit of his belly tightened. Dropped on his knees, he reached for a match, raked it along the barrel of the revolver and made a downward cup of his hand. The light burst into the black violently enough to have almost the quality of sound; and threw its oil-yellow glow upon the shape of George Vird on the trail. George lay on his stomach, both arms stretched forward and one of them still holding a gun; his face was tipped so that Merritt saw a final composure engraved on the waxen skin. This was all, this one moment. Merritt whipped out the light and drew back; waiting. The flare of that match had been bright enough to draw down the whole hills, or so it seemed; and he kept waiting for trouble to break.

But afterward the rustling silence ran on and then he knew that George Vird had been dead a good hour and that Skull's riders had long since ridden away.

For it would be Skull's riders. As he stood there, he knew that with as much certainty as he knew anything in life. Skull, jealous of every acre it owned, had put its patrols out on this trail and Vird had run into them. For a moment he had one clear impulse, which was to ride on to Corral Flat, where they would be camped. But he held himself still, and let the first hot fury pass away. There would be plenty of sign on the soft dirt, which he wanted to see before he moved ahead.

He put away his gun and bent down to his foreman. He had a bad quarter hour lifting Vird onto the waiting horse. He put Vird across the saddle and shook out the rope hanging to the saddle thong, and made a few quick ties, speaking to the uneasy pony. "So, Babe, so." Stepping into his own saddle he turned back to Christmas Creek with the other horse in tow.

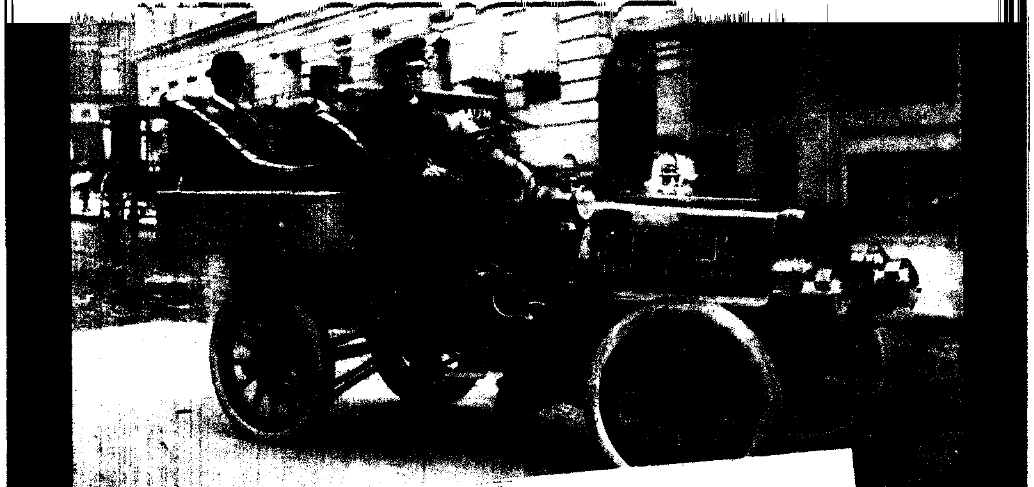
It was a long, long ride. When he came down by the falls into his own dark yard, he had searched his mind with a completeness that left nothing behind. It was like going through an empty house, looking into cupboards and closets and locking the windows, and at last turning a key in the door. Nothing remained. There wasn't anything to hold him. So he came into the yard, calling: "Charley—light a lamp."

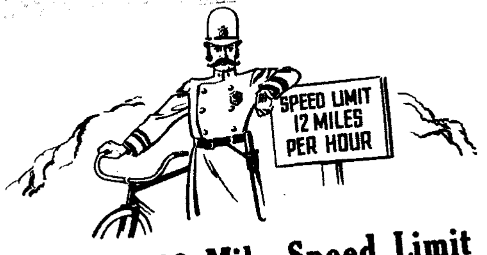
He had no answer. He said, more impatiently, "Charley, where the hell are you?" and got down. He went into the house, he lighted a lamp and traveled back to the kitchen. He went from the kitchen to the side room, which was the Indian's. The blankets were gone from the bed and Charley's handful of little possessions removed from the washstand. Merritt left the house, forgetting for a moment that the lamp he carried made a fine target in pit-black shadows. The tan horse was missing from the barn. Charley's bridle and saddle had been taken.

Halfway back across the yard it occurred to him to blow out the lamp. He walked around the house and stopped at the edge of the porch. The sky showed its vague star-glitter and wind breathed out of the south, colder and colder. Far away on the flat he saw Nan Melotte's light wink two or three times, as though somebody had passed across its beam. George Vird was dead and Cultus Charley, turned spooky, had gone from the ranch for good. And here he stood, waiting daylight to take up the trail.

MERRITT drove a flat-bed wagon into The Wells around twelve o'clock that night, with the gelding tied behind. A single point of light showed from a second-story window in the hotel; otherwise the town was asleep and darkness solidly crowded the street. He put the wagon against Luke Gilder's harness shop and walked down a narrow alley and kicked his boot against the shop's back door. Luke was, among other things, coroner and undertaker, and accustomed to midnight calls like this. He took his own good time opening up. He had put on a pair of pants and shoes and the lantern he held up showed the tangle of his gray hair, the taciturn sleepiness of his eyes.

"Come around front," said Merritt, and went back to the wagon. While he waited there, hearing Gilder kick his way through the shop, he rolled a cigarette and lighted it, and listened to the shuffle and stamp of restless horses in M'Garrick's stable at the far end of





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town. It was that still in The Wells. Still and cold and black. Gilder emerged from the front door of the shop and ducked the lantern into the wagon box and saw George Vird's palely composed face above the edge of the blankets. It was a pretty familiar sight to Gilder. All he said was: "When did this happen, Owen?"

"Three hours ago. Medary in town?"

"Yeah."

Merritt's boots raked hollow echoes out of the loose boards as he walked, those echoes traveling over the street and coming back to him until it sounded as though two men tramped through the midnight. At the courthouse, which was a single-story house running back from the street like a shed, he turned to the rear jail office. The door was ajar but Merritt hit it twice with the flat of his hand, calling, "Medary." The sheriff's voice came right back to him, "All right."

When he came out a few minutes later he said: "Was that you driving a wagon into town?"

Merritt nodded and the two of them went back to the wagon. Luke Gilder hadn't done anything; he slouched against the wagon box while the sheriff looked at George Vird. Medary said: "When was this, Owen?"

"I found him up on the trail behind my house about ten o'clock."

The sheriff put both hands on the edge of the wagon box. Gilder's lantern played a yellow light on Vird's face, showing its established gravity. The sheriff said nothing for a little while, seeming to wait for Merritt to finish the explanation. When it didn't come, he asked: "That all?"

"You figure out the rest of it. What the hell are we waiting here for?" He moved around and let down the tail gate. The three of them took Vird into Gilder's shop, into a small side room, and laid him on a bench. Medary and Gilder moved back into the main part of the harness shop, but Merritt stood over the bench a long while, trying to make up his mind about that grayly definite composure on Vird's cheeks. The longer he looked the more it struck him that Vird seemed younger than before and less careworn. He reached down and smoothed the man's hair back and drew the blanket over his face and left the little room, pulling the door behind him.

"Gilder," he said, "do me a favor. You take care of George. I won't be here the next few days."

Gilder said, almost indifferently, "Sure."

MERRITT and the sheriff went out to the walk. Medary noticed the gelding tied behind the wagon. "What's that for, Owen?"

Merritt had his own question to ask: "What are you going to do about Juke Slover, Mark?"

"What can a man do? It would be a wild-goose chase. I don't know who did it—and I'd have a hell of a time finding out."

"Figure to do anything about Lee Repp?"

The sheriff didn't answer that one quite so soon. Gilder had closed his door against the cold night air, but his light came through the front window and by this shining Merritt had some view of the sheriff's face. Medary said finally, and with a considerable reluctance: "Not unless I'm pushed to it, Owen."

"Who'd push you to it?"

"You're not that foolish, Owen. You know who would."

"Well, suppose he did? What would you do?"

"I'd have to think about that," answered Medary quite slowly.

Merritt dragged cigarette smoke into his mouth, watching the pressure change the cast of the sheriff's face, watching reserve come there. Medary was under strain; something made him cautious. This was what Merritt felt and he knew then he could put no trust in Medary. He said: "So that's it?"

"Which is what?" spoke up Medary, quick to catch the tone.

"Never mind." Merritt climbed to the wagon's seat and kicked off the brake.

"Owen," called the sheriff, "don't be too sure about that. But if I were you I'd raise a lot of dust between me and this country before morning. You can't beat Isberg."

"Why can't I?"

MERRITT drove down to M'Garrick's stable. He unhitched in the runway, stalled the horses and led the saddled gelding back to Shannon's store. Medary's light was still on. Medary would be watching him from the jail office. For his own part he had sounded out the sheriff deliberately and the sheriff's answers had helped him to make up his mind. He was pretty close to being a man on the dodge and had to know who his friends were. Medary wasn't one of them.

He kicked on Shannon's door and stood back and yelled to the second-story window: "Shannon." The echo knocked around the cold black silence. It made a great racket. The upper window squealed open and Shannon called gloomily, "Go on home, you damn' drunk. Who's there?"

"Open up."

"Merritt? Wait a minute."

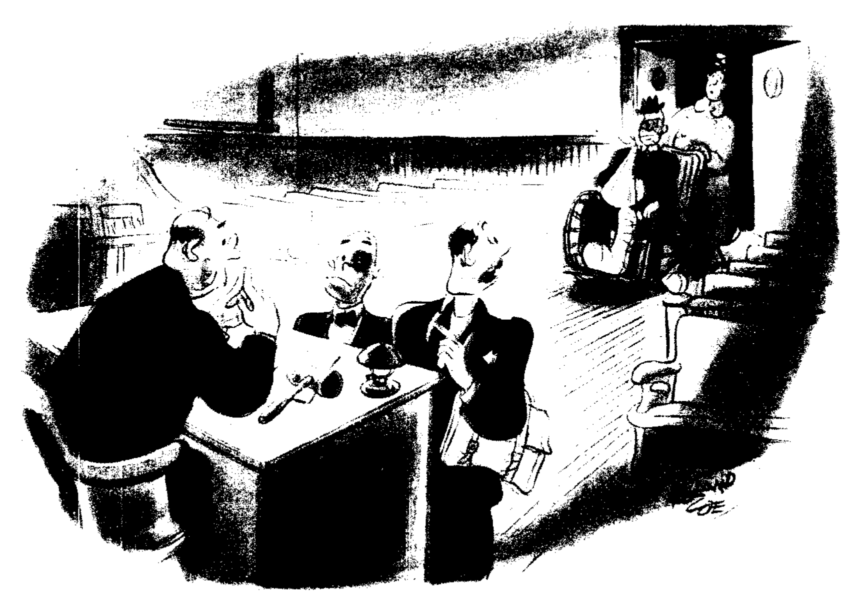
When he came down Merritt went in, got half a side of bacon and a package of ground coffee. He took several boxes of cartridges for the Winchester and for his .44. Shannon was an old-timer and knew the country inside out, and the ways of men. He shook his head rather sadly. "It's too bad."

Merritt was on his way out. But he stopped and turned to ask a question: "What do you think of Isberg now, Shannon?"

Shannon again shook his head, caught by the same set of circumstances now controlling Medary. Shannon made his money largely from Skull, and could not afford to speak, and Medary held his office because of Skull and the other great ranches in the county. This was the way it would be with most of the people in The Wells. Skull was too powerful.

He made a roll behind the cantle to hold his supplies, swung up and left The Wells at a fast run. Once in the outer darkness, he looked behind to see a lantern swing across the street from the courthouse to Shannon's, which would be Medary coming over to find out what he had bought. Four miles along he passed the side road into Bourke Prine's place, and saw far over Prine's late light shining. But he had already made up his mind to leave his partner out of this, and so went on to his own place.

It was then almost three o'clock. He threw the saddle on Vird's white mare, put halters on the gelding and one other pony and started up the hill trail with these extra mounts in tow. All this he had worked out in his mind during the ride into The Wells. The air was thin and cold and the shadows at their blackest; and this was the ebb hour when a man's inner fire was only a heatless flicker and all his thinking ran a discouraged channel, and hope got lower and lower. The meadow, when he reached it, showed almost no shine. At the spot where he had found George Vird he pulled in, but only for a moment. Somewhere during all this riding he had discarded the idea of waiting for daylight to trace the prints on the trail. There could be no doubt as to where those prints led. Later, when the slope of the hills leveled away, he turned into the timber, picketed the two extra horses and came back to the trail again. Faint light began to dilute the night sky.



"Your Honor, my client wishes to withdraw his complaint!"

ROLAND COE

In his mind were many pictures to keep him company as he rode, some faint and turned vague by time, some so vivid and strong they had a force for him. He thought of the way Juke Slover used to speak, soft and diffident and full of humor. He thought of George Vird, whose silence had covered so much personal bitterness and so much that was solid. He remembered the honk of geese high overhead, heard only yesterday as a reminder of winter soon coming; and this turned his mind to Sally, who once, a year before, had ridden the Fremont with him to see antelope scudding out of the iron hills into the white glare of a dry lake bed. The memories of her stayed with him, detailed and warm, for a long while until by some obscure connection he saw Nan Melotte looking across the mellow light of her cabin to him. Not smiling but near to a smile; with her shoulders risen a little and a color on her cheeks, and an odd feeling behind the shadow of her eyes.

Then it was gray first-dawn and he was off the trail, halted on the edge of timber. Ahead of him a hundred yards stood the Corral Flat cabin where Skull's chuck-wagon crew still slept. Horses stirred in the corral just beyond.

He dropped from the saddle and drew his rifle out of its boot, softly working the lever.

(To be continued next week)

Sunset Voyage

Continued from page 58

Larkin arose, looked about him. There were two doors in the bulkhead just above the dead man's outstretched hand. Cautiously Larkin opened one, then the other. They were lockers, empty except for a suit of oilskins hanging on one of them.

Again Larkin was on his knees beside the corpse. He examined the swollen, livid flesh of the dead man's throat. There were dark bruises—doubtless made by the strong hands of a strangler.

He looked through the pockets of Jeremy Hood. He did not find the hypodermic syringe, of course. He would never find Arthur Bonner's syringe now. This time it was at the bottom of the sea, certainly.

HE WAS about to stand up, when he saw something that made his eyes widen. In the lifeless fingers of Jeremy Hood's left hand were the pale lavender petals of a flower!

Carefully unclasping the fingers, Larkin removed the blossom. The petals were crushed and broken, but it was unmistakably an azalea—doubtless one of Captain Fujiwara's azaleas. For the last few days, Bill Cuttle had been raiding the charthouse, when the captain was absent from the bridge, to replenish his boutonnière. Thoughtfully Larkin smoothed the twisted petals into a semblance of a flower. Suddenly his muscles stiffened. He heard footsteps resounding along the corridor!

Larkin opened the door of the locker behind him, backed in. He tried to close the door, but he was too big for the locker. The door remained ajar a full inch. Through the crack Larkin could see the dead man's outstretched hand almost at his feet. And beyond he could see the entrance to the steering-engine room.

"I can't say positively that he came this way, Mr. Cuttle," said a voice that Larkin recognized as George Willowby's. "But he did seem to be heading in this general direction."

"We'll find out soon enough," said Cuttle, as he appeared on the threshold.

The steering engine snorted and chugged a few times. When it stopped, Larkin was certain that the beating of his heart could be heard in the silence that ensued.

"Good God!" exclaimed George Willowby. Larkin from his hiding place, saw the color vanish from the chemist's face like the first snowflake on a windowpane.

"Hood!" said Cuttle, switching his cigar to the right side of his mouth with one quick motion of his tongue.

"He's . . . he's hurt!" stammered Willowby, hesitating one pace beyond the door.

"He's dead," Cuttle grunted. "Get the skipper, Willowby."

Willowby's mustache twitched. He had difficulty catching his breath. "But—" he started to protest.

"The captain!" Cuttle ordered. "Take it on the run."

Willowby needed no second urging. With one last look at the corpse he turned and fled.

Cuttle sauntered to the threshold, watched Willowby's retreat as though he wanted to make sure it was genuine and not merely strategic.

Larkin pushed the door of the locker another inch, reached out, replaced the lavender azalea in the dead man's left hand. He barely had time to withdraw his own hand before Cuttle had turned back again.

The insurance detective circled the corpse casually, then leaned one elbow on the binnacle and flicked the ash from his cigar as he stared down. He slipped the toe of one shoe under the dead man's knee, lifted tentatively to try the rigidity of the joint. Larkin saw him rub the end of his nose, and noted that he did not wear his usual flower in his buttonhole.

At the same moment Cuttle spotted the flower in the dead man's hand. He stooped, removed the azalea, hovered a moment to make sure that no stray petals remained in the hand or on the floor. Then he straightened up, twirled the blossom slowly between his thumb and forefinger, smoothed the petals a trifle more, and deliberately inserted the stem in his empty lapel.

Sounds of footsteps and men's voices echoed in the corridor, and William Cuttle immediately went through the motions of a thoroughly professional examination of the late Jeremy Hood.

Two Japanese engineering officers were the first arrivals, followed by a group of second-cabin passengers. General Rodriguez came in next, breathing heavily, and nodding his bearded chin to each excited question by Mrs. Greeve's four dark-eyed protégées. The calm and elegant Mr. Shima came in with Charles Frayle. The crowd clustered around the binnacle, their awed glances drawn downward by morbid fascination.

Larkin saw his opportunity, uncoiled his long legs, stepped out of the locker and elbowed into the gaping crowd. When Willowby arrived with the captain, he was gawking with the rest. At least he appeared to be. Actually, he was assaying, out of the corner of his eye, the curious look that Charles Frayle was giving him.

"Skipper, can't we clear these mugs out of here?" demanded William Cuttle.

"Iké!" snapped Captain Fujiwara.

The Japanese passengers retreated—all but Mr. Shima.

"Get out o' here!" ordered Cuttle. "Everybody."

"Everybody, Mr. Cuttle?" asked Larkin sweetly.

"Everybody. Particularly you!" Cuttle said.

"Your boutonnière looks a little faded today, Gumshoe," said Larkin. "What's the matter? The skipper keeping too close watch on his potted plants?"

Cuttle turned furiously, his teeth clenched so tightly that he bit halfway through his cigar.

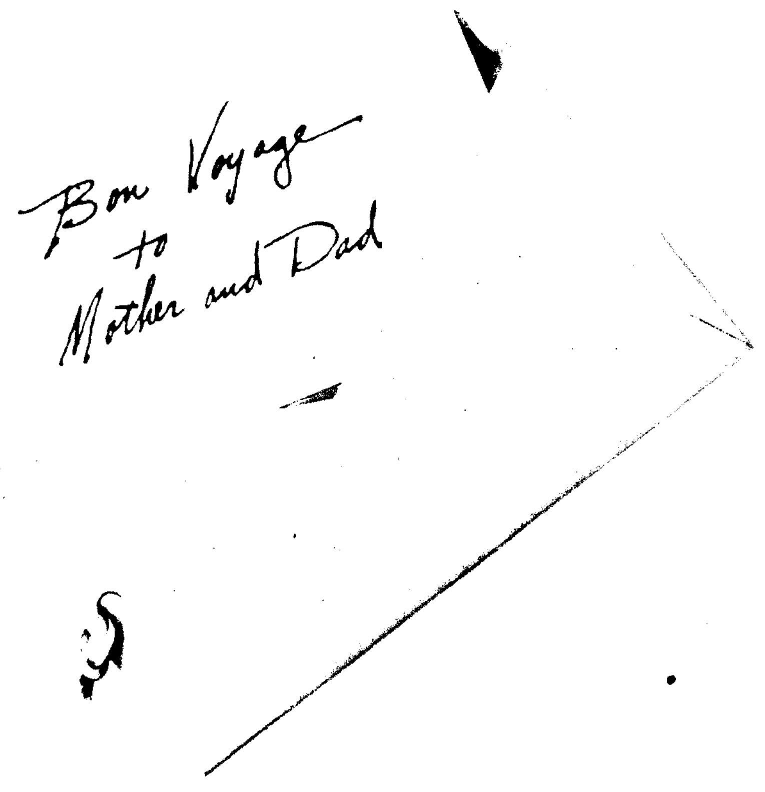
"You heard me say get out!" he bellowed. "Now get!"

"With pleasure, Gumshoe."

Larkin winked at the scowling detective, then turned and pushed into the narrow corridor, already choked with passengers and crew. He found himself shoulder to shoulder with Charles Frayle.

Frayle did not look at him, but out of the corner of his mouth he said: "This one is going to be harder to get out of than a locked stateroom, Larkin."

LARKIN had been up most of the night, answering questions, waiting to be questioned again, belaboring his typewriter for more macabre details to gladden the hearts of Beasley and the Seven Seas clients. It was dawn when he dropped the last take of his running story on the radio operator's table. The sun was coming up astern, a blinding, brassy sun on the starboard quarter. The hard, slanting rays of first light struck fire from the long glassy swells of an incredibly purple sea. Larkin walked toward the taffrail to watch the sunrise for a few moments before sleeping.



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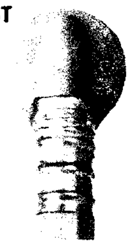

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He was mildly surprised to find Dorothy Bonner already standing there. He planted his elbows on the rail beside her. If she was aware of his presence, she managed to conceal the fact.

"Good morning," he said at last.

She did not reply. Flying fish broke out from under the rippling shadow of the ship and soared away like a volley of shining arrows.

"Were you waiting for me?" Larkin tried again.

"No." The girl spoke without looking at him. "I was waiting for the sun," she said. "Sunlight makes things look so different. Sunrise always makes me feel so new and hopeful and alive with fine aspirations. But it's behind me, Glen. We're running away from it, and it's like running away from my own dreams. We've been running away from the sunrise since . . . since . . ."

"Since the third night out. Isn't that it?"

The girl turned her face toward him. It seemed very small and tragic in the brittle light of dawn—like the time he had first seen it, at midnight, when they were groping their way through the fog of San Francisco bay.

"Yes," she said softly. "That is it, darling."

"Do we have to run away from it—always?"

"I don't know. It seems as though we do. You've made it so difficult."

"*I* have? I was getting ready to clear up the whole stinking mess when you destroyed the evidence. Why did you tear up those photostats?"

"I did it for you, darling. For a minute I believed Charlie. For a moment I thought you had—had got them—from Arthur—the way Charlie meant."

"And it wouldn't have made any difference?"

"Nothing makes any difference, darling—except that I want you—that I—"

She was in his arms, her breath smothered by the fervor of his kiss, her slim body close against him, her whole being filled with the vastness of the morning sea and the dazzling brilliance of the rising sun. . . .

Then there was a mournful, quavering bugle note in her ears, and the world became once more a dingy taffrail, a shuddering deck, and a white-coated steward with a trumpet in his hand.

" 'Scuse, prease," said Satō. "Aw passengahs in dining saroon. Captain waiting, prease."

"Again?" Larkin exclaimed impatiently.

THE passengers were indeed in the dining saloon—in various stages of dress and undress—and Captain Fujiwara was indeed waiting. As soon as Larkin and Dorothy came in, he began his terse, businesslike declaration. He had been remiss. He had delegated his authority to persons who seemed unable to exercise it. But the end had come. He had personally taken testimony and considered evidence. He had pondered upon the matter for several hours. He was now on the point of acting to secure the safety of his passengers and crew by locking up the homicidal maniac once and for all.

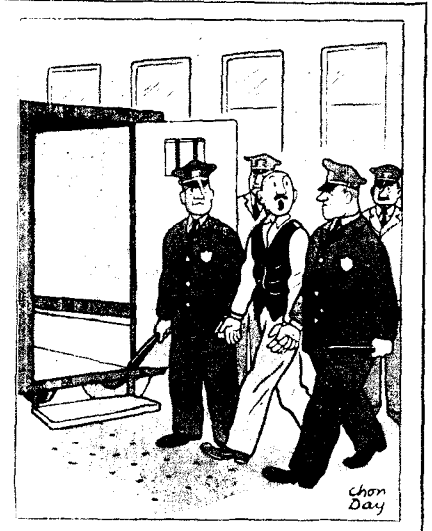
"I'm afraid you're a little late, Captain," Larkin interrupted. "The murderer won't be killing anyone else. He's covered up his trail pretty well by now."

The captain ignored the interruption. He would review the facts that led to his decision. In the first place, who had pleaded for the release of the unfortunate Jeremy Hood? Glen Larkin. It was logical, therefore, that Larkin had sought access to the person of the late Mr. Hood. Mr. Willowby had seen Larkin pass through the second-class saloon on his way to the steering-engine room. And Mr. Frayle had reported that Larkin was hiding in a locker in the steering-engine room, immediately after Mr. Cuttle had discovered the body of Jeremy Hood. Mr. Frayle had, in fact, seen Larkin emerging from his hiding place in an effort to join the crowd of passengers unobserved. It was therefore the captain's duty to deprive Glen Larkin of his liberty for the remainder of the voyage.

THERE was a stunned silence. Then George Willowby cleared his throat nervously.

"In the interests of justice, Captain," he said, "I'm afraid I must protest. It is true that I did see Mr. Larkin casually passing through second cabin, and I said as much to Mr. Cuttle when he asked me, shortly before we discovered Mr. Hood's body. But there is one fact that I withheld from you last night, Captain—through cowardice, I must admit. I was afraid that the same fate might befall me, if I dared speak out. But I must tell you now, Captain, that you are locking up the wrong man.

"When Mr. Cuttle accosted me in the second cabin, he wore no flower in his buttonhole. When we came upon the body of Mr. Hood together there was a crumpled azalea in the dead man's hand. Mr. Cuttle sent me off to get you, Captain. When I returned, the crumpled azalea was in Mr. Cuttle's buttonhole. It stands to reason, Captain, that Mr. Hood in his last agony had seized on anything within reach—and he grasped the boutonnière of the man who was strangling him. Mr. Cuttle sent me away so that he could remove the incriminating evidence."



"You mean I'm under arrest?"

CHON DAY

There was another silence. The captain looked at Cuttle.

"There was a flower in Hood's hand, all right," Cuttle admitted, "but it was put there by the guy that choked him. I must've dropped it somewhere earlier in the day, and Larkin picked it up and tried to frame me with it."

"Where'd you drop it, Gumshoe?" Larkin asked.

"You ought to know," Cuttle growled. "You found it."

"I must take Mr. Cuttle's word against yours, Mr. Larkin. And against your suspicion, Mr. Willowby. Mr. Cuttle is a detective accredited to our steamship company—"

"I'd like to ask two questions, Captain," Larkin said. "First, I'd like to ask why Charles Frayle found it necessary to lock me in my stateroom ten minutes before Hood was found dead."

"That's a personal matter, Larkin," Frayle replied. "I didn't want your interference in a little ceremony I was going to get the captain to perform."

Larkin looked at Dorothy Bonner, another question in his glance.

"Charlie said he couldn't locate the captain," the girl said.

"Mr. Willowby seemed to have no trouble finding him," Larkin commented. "And the second question is this: Who persuaded you, Captain, to omit the call at Honolulu?"

"Tokyo office authorized omission," said Captain Fujiwara. "We carry no mail, cargo, or passengers for islands."

"*Sacre pajaro!*" exclaimed General Rodriguez, rising out of his chair. "I know! Eet ees that Shima! Shima, he don' want me going to Honolulu! Shima, he feex ever'zing so he can—"

"That's quite correct, General," said the elegant Mr. Shima. "As an agent of the Imperial Japanese Government, I did suggest to Captain Fujiwara that the Hawaiian stop was unessential—and with ample reason. What do you propose to do about it?"

"I propose this—" Larkin began.

"No," the captain interrupted. "This is not law court, Mr. Larkin. You will have fair trial in Japan. Now you will accompany Purser Yamata. Now you are prisoner."

THE key turned on Larkin in a small, hot cubicle just one deck above the water line. It smelled of the engine room and the remnants of sulphur dioxide fumigation, for the ventilation system of the Kumo-maru had been built around it.

Larkin was too hot and tired and confused to think. He had a vague idea of what he intended to do, but for the moment he could not make the effort to organize his thoughts. He flopped on the hard, springless berth and fell almost immediately into a deep, dreamless sleep.

When he awoke, the light in the tiny porthole was already golden with late afternoon.

As he rubbed the sleep from his eyes, he was suddenly aware of the noise that had aroused him. A key grated in the door. The door swung slowly inward, and Satō, the steward, came in with a life jacket over his arm. He closed the door and laid the life jacket beside Larkin.

"You go in Numbah One rife boat," he said. "Numbah One having gasorine engine, gasorine fo' two hundred miresu, foods for ten days."

Larkin laughed. "What's the scheme, Satō?" he asked. "Are you helping me escape to a desert island?"

"No," said Satō. "Maybe Irand of Kawaii. Maybe Empress ship from Vancouvah."

"I think I'll stick with the Kumo-maru."

"No," said Satō gravely. "Kumo-maru is bahning."

Larkin sprang up. "This ship? Afire?"

"Not yet," said Satō. "Soon."

Larkin sat down. "You're joking," he said.

"You will smell it soon," said Satō in French. "The ship is indeed afire. It has not been discovered yet, but when they do discover it, it will be too late. I have set it well and in widely separated points. In the hold. In the nitrates.

"No, I am not joking. You will see. No, I am not Chinese, either. I am Korean. My father was a great Korean patriot. Do you remember the Korean republican government—which never governed, but was forced to flee the Japanese and take refuge in the French Concession in Shanghai in 1921? My father was one of the signers of the Korean Declaration of Independence. He never got to Shanghai. The Japanese caught him. No, they didn't shoot him. They put phosphorus in his food. Very small amounts. It rotted his bones. He died in jail in Seoul, very slowly. I determined to give my life for Korea—as my father did.

"When I recognized you, I knew that

my chance had come. I did favors for you, so that I might ask one in return. You are a journalist. You will tell the world what I have done. No, not for my sake. Not because I want to be a hero. *You do not even know my true name.* But you will write my true story. You will tell people how one Korean patriot struck his blow at Japanese Imperialism. You will write it for thousands of people. Millions, perhaps. It will inspire my countrymen. It will give courage to others like me, teach them how they can strike at Japan from behind the battle lines. . . ."

"But you're endangering hundreds of innocent lives!" Larkin protested at last.

"No," said Satō. "The passengers will be safe. I chose my time carefully. I consulted the charts on the bridge, while taking tea to the mate on watch. I consulted the radio operator. We are only a hundred miles from land. We are north of Oahu and Kawaii. But you will not have to go that far. The Empress, bound for Honolulu from Vancouver, is just north of us. She can reach us in three hours, perhaps four, after the SOS goes out. She will pick up the boats. . . ."

"Satō," said Larkin, "you can't go through with this crazy scheme. Why, you can't—"

"I can," declared Satō proudly. "I have. Look!"

He opened the door. A dirty swirl of thin, acrid haze billowed in. Larkin sprang forward, peered around the bulkhead. The corridor was dim with smoke and the light globes burned blood-red in the murk.

On the deck above he heard the frantic patter of running feet. A long, hoarse blast of the siren screamed a warning. Somewhere a bell was clanging.

Larkin turned back to Satō. The steward was gone.

SMOKE was pouring from No. 4 hold, oozing from all the after hatches, drifting up through the companionways in thin, ominous wisps. The stern of the ship was clouded in a shifting, shimmering haze.

Men were running along the deck with fat snakes of dripping, squirming hose lines. More men were carrying red buckets that splashed and twisted at the ends of shoulder poles.

Captain Fujiwara was shouting orders from the bridge. The diminutive Japanese seemed to have gained physical stature in the emergency. The tiny hands that gripped his megaphone were no longer ladylike; they were strong, capable hands. His voice was shrill, but it was the voice of a commander.

Seamen were working on the lifeboat davits, swinging them outboard. More barefooted seamen were slashing the lines that lashed the life rafts to the deck.

In the general excitement, no one gave heed to the fact that Larkin was no longer a prisoner. He passed the purser on his way to his cabin, but the purser paid no attention to him. He continued on his way to decide what, if anything, he could salvage beside his typewriter and brief case.

General Rodriguez was kneeling on the floor of the stateroom, praying in very rapid Spanish, as though afraid he would not have time to implore sufficient salvation and ask absolution for all his sins. He stopped when he saw Larkin, but remained on his knees.

"An' you, too, señor?" he asked. "You weel forgeeve me?"

"What for?" Larkin asked.

"I open your valises, sailing night," said the general. "I think you are accompleece of the Señorita Bonner. I weesh to esplay treecks on the Señorita Bonner and thees Shima. I pretend the attack. I make small cut in the neck. Weeth nosebleed I look very seeck. I pretend I have lose the documento. Een my country we don' trust the woman. For nothing. But Señorita Bonner ees deeferent. She ees honest like a man."

"Is she?" Larkin asked.

"Yes. Now we are friends. But thees Shima, he ees a dog. He weel not let me be rescue'. He's not weesh that I am friends weeth Señorita Bonner. But you weel forgeeve me and help me be rescue, señor?"

"Sure," said Larkin, yanking a life jacket from under his berth. "See if this fits you. Put it on. You'll feel better."

MILLICENT GREEVE'S four protégées were grouped about her like unperturbed chicks about a frantic hen. They paid scant attention to Mrs. Greeve's incessant, catastrophic monologue, but watched the growing clouds of smoke with eyes eager for adventure beyond all previous experience.

Mrs. Greeve grabbed William Cuttle's arm as he stalked past.

"Bill!" she moaned. "What's going to happen to us? I mean, are we going to drown? And I'm frightened to death of the water. Bill, what am I going to do?"

"What are *you* going to do?" growled Cuttle. "What am *I* going to do? That's my job going up in smoke back there. I was supposed to stop that and I didn't. Inland and Oceanic Underwriters are going to be just tickled to death."

"You mean they'll give you the sack?"

"Well, what do you think?"

Millie Greeve stopped sniveling and smiled coyly. "Of course, if they did," she said, "you could always come to work for me. I mean, you could be manager for the girls—if we ever get to dry land, I mean. They're really very clever entertainers and I know they'll be very successful if they have a good manager."

"What's the matter with Greeve?" Cuttle asked.

"Poor Mr. Greeve," sighed Millie. "This is his anniversary, too. It's just ten years ago today that Mr. Greeve passed away. And I'm just lost unless there's a man around—I mean to be manager for the girls. I'm just a bundle of nerves myself, Bill, and—"

"Quit bawling, Millie," said Cuttle. "You'll get mascara on your chin."

DUSK was thickening into night. The captain had put his ship about, nosing into the wind in an effort to keep the fire from spreading forward. The whole stern was burning now, and the flames were licking hungrily in the gathering darkness.

The radio operator, driven from his post, came staggering up the stairs to the bridge, blackened and sweat-soaked, to bring his last message to the captain.

"Aren't they going to lower the boats?" asked George Willowby. He was nervously tying and untying the canvas straps at the front of his life jacket.

"The pumps are still working," said Mr. Shima. "We may be able to hold out until the Jishin-maru comes alongside."

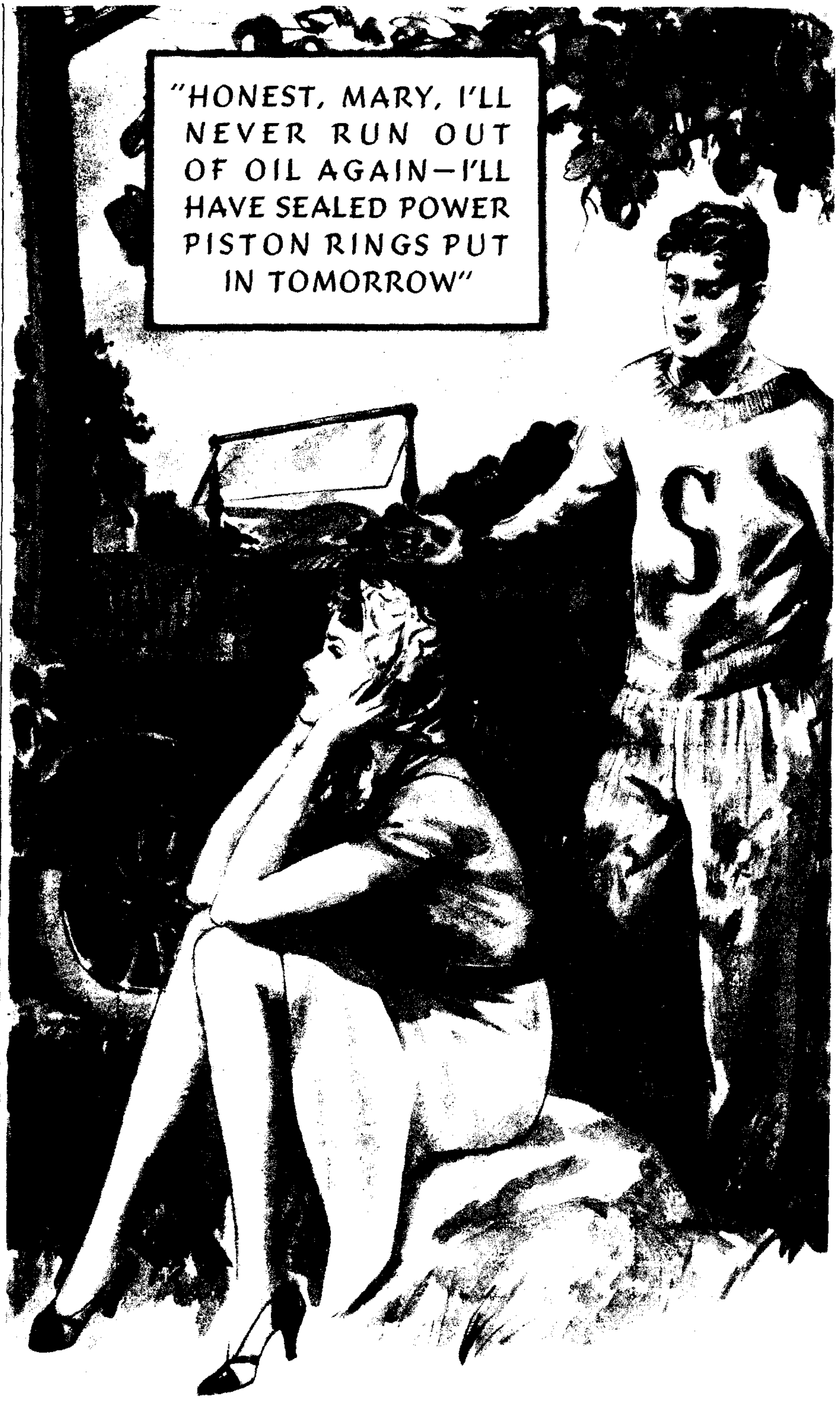
"When . . . how long will that be?" Willowby faltered.

"Three, perhaps four hours," said Mr. Shima quietly.

"Good Lord," said Willowby, staring at the blazing stern of the ship. "We'll be drowned or burned to a crisp by that time. Isn't there any ship closer?"

"There's the Empress," said Mr. Shima. "She's only an hour or two away. But the Empress is a British ship. The Jishin-maru is Japanese—and of the same line as we are. The captain thinks we may be able to salvage part of the cargo. The pumps are still working."

(To be concluded next week)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FRANK JONES

The Lord is Risen

By C. M. Black

A simple Easter service, centuries old, sounds an inspiring and peaceful note in a war-torn world

I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE

Above, the Easter band massed for rehearsal in the Old Home Church graveyard at Winston-Salem. Below, the gate of the graveyard on Easter morning

IT IS as though the world, in homage to the arrival of the day, has for a brief moment stopped breathing. Sixty thousand people stand quietly in the square in front of the church, peering toward the east. A slate-gray dawn is reluctantly yielding to the first faint streaks of gold that are beginning to appear above the horizon.

Sixty thousand people stand breathless, expectant! In a few moments Winston-Salem will welcome another Easter Sunday in the traditional manner of the Moravian Church. Eyes turn from the horizon to the steps of the church, where a stocky figure has emerged from the doorway.

There is no sound as Bishop Kenneth Pfohl turns toward the now rose-tinted east. The light is brighter now, and a fresh breeze has come to chase away the wisps of fog which hung in the valley. Suddenly, the sun appears over the horizon; appears not slowly or solemnly, but joyously in a burst of glory.

The bishop speaks. According to ancient Moravian custom, he speaks four words. He does not raise his voice, but the still morning air carries it even to the outskirts of the crowd.

"The Lord is risen."

The crowd is stilled for a split second, and then from the throats of sixty thousand people comes the joyous response, "The Lord is risen, indeed."

Now a venerable man takes a step forward. He is tall, and for all his seventy-two years he is straight and vigorous. He is Bernard Pfohl, and for fifty-nine years he has been a member of the Moravian band which greets the Day of Resurrection with music. He is the brother of the present bishop. During forty-nine of those fifty-nine years he has been director of the band, in many ways the most remarkable band in the world.

He drops his baton and four hundred men strike the first note on clarinet, French horn, bass horn, saxophone and flute. The music wakes the echoes of the Blue Hill Mountains to the west and sixty thousand people join the triumphal chorus:

"Hail, all hail, victorious Lord and
Saviour,
Thou hast burst the bonds of death . . ."

Not all of these are Moravians. More than half are members of other churches. Many are members of no church.

The chorus swells as those more timid than the rest join in the last lines:

"Joyful we with one accord
Hail Thee as our risen Lord."

The last notes linger for a moment in the still air and then fade. The musicians drop their instruments and look expectantly toward the bishop. They are musicians only one day a year. Some of them play for Sunday services at one of the eight Moravian churches in Winston-Salem but not one is a professional musician. Practically all of them have been trained by Bernard Pfohl. The eldest is seventy-three. The youngest is nine.

God's Acre

For two hours they have been summoning the faithful and now they stand listening to the liturgy as intoned by the bishop. The bishop recites the short and simple declaration of faith upon which the Moravian Church is founded. It is an all-embracing declaration, one which conflicts with no organized Christian sect. It acknowledges the divinity of Christ and it is summed up in the line, "My faith is placed upon my Lord and Saviour."

Now the bishop finishes. He walks slowly down the steps of the church and he turns toward the right. He walks toward the graveyard, God's Acre, the Moravians call it. The band follows eight abreast, and following them come the people. The bishop walks through lanes of tombstones, all lying flat, simple slabs of marble, with a name, two dates and a biblical inscription wrought upon the face.

Worshipers in the Moravian Church are divided into choirs. They are buried according to that classification. Here is a plot where only married men are buried; here only married women; here children; here single men. The crowd fills the graveyard and the sun streams down gloriously and a breeze carries the scent of flowers, not sad funeral flowers, but bright carnations, violets, daffodils, roses and lilies, heaped high on the marble slabs, and the breeze makes the lilies sway and the heads of the daffodils dance in the sunlight. This is a burial place and hundreds among the crowd are standing close to the remains of their loved ones, yet there is only joy on the faces of the worshipers.

These tombstones do not remind the people here of death but, on the other hand, remind them of everlasting life. Death? It is merely the beginning of a glorious life. It is not the end; it is a rebirth. The bishop raises his hand again and the liturgy is resumed.

The band has separated. One group has gone to the far end of the burial ground. Another walks a hundred paces to the east and another lingers on the outskirts of the crowd. The bishop finishes and pauses. From what seems a great distance there come a few faint notes from a trumpet. Clarinets and bass horns answer from another spot. Now comes one of the most beautiful examples of perfectly timed antiphonal music ever played anywhere. Each group answers the other perfectly.

Then the music stops. The bishop cries, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with us all. Amen."

It is over. The crowd disperses, not solemnly and tearfully, as people usually depart from burial places. They leave and their faces are filled with joy and there is singing in their hearts. Problems that vexed them yesterday—jealousies, feuds, political differences, business rivalries—these seem trivial things now.

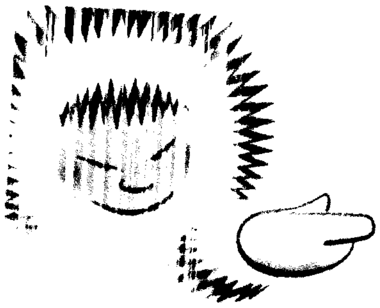
The Easter Sunday service we have seen is but a culmination of more than five hundred years of Moravian worship. It all began outside the city of Constance in Switzerland in the year 1415, when John Huss was burned at the stake as a heretic. His passionate devotion to the teachings of Christ and his conviction that immortality depended not alone upon belief and faith, but on acts, caused him to criticize the actions of the heads of the established church.

Refugees from Bohemia

No actual church was organized until 1457, when sixty followers of the teachings of John Huss organized the Unitas Fratrum, the United Brethren, in Bohemia. This was the foundation upon which Luther and the Reformation were to build.

The creed of the Unitas Fratrum was simple: they would live like the Apostles. The Bible furnished everything that was needed. They taught their children to read so that they, too, could learn truth from the Bible, and soon Bohemia was the most literate country in the world.

They flourished, but soon persecution forced them to flee from their native country. They found refuge in Silesia,

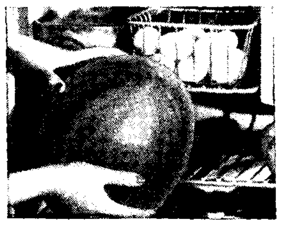


ON'T LET THIS APPEN TO YOU!

Don't Waste Money on a Refrigerator that Wastes Current.

Don't Waste Money and Time Using Water to Get Ice Cubes.

Don't Put Up with a Refrigerator that Can't Freeze Enough Ice.



Don't Struggle with Shelves that Can't Hold Turkeys, Melons, etc.

Don't Let Poor Freezing Waste the Cost of Good Frozen Desserts.

HERE'S THE GREATEST COLD-MAKER EVER PUT INTO A KITCHEN!

See the 1938 Kelvinator with the record-breaking "POLAR POWER" Sealed Unit that makes so much cold it's equal to 1050 pounds of ice a week!... so cheaply, you get 72* big ice cubes for 1¢!

ICE . . . COLD . . . Room for big things and *more* things of all sizes. You get more of everything in a 1938 Kelvinator—truly, the Champion Ice-Maker!

More ice and cold, *at less cost*—because of Kelvinator's sensational new "POLAR POWER" *Sealed* Unit. Enough power to keep FIVE refrigerators cold!

More place to put things—because every shelf's a sliding shelf, and can be moved up or down, as far as you need!

More refrigeration control—twelve freezing speeds—and an accurate thermometer on the instrument panel that tells you what's going on in the heart of the cabinet at all times!

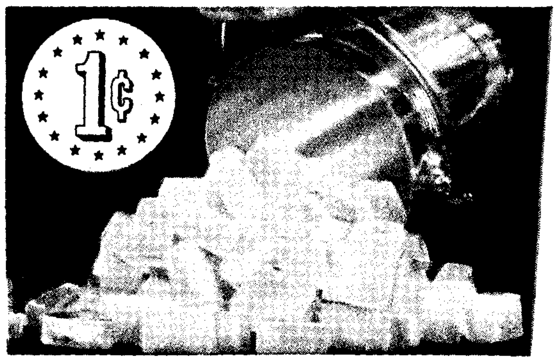
More convenience—because of the new Speedy-Cube Release that frees ice cubes instantly. No splashing at the sink!

More pride of ownership—because Kelvinator's the oldest and greatest name in the business—because it's America's handsomest electric refrigerator, bar none!

You can buy a Kelvinator for just a few cents a day! See this miracle cold-maker—the greatest ever put in a kitchen!

KELVINATOR, Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.

Best reason why you should choose Kelvinator. ... Never before such food safety! Because only Kelvinator has the sensational new "POLAR POWER" Sealed Unit that keeps things as safe as if you had 1050 pounds of ice each week!



*In ice-making as in everything else, figures prove Kelvinator's sensational economy... It actually will make 72 BIG ICE CUBES for 1¢ (at national average electric rates). Insist that any refrigerator you buy do as well.

et this, by all means, in your new refrigerator, ecause none is modern without it! It's Kelvinator's mazing new Speedy-Cube Release. No more fuss... o more splashing at the sink to remove ice cubes rom their trays. Just lift a lever—and out they come!

Where to keep that 25-lb. turkey? . . . ONLY Kelvinator has the perfect answer! You can move these shelves up or down, as needed, to *make* things fit. Makes Kelvinator hold *more* food, too! Insist on this in the refrigerator you buy.

Kelvinator

THE CHAMPION ICE-MAKER

"Keep your eye on the welsh rarebit—

—the toast CAN'T burn"

EVER see a man brew up a rarebit and try to make toast on an old-fashioned toaster at the same time? It's a pitiable sight to behold.

Well—TOASTMASTER* automatic pop-up type toasting has taken the nervous tension away from midnight chefs—and all other toast makers.

It's all done with the aid of this toaster. For once the bread is placed in the toaster and the lever pushed down, the cook can forget it and tend to his rarebit, knowing the toast just can't burn.

When the toast is ready, up it pops, done to the king's taste, can't possibly burn, and off goes the current. There's a little knob that can be set for light, medium or dark, and once it's set, *all* the toast will be just the shade you ordered. For the Flexible Timer makes the toaster work fast when it's cold, faster when it's hot, popping up slice after slice all alike.

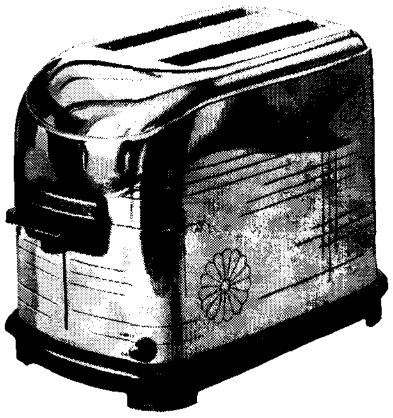
Swell for Welsh rarebit brewers. And what a relief at the breakfast table with a hungry brood demanding lots of toast—unburnt.

The presence of the trademark "TOASTMASTER" upon this toaster is your guarantee of highest quality and perfection. Why don't you get one today?

⁂

FREE! "The Party's On"—a new and interesting booklet on entertainment ideas and games for young and old. Ask for your copy wherever Toastmaster Products are sold, or write direct to McGraw Electric Company, Toastmaster Products Division, Dept. 164, Elgin, Illinois.

European Sales Office: Frank V. Magrini, Ltd., Phoenix House, 19-23 Oxford St., London, W. 1, England



*"TOASTMASTER" *is a registered trademark of McGraw Electric Company*

TOASTMASTER *Toaster*
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
AUTOMATIC POP-UP TYPE

TOASTMASTER PRODUCTS—2-slice automatic pop-up type toaster, $16.00; with choice of Hospitality Trays, $19.95 or $23.50; folding stand, $5.95; 1-slice automatic pop-up type toaster, $10.50; Junior non-automatic type toaster, $7.50; automatic waffle-baker, $12.50

Tested and Approved 2710 Good Housekeeping Institute

Hungary, Poland, Holland and Saxony. The first Easter-morning service was held in Saxony in 1732, exactly as it is held in Winston-Salem today.

It was early in the 18th century that the Moravians came to the new land across the waters. Some settled in Pennsylvania at a place they called Bethlehem; others went to Georgia. The English government gave every encouragement to Moravians who wanted to settle in the colonies. They were industrious, peaceful and not in search of wealth. They merely wanted a place to live.

In 1753 a group of eleven men traveled to North Carolina and many of those whom we saw worship this morning are descendants of that group. They settled in a 100,000-acre tract of wilderness.

There Must Be Music

Song has always been an integral part of Moravian worship and with the singing, of course, music. But these settlers had no instruments. Traditionally, a trumpet had called worshipers together; it had been used to help congregations sing the chorals. But here in the wilderness there was no metal out of which a trumpet could be fashioned. The carpenter, Erich Ingebretsen, was a clever worker in wood, so out of a hollow log he fashioned a trumpet.

Their only weapon against the Indians, who occasionally raided near-by settlements, was prayer, but it proved an efficacious one. Others came from Pennsylvania now and the settlement grew. In 1758 the wooden trumpet greeted the Easter dawn over one small grave.

It was decided to establish a second community not far away, and one day Salem was born. "Salem, City of Peace," is today "Winston-Salem."

A great colony was emerging out of the wilderness of North Carolina. The fertility of the land attracted hundreds, and now civilization with its blessings and its curses came to the colony. The Revolution came and North Carolina was divided. The Tories were strong and the followers of the Provincial Congress fervent. The Moravians were caught between these two fires of strife and hatred. They refused to side with either and both sides suspected them.

"We do not believe in war," the brethren said simply. "Our aim is to live as close to Christ as we can. We are not concerned with political disputes. We shall live peacefully according to the laws of where we settle."

The colonies grew individually and they became states and the states grew in strength so that eventually each had customs of its own and bitterness took the place of the good feeling which had originally existed between them. The Republic grew too quickly, perhaps a bit unevenly, and then came the war between the states.

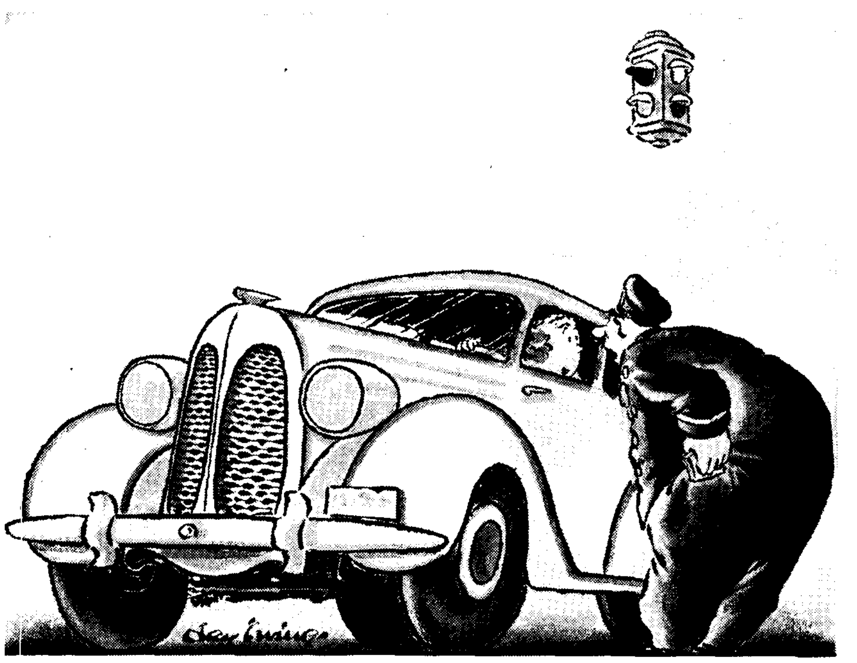
Once more the Moravians had to affirm one of the chief tenets of their faith. They could not kill their fellow men. They would not bear arms, but they were accomplished musicians. They would allow their young men to go with the armies and cheer them with music.

So for the only time in history Moravians saw war service. A group organized and became the Twenty-first North Carolina Regimental Band, under the leadership of Frank W. Carmichael. Another, led by Samuel T. Mickey, went to war with the Twenty-sixth North Carolina Regiment. This latter band was ordered to the front at Gettysburg and hundreds of Southern soldiers died with the Moravian music ringing in their ears.

Then peace came again. The decades passed and an industrial town grew up alongside of Salem. North Carolina was a tobacco state. Warehouses and factories were needed to put the tobacco into salable form. Winston provided these warehouses and factories. Winston expanded and grew up around the still, quiet, ancient town of Salem, and finally in 1913 the two towns were merged as Winston-Salem.

Today the Moravian Church is strong. It is strong because it is unchangeable. It is the oldest Protestant church in existence and its members are never occupied with doctrinal differences. They have faith and so they are at one with every church which is based on faith.

Their creed is simple. Nineteen hundred years ago a voice said, "You seek Jesus of Nazareth; he is risen." This they believe and every Easter Sunday they reiterate publicly their belief and their faith. During the year they live according to the teachings of Christ. They live as individuals according to their teachings, and sometimes they are faintly puzzled that nations do not adopt the same simple yet all-inclusive teachings. Perhaps if nations did they, too, would live in peace and harmony with one another as the Moravians live with their neighbors, and the music of ancient chorals would replace the discordant roar of gunfire.



"Oh, but I already have a ticket! Another policeman gave it to me this morning for passing a red light!"

JAY IRVING

You enjoy safety **PLATE GLASS** in your windshield...
give the folks in the back seat the same clear vision...through

PLATE GLASS *not* WINDOW GLASS

Safety PLATE Glass

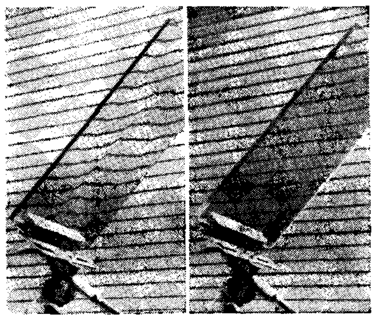
ONLY FINE POLISHED PLATE GLASS CAN GIVE YOU THE PERFECT VISION AND BRILLIANT BEAUTY YOU WANT

Beauty

. . . the finest mirrors are always made from PLATE glass. So are the best automobile windows —and for the same reason. PLATE glass has a rich lustre, a finished fineness that ordinary window glass can never quite equal. Insist on safety PLATE glass.

Vision

...PLATE glass is always precision-ground, polished to perfection. It is free from annoying waviness and distortion. Window glass—even that made by the best known modern methods—can not guarantee you the perfect vision you always get from PLATE glass.



Comfort

. . . Most people ride for pleasure. And eyestrain, however slight, always detracts from riding comfort. PLATE glass—the same fine plate glass that you have in the windshield—is the only glass that can assure windows with eye-resting clarity of vision.

MANY THINGS about a car have to be "just right" before you have real riding comfort. One of these is the glass —it ought to be safety PLATE glass, finely polished, sparklingly beautiful in every window. Ordinary window glass can never match it.

Many manufacturers, realizing the importance of safety PLATE glass, put it in every window of the car at no extra cost. You can always identify genuine safety PLATE glass in two ways . . . by its polished gleaming beauty, and by the hallmark of quality shown at the right. Plate Glass Manufacturers of America.

Safety PLATE Glass

Look for this quality mark on all windows

"Oh, I thought sludge was a kind of candy," she says to me!

Know old Doc Graham's daughter? Well, you ought to. She's swell. Regular customer, too.

The other day I was telling her about motor oil. It's sort of hard to keep a girl's mind on motor oil and stop-and-go driving, but I was trying anyway.

"*See that gooey black stuff?* That's sludge," I told her, looking very serious. She giggled.

"Oh, I thought sludge was a kind of candy," she said.

Well, what's the use? Every driver ought to know what happens when bum oil breaks down under hard strains. And how sudden cold starts with a sluggish oil can cause more motor wear than all the running.

Especially when, with all this stop-and-go driving today, those are the big oil risks. *But, boy! What a job getting that over to 'em.*

They say: "But this Golden Shell Oil is only 25¢ a quart!" So what? Just because Shell got big hearted and developed a modern oil and didn't raise the price, I have to learn to be a salesman!

* * *

Here's the swellest oil an honest serviceman ever sold a good customer, and I have to sell it. They ought to be taking it away from us! Fact is, those that know about it are doing just about that.

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

The Making of a Hero

Continued from page 51

five hundred dollars a month for the privilege of selecting youngsters from there. At the end of the season they can have any five men on the Siloam Springs team. Occasionally they won't want all of them—haven't developed. But our young Joe Doakes developed. He was already feeling sorry for Joe DiMaggio.

He was perhaps a bit rough but Ray Powell had smoothed off some of the jagged edges. For one thing Powell realized that the kid's speed was wasted at first base. He put him in the outfield.

The Next Move Up

At the end of the season Joe Doakes went back to his grocery store. He kept in shape all winter delivering groceries and when spring returned, lo, he was moved up a notch to a Class C team—to Johnstown, in the Middle Atlantic League. Canny old Jacques Fournier, the former major-league first baseman, manages Johnstown. He signed the kid to a contract calling for $150 a month. Joe Doakes almost swooned. Each league puts a salary limit on its teams. In the Middle Atlantic League no team may carry a monthly pay roll of more than $1,800 exclusive of the manager.

Joe Doakes had filled out a little. He was seventeen now and he had definitely made up his mind, but not the manager's, that baseball would be his life. Fournier worked hard with him. By now the kid was handling fly balls very nicely. He had gotten faster too, and Fournier believed that the boy had the makings of a good outfielder.

Back in St. Louis the Browns' scouts gazed solemnly at the boy's record. Thinking again. And after an impressive silence, Mr. Cahill said, "I like that. He drove in 98 runs."

The others, exchanging significant glances, nodded. So the next spring they shipped Joe Doakes to San Antonio in the Texas, a Class A-1 league. That was quite a jump from Class C ball. They might have advanced him one class to Durham or Asheville in the Class B leagues but they decided to jump him up.

The next year the kid got $300 a month. Now he was more convinced than ever that baseball was his life. At first he found the Texas League a little fast but Manager Zack Taylor was patient with him. So Joe Doakes had a pretty fine year.

Of course nobody much outside of San Antonio had heard of Joe Doakes yet; that is, nobody but the St. Louis executives and the people in the office of William G. Bramham. There were several notations on the card that bore his name in Bramham's office.

The kid's father suggested that he buy an interest in the grocery store. The boy thought it a good idea. So did the grocer. Now our nineteen-year-old lad was a partner in a business by virtue of $500 he had saved. Then came his big moment. A wire came from St. Louis ordering him to report at the Browns' training camp.

He looked only fair in training and the Browns didn't need an extra outfielder. As a matter of fact they had five good outer gardeners all of whom looked better than Joe Doakes. So Joe was sold to Milwaukee of the American Association, a Class AA team, the fastest minor-league classification there is. The St. Louis manager had discovered a weakness in Joe—he couldn't hit a ball that was outside. In time he might, but the club didn't need him and Milwaukee offered $5,000 for Joe.

Joe started off very badly with Milwaukee. It wasn't long before the rumor went around the circuit that Doakes was a sucker for a fast ball outside.

Allan Sothoron, the Milwaukee manager, is a man of infinite patience. He saw that Joe had the makings of a real star. He kidded him along when Joe fell into slumps. He cheered him up when Joe felt homesick. And he paid him $400 a month—most of which Joe saved.

Sothoron worked hard with Joe on that one real weakness and suddenly Joe overcame it. Suddenly every pitcher in the league became his cousin. He went on a batting spree and hit safely in 39 consecutive games. His name began to get into the papers. Other big-league scouts came to look him over. Just before the season ended Detroit bought him for $20,000.

He finished out the last few weeks of the season with Detroit. Manager Cochrane liked his style. Cochrane likes ball hawks who can go and get 'em. He likes line-drive hitters who can crash doubles off those concrete walls. He watched Joe Doakes play ten games and he said to himself, "Here's my regular center fielder for next year."

Virtually every major-league star has traveled the road or a similar road to the one traveled by our mythical Joe Doakes. Today Bob Feller of Cleveland is the only outstanding active major-league star who did not learn the game in the minor leagues.

Death by Malnutrition

Back in 1932 the big-league magnates were doing a lot of viewing with alarm. Each season the rookie crop was becoming increasingly poorer. They took stock of the situation and discovered that the minor leagues were dying of malnutrition. There were several reasons contributing to this state of affairs.

To begin with, there were a lot of small firecracker minor leagues, so-called because they usually exploded by July fourth. Fly-by-night promoters had obtained control of the teams and through them of the leagues. They were out to make quick profits. They borrowed money on the strength of their franchises and anticipated profits, and then when the profits failed to materialize the bushes were deadened with the crash of one bankruptcy after another. The depression was being felt badly in small-time baseball, for the game after all does come under the head of amusement and people who needed bread weren't doling out their pennies for base hits. In 1932 the minor-league heads got together and elected a very good man indeed to be their boss.

William Gibbons Bramham has been connected with baseball ever since 1891 when he managed semipro teams in Kentucky. Later he owned clubs and finally he became president of the North Carolina League. From 1921 to 1933 he was a member of the Board of Arbitration, the supreme court of minor-league baseball. By 1929 he was president of four leagues. When the minor-league presidents elected him to office in the fall of 1932 they were presenting him with a real lemon. Only eleven minor leagues were in operation at the time and some of them were as shaky as a kitten in a tree. The Judge, as he is known all through the South, rolled up his sleeves and went to work.

In 1933 he added three more leagues to the eleven on the roster and started to reduce the debt of $400,000 owed in the form of liens held against territory and franchises.

In 1934 there were nineteen leagues enrolled with the National Association and major-league baseball was breathing a little easier. Night baseball had come to the minor leagues and it helped a great deal. Each year new leagues were added.

Today Judge Bramham heads an organization that outdraws the major leagues by more than three million spectators. Last year major-league attendance was ten million. The minor leagues brought nearly fourteen million people through the turnstiles. It was thought that people had begun to lose interest in baseball. Bramham, even in those dark days six years ago, ridiculed that assertion.

"People won't go to see sloppy, poorly run teams play," he says. "They always go to see baseball if it's properly played and supervised."

This year the National Association starts the season with 5,000 players on 275 teams, which comprise nearly 40 leagues. Judge Bramham heads an organization whose financial structure and responsibilities rival those of almost any big business. Last year the pay roll for players alone was approximately $3,961,500. Another minimum of $4,000,000 went for expenses incurred during the training season and for hotels, meals and transportation of teams during the regular season.

"Hello! Escort Bureau?"

FRANK BEAVEN

Yet even with this terrific expenditure the National Association reports quite cheerfully that minor-league baseball is more than meeting its obligations. In six short years Bramham took a white elephant and turned it into a gold mine.

Today minor-league baseball is more popular than ever and is on a better financial footing than ever before. The major leagues have helped a great deal, especially teams like the St. Louis Cardinals and the New York Yankees with their extensive farming system. The Cardinals, for instance, own a great number of minor-league clubs. These clubs have the financial backing of the St. Louis owners and a bad year or two doesn't have any serious effect on the minor-league club. There was a time when one bad financial year would mean the death of a small club.

Baseball schools have aroused interest in baseball. Several of the major-league clubs and dozens of minor-league teams hold these schools. Anybody can come and show his wares. If a club finds one prospect in three years at its school it feels that the school has justified its existence.

The most interesting feature of Judge Bramham's office in Durham is his amazing filing system, where the name and record of every man who ever played in organized baseball are listed. There are nearly 100,000 names. You dip into the cabinet and come out for instance with the card bearing the name of William Southworth, the speedy Billy Southworth who once played for Boston, New York and St. Louis.

Dramatic Stories in Cold Type

The first entry is 1912 when he first entered organized ball with Portsmouth. Born in 1894. That makes him 44 years old. You trace his career through the minor leagues to the time when he had a tryout with Cleveland but was sent back to the minors. But he came back with New York and St. Louis, went to other clubs and then, his major-league span finished, returned to the minor leagues. A few lines of type tell his whole story. There's a note under "1930," when he was with Rochester. "Fined $500. Fine reduced to $200. Paid." What was that the story of? A fight with an umpire? A fight with another player? Those files are filled with dramatic stories only hinted at in cold type.

Take out the card next to Southworth. It's the card of William Southworth, Jr., born in 1918. That makes him 20. His dad was quite a player when Billy was born in 1918. The card says that young Billy came into organized baseball in 1936. He played for Asheville that year and last year for Martinsville. This year he's back at Asheville. They say he has the making of a real ball hawk. Well, if he's as good as his father was he'll do.

Pull out other cards, each telling of a career that began in the minors, led to the majors and then inevitably went back to the minor leagues again. Here's the name of William Cissell. In 1928 the White Sox paid $123,000 for him. He was known as the $123,000 beauty. Now he's with Baltimore. Here's Glenn Wright's card. There was a great infielder, big but graceful and with a beautiful arm. Now he's managing Wenatchee in the Western International League.

Our Joe Doakes with whom we started hasn't many notations on his card yet. The last one is, "Contract—Detroit." There's lots of space left though and he's only twenty. But come back ten years from now or twenty and you'll find the rest of it there. Perhaps the last notation will be, "Contract with Siloam Springs." Sometimes that happens. Sometimes when the legs go and the elasticity leaves the arm, the old-timer still has enough cunning left to catch on with the small minor-league team where he began. But let's hope our Joe is smarter than that. Let's hope he sticks to that grocery store.

Tabloid Telephone Tales

BRIEF STORIES OF HOW
LONG DISTANCE IS RINGING THE BELL
FOR BUSINESSES OF ALL SORTS AND SIZES

SWEET PICK-UP. An Eastern sugar broker uses Long Distance service to solicit orders in advance of price increases. He reaches more customers more quickly, builds good will, avoids misunderstandings, and steps up sales volume at low cost.

NON-STOP STOP-OVER. The sales manager of a Los Angeles chemical firm, during a two-hour stop-over between trains in Tucson, Arizona, invested $9.50 in Long Distance calls to other Arizona cities, and secured $686.85 worth of business.

FAR-SIGHTED. After other methods had failed, a Dayton, Ohio, lens company telephoned ten delinquent accounts within a radius of 400 miles and collected $2500 from seven of them. The total cost of the calls was less than 2%.

PAPER PEAK. A paper maker wanted a wider market, mailed samples to prospects, followed up by telephone. Calls gave quick coverage, sifted out live leads, provided personal appointments. Sales volume hit new high, costs dropped.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Two Oceans to the Good

[redacted]

THERE can be no greater error than to expect or to calculate upon real favors from nation to nation."

The words are those of George Washington in his famous message published September 19, 1796.

The small nations of Europe that have felt or fear the thrust of Adolf Hitler's invading armies have had abundant and recent opportunity to meditate upon the bitter wisdom of Washington's observations. Profoundly as the great democracies regretted the Nazi conquest of Austria, none dared intervene in behalf of a helpless nation.

Americans of all classes reached the same conclusion. Few liked the manner in which the Nazis seized Austria. None desired to use force to interfere. Our first President had the penetration and the foresight to put in plain words the enduring American policy when he said:

"Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor, or caprice?"

We are safe from the predatory ambitions of the dictators because two oceans safeguard us as they do no other people in the world.

We are more fortunate than the kinsmen we or our ancestors left in the old countries when the great adventure of an emigration to America was undertaken. We are of the same breeds as those who now live in dread of war and destruction.

French, English, Germans, Irish, Scandinavians, Hollanders, Poles, Bohemians, Italians, Jews and Russians who crossed the Atlantic to become Americans were no different nor more meritorious than the families they left in Europe. But America offered them and us a security and an opportunity no other people enjoy today.

It is hard for us who live in a broad land, unclouded by the fear of invasion of ambitious dictators, to understand the plight of other people. As a nation, we have never known anything comparable to the Nazi gangs in Germany, the Communist terror in Russia or the Fascist methods in Italy. The nearest approach to such things in our recent experience was the outlaw organization that distributed liquor during our experiment with prohibition.

Government with us rests on votes. We may vote wisely or stupidly. We may vote after calm consideration of issues and personalities or we may be moved by unreasoning prejudice or mere habit. But we vote. Our votes are counted and our votes are the source of all the authority any American officeholder dares exercise. Even a political boss as arrogant as the late Huey Long of Louisiana was completely bound by the votes of those who supported him.

The German people had nothing to say about the invasion of Austria and the overthrow of the Austrian government. The German people will have no opportunity to express their will if the Nazis elect to attack Czechoslovakia.

The Austrians are a peace-loving, urbane and civilized people. The Czechs have been the most literate people in Europe during many years. Their desire to live peaceful, industrious lives has not saved them from the fear of an unreasoning and brutal conquest.

The system of government by a violent and unscrupulous minority is a new thing in the world. Kings in the old days, when they passed beyond the robber-baron stage, claimed to derive their authority from God. The Fascist and Communist dictators do not bother about such sanctions.

A small body of reckless men grabs the seat of government. All who oppose them are killed or exiled or thrown into concentration camps. The killings done to protect the Russian and German dictators exceed anything in the history of the past two hundred years.

For the first time in centuries the dictators have dared preach the doctrine that might is right. The will of the dictator, or those about him, is the only moral law. German preachers are repressed or imprisoned for following the principles of their religion.

The people of the small countries that are menaced have the same terror of this savage tyranny that free men and women everywhere feel. The larger democracies of Great Britain and France feel as Americans feel about dictators and their denial of human rights.

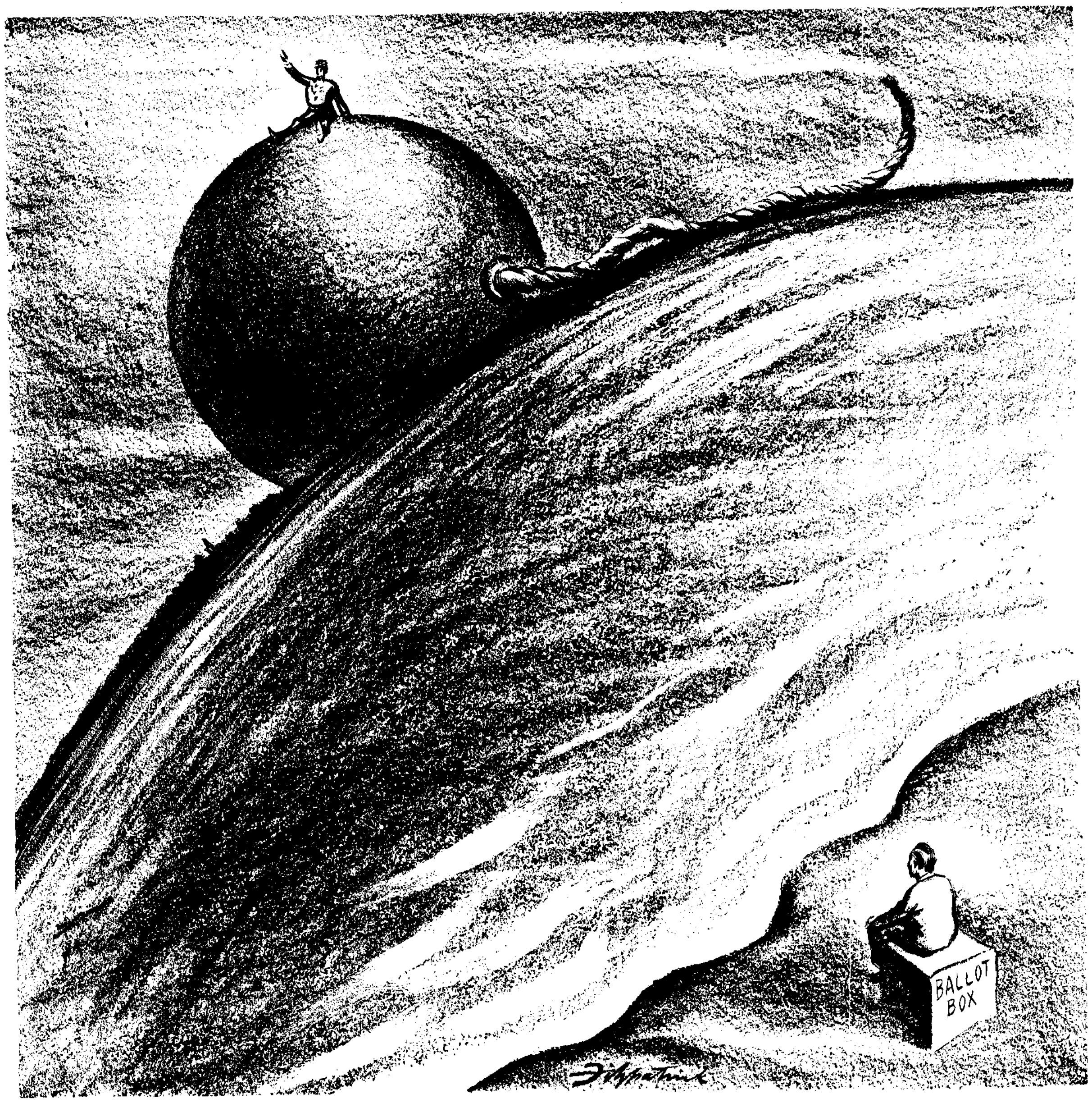
The democratic people of Europe want peace as passionately as we do. They will not resort to war until every other avenue of escape has been closed. We hope they will succeed in escaping war.

The dictators of Europe are the terrible byproducts of the first World War. Adolf Hitler is the answer of German resentment to the vindictive Treaty of Versailles. Woodrow Wilson was scorned when he proposed a peace without victory. The actual alternative, peace with victory and with vengeance, has brought little happiness or comfort to the nations.

If Germany is to become a free nation and a good neighbor to other peoples, the German people will have to win, first, their own right to self-government. If the Russians are to be liberated from the rule by a clique that perpetuates its own power by killing those who oppose it, the Russians will have to make their own struggles and their own sacrifices.

Liberty, justice, self-government and the opportunity to live right lives are not boons to be given by the great democracies to people now ruled by dictators. There is little reason to think that another world war, even though it ended in the military defeat of the dictators, would bring safety or freedom or any lasting good to Europe or to the world.

From our place of security, Americans look with sympathy and compassion on those who, through no fault of their own, must live under the menace of invasion. But we cannot interweave our destiny with that of any part of Europe, however much solicitude we feel for a people unjustly attacked.



Dear Bill: Just a note from your script-writing friend to let you know that our mutually-prized acquaintance "Canadian Club" is also a star-favorite in a town which holds more stars than any tropical sky—meaning Hollywood, of course! And even out here, where the best of everything is certain to turn up sooner or later, it's generally admitted that "Canadian Club" is one star that has no double! Jeff

Canadian Club
Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Bottled by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
90.4 U.S. PROOF

In 87 countries whisky-wise men ask for "Canadian Club and soda." You, too, will like its distinctively different flavor. Its taste is easy to identify because "Canadian Club" is neither rye, bourbon, nor Scotch. It's "Canadian Club," (90.4 proof) imported whisky, with a unique, rich taste all its own.

Hiram Walker also makes fine rye, bourbon, Scotch, gin, and a complete line of liqueurs, cordials and prepared cocktails. At all leading dealers and at your favorite clubs, bars, and hotels everywhere. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois. Distilleries at Peoria; Walkerville, Ontario; Glasgow, Scotland.

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With Independent Tobacco Experts..

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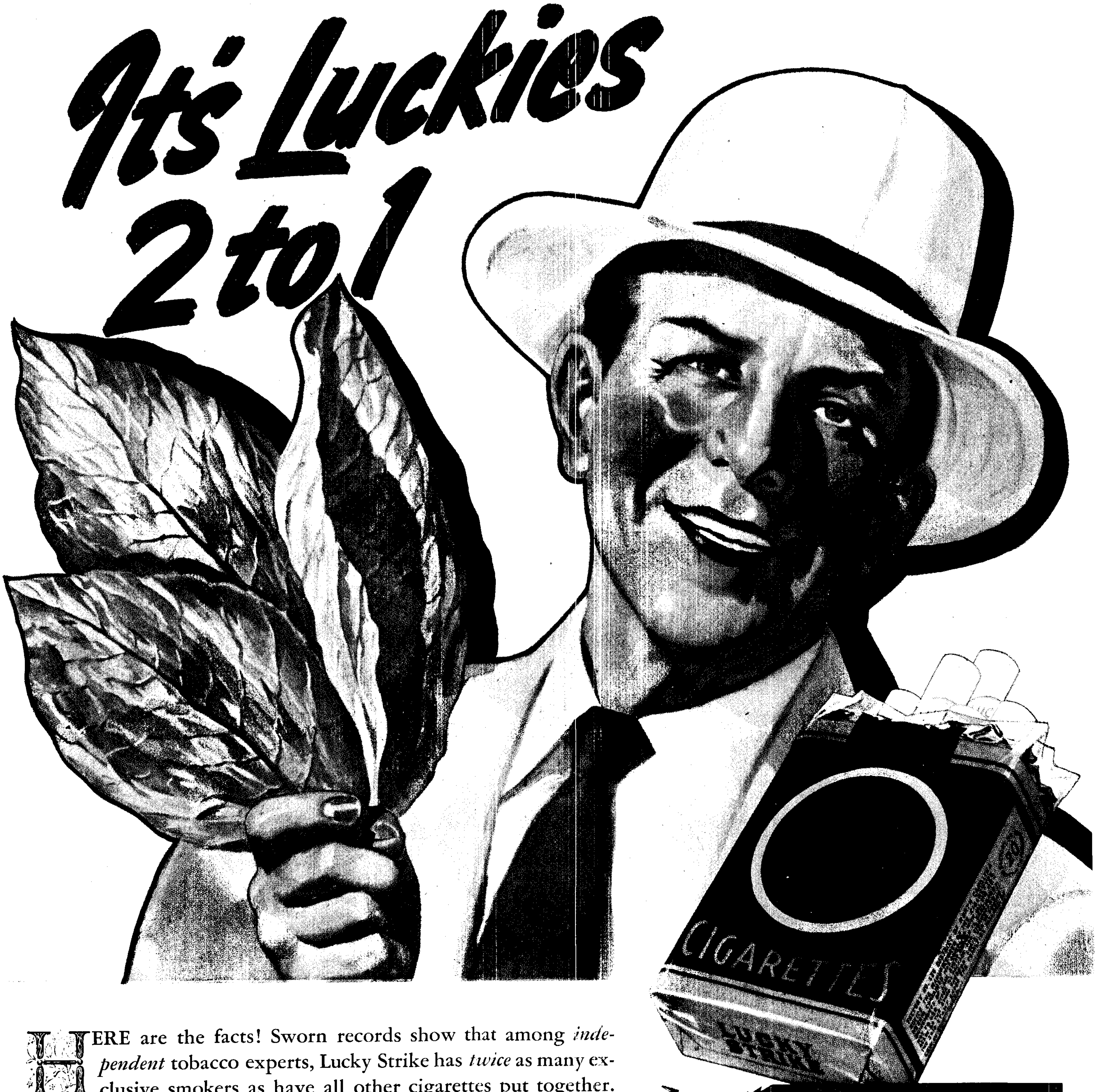

HERE are the facts! Sworn records show that among *independent* tobacco experts, Lucky Strike has *twice* as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes put together. These men are auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen. They deal with all, but are not connected with any manufacturer. They *know* tobacco from A to Z... and they smoke Luckies... 2 to 1!

Remember that every Lucky Strike gives you the throat protection of the exclusive process, "It's Toasted." This process removes certain harsh irritants present in all tobacco, and makes Lucky Strike a light smoke—easy on your throat.

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